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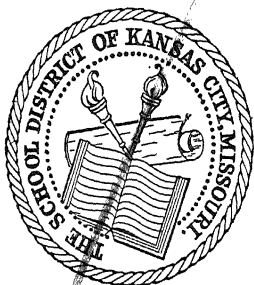
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Greatest After Dinner Speech
Scotchman—"Hand Me the Check"

1500
Anecdotes and Stories
For After Dinner Speaking

By JAMES SCHERMERHORN

AUTHOR of
"Speeches for All Occasions"



A. L. BURT COMPANY
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FOREWORD

The reception given the first output of "Schermerhorn's Stories" warrants the belief that there is a continuing service for these classified gloom-chasers, especially in a cycle that has seen enough of sorrow.

Through substitutions and additions the present volume is revised to include the best of humor that has been born of a tragic era and appropriated by after-dinner speakers in laudable endeavor to get their fellow-countrymen to follow the late Edmund Vance Cooke's cheery counsel:

"Prize this as sacred writ:
Laugh a little bit!
Keep it with you, sample it:
Laugh a little bit!
Little ills will sure betide you;
Fortune may not sit beside you;
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you'll laugh a little bit."

The author-speaker has drawn upon personal experience for many of these pleasantries. With this exception there is no claim of originality in the collection, which raises the "seven original jokes" to something nearer 1,700. In addition to their smile-making mission, they comprise so much raw material to be fabricated into funnyisms by readers and speakers through their own particular mental pro-

cesses and of their sense of time and place and manner of introducing and applying a pointed tale, "turning to mirth all things of earth."

With the thought that the cream of the quip is in the recounting, the Stories steer clear of an excess of detail and get to the point with expedition, leaving the relator to extend or trim to suit.

JAMES SCHERMERHORN.

SCHERMERHORN'S STORIES

SCHERMERHORN'S STORIES

A

Absence

"Wilt thou be true to me, precious, while I'm gone?"

"Sure, sweet," said she. "Don't be long."

Absent-minded

There was a college professor so pre-occupied that once he seized his hat after a caller had been talking to him for some time in his home, and making for the door exclaimed:

"But, my dear sir, I must not intrude upon your time any further!"

He would leave a notice upon the door of his lecture-room saying he would be back in twenty minutes, and, returning, see the notice and sit down to wait for himself.

Absent-minded professor (going around in a revolving door)
"Bless me! I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out."

A farmer, disposing of his produce and finishing his purchases in town, piled into his wagon and set out for home. Once or twice the feeling came to him that he had overlooked something, but upon checking up he dismissed the idea and went

on his way rejoicing in the thought that the day's errands had all been attended to.

As he turned in at the farmyard gate, however, the children came trooping out of the house crying: "Why, father, where's mother?"

An absent-minded professor of drawing came down the steps of his home to take a cab for the train and seeing an old, knock-kneed and spavinned nag hitched to an ancient vehicle, cried: "Dear, dear! Rub it out and do it all over again!"

Abstemious

A quiet stranger refused the cow-puncher's command to drink for two reasons.

"Name them!" roared the terror of San Antonio.

"I promised my grandmother on her death-bed that I would handle not, touch not, taste not the accursed stuff."

"And the other reason," insisted the bully, somewhat softened.

"I've just had a drink!"

In the space in the life insurance blank reserved for addictions, the applicant wrote:

"Do not drink, smoke, swear, swim the English Channel or indulge in any other feminine habit."

Accident Insurance

The claim agent had just handed Dinah one thousand crisp dollar bills in settlement of the fatal accident to her yardman husband, Mose, who didn't get away quick enough in coupling freight cars.

"Will you be marrying again, Dinah?" the claim agent asked.

"Ah dunno fer sure," she replied, as she put the wad of cur-



The Drawing Professor—"Rub It Out"

rency in her bosom, "but ef Ah do it shure will be a railroad man!"

"Ve neffer would haf realized on our accident assurance," said Leopold, "if I hat not der bresence of mind to kick mine dear wife in der face when der car turned ofer!"

Acquaintance

A minister calmly sought more light before re-establishing former acquaintanceship. An excessively cordial person met him at the front of the church following the Sunday service, and inquired:

"Where in hell have I seen you before?"

"What part of hell are you from?" asked the dominie.

When a constituent extended his hand with every sign of long acquaintanceship to an English politician and the latter was stumped as to his identity, he would exclaim as he wrung the proffered hand:

"Well, well, well! And how's the old complaint?"

"Didn't I meet you in Kokomo?"

"Naw, never was in Kokomo."

"Neither was I. Must have been two different fellows."

Thumped upon the shoulders to the greeting of "How's tricks?" a man turned to scrutinize the assaulting party coldly, with the observation:

"I can't recall your name or your face, my friend, but your manners are familiar!"

"I'm a little stiff from bowling," said the stranger as he stretched out his arms in the club lounge.

"I wondered where I had seen you before!" exclaimed a member.

Actor

A well-known actor appeared on the Rialto with a badge of mourning on his arm.

"Hullo, old man, have you met with an affliction?" asked a fellow Thespian.

"Yes, my favorite uncle passed away. We were cronies. In fact, he left all the details of the funeral to me. Everything was just as Uncle would have had it."

"Were there many present?"

"My boy, we turned them away!"

The tragedian had a very dramatic line in Act III, where he clasped his hand to his breast and cried: "My God, I'm shot!"

He was taken ill, and his understudy made very wretched use of the opportunity for great emotional effect. He would place his hand to his upper outside pocket mechanically and murmur listlessly, "M'God, I'm shot."

To save the situation, nightly growing more intolerable, the stage manager put rock salt in the gun. When the assassin blazed away, the understudy did some real impassioned stuff, but without much improvement in placing the emphasis.

He ran from the stage crying: "My God, I AM shot!"

It was in the closing moments of the tragedy.

"Now is the time to act!" the villain stage-whispered to his associate assassins as they appeared at the doorway of the darkened room.

Shouted a paid admission in the gallery:

"Why in hallelujah don't you begin?"

Actress

"Are you an actress, auntie?"

"No, darling, why do you ask?"

"Because Daddy said when you came we'd have a scene."

Address

A bucolic youth wanted a letter to reach his brother, due in two days on the Atlantic liner.

"It's very simple," the postmaster explained. "Just address it to John Smith, due to arrive on the Leviathan December 27, New York."

He re-appeared in an hour, still disturbed. "I got it all fixed," he said, "but how do I know John Smith will meet up with my brother?"

Admiral

At a Sunday morning service on shipboard, the new young chaplain was beginning the service, "The Lord is in His holy temple," when the Admiral appeared at the door in full regalia and motioned the prelate to cease.

"I'll have you understand, young man, the Lord isn't in His holy temple until the Admiral gets into position!"

Adopted

A lad was being taunted by a playmate for being an adopted child:

"Huh! They came and picked me out of a hundred kids, but your folks had to take you!" was the retort.

Advertising

Attached to a string of shoes dangling in front of a bargain store:

"Ah, if only these tongues could speak!"

"The streets of New York are a blaze of glory—a veritable riot of illumination!" explained the American. "There's one electric sign with 100,000 lights on it."

"Doesn't that make it rawther conspicuous?" ventured the Englishman.

A little Jewish boy was caught by the dangling ropes of a balloon at the county fair. When he was being borne heavenward and the crowd stood aghast as he hung head downward, the father cried:

"Ikey, Ikey, trow out some of our business cards!"

"Wanted, a general servant to do the work of a small horse."

A pair of newlyweds were driven in panic from a furniture store by the firm's guarantee posted conspicuously in the section devoted to chamber sets: "We Stand Behind Every Bed!"

Patron—"Look here, yesterday I ordered this same thing, and they served me twice as much as this measly quantity."

Waiter—"Where were you sitting, sir?"

Patron—"Right over there by the window."

Waiter—"Ah, that was for advertising, sir!"

"For Sale: A second-hand tombstone, nearly new; splendid bargain for a family by the name of Duffey."

"How's business, Doc?" asked one advertising medic of another.

"Since we began advertising all treatments positively free our cash receipts have just trebled."

A large advertiser, being interviewed for a contract, asked: "Where does your paper go?"

"Goes to this city, state and county; goes to Canada; goes to Hawaii; and will go to the devil if you don't come on with that contract!" replied the frank publisher.

When a reader called attention to a dead spider found in his paper, the editor wrote:

"The poor creature was simply looking to see which merchants did not advertise so it could find a doorway in which to spin its web undisturbed, when it was folded in."

A country-place proprietor asked his advertising writer how he liked the looks of the beautiful lake in the foreground.

"I don't see anything that looks like a lake!" the publicity expert replied.

"Then you're not the man to prepare our advertising!" said the owner.

A trustful clothier gazed upon a customerless store when a newspaper advertising solicitor struck him for another page ad. "Don't you want to speak to our large family of readers tomorrow about your great sale?" he asked.

"Vat's your circulation?" inquired the despondent merchant.

"One hundred and fifty thousand," replied the solicitor.

"Vun hundret fifty thousand!" repeated the clothier. "Und the Herald two hundret thousand, und the Tribune vun hundret und seventy-five thousand! Und I use dem all! Und shust look at der shtore—vere are dey all, may I ask you?"

A man who wished to sell his home engaged an advertising expert to prepare a description of the bargain in his best style.

When the ad-writer submitted a proof of the copy the owner exclaimed: "By Jove, that place isn't for sale! I never knew I had such a valuable piece of property before!"

An old firm ran this unsigned full page query for four weeks: "Who Undersells Them All?"

At the end of the month a new firm came to town and put in juxtaposition this full page terse statement over their firm name: "WE DO!"

After Dinner

"The president of this organization having brought me to my feet without the usual compliments," an after-dinner speaker began, "I beg leave to announce you are sitting in the presence of one of the greatest toastmasters now appearing before the public. When I sat down after an unusually brilliant flow of infinite jest recently I was pained to discover how much time I had consumed. 'For heaven's sake!' I said to the friend at my right, 'why didn't you pull my sleeve as agreed at the end of half an hour?'"

"I tried to, Wilbur," quoth he, "but honestly I was so paralyzed I could only get my hands up far enough to applaud!"

In a postprandial hour, a man was unexpectedly called upon to speak. He cried:

"By thunder, this is an outrage! I came here with the distinct understanding I was not to speak!"

A wrathful guest in the rear shouted: "I've been betrayed, too. That's the only thing that induced me to be present."

Chamberlain and Levine got the long distance flight record the same way many banquet speakers gain distinction. They kept going until they ran out of gas.

"There are three kinds of liars," said Judge Taft at an American Bar Association banquet. "There is the damned

liar, the expert witness and the after-dinner speaker who says: 'I'll not detain you long.' "

The greatest after-dinner speech has been attributed to a Scotchman, but the source has never been authenticated:

"Hand me the check, waiter!"

A postprandial orator reviled the frost who preceded him on the program.

"Shades of the Cherry Sisters, but he was awful!" he confided to his friends. "Just to give you an idea of how rotten his stuff was, the audience started hissing when he finished and kept it up a full ten minutes after I got going on my speech. It's certainly tough to follow an egg like that!"

Wilbur D. Nesbit tells of an after-dinner speaker, somewhat woozy, remarking as he arose that he did not know whether he had been drinking apple-jack or Jap-a-lac.

"Don't make any difference," he added. "They're both interior finishes."

"Dear Friends: I will not address you as ladies and gentlemen because I know you too well for that."

The master of ceremonies at a banquet table awakened a guest at his right by tapping his bald head with the gavel, while the last speaker was holding forth before a large and exhausted audience.

"Hit me again," the aroused snoozer implored, "I can still hear him."

The audience was starting to leave as the last speaker, a returned soldier, arose to address them. The grandiloquent Irish chairman urged:

"This b'y went through hill for us; now you stay and go through hill for him!"

Riotousness at a particular table in the rear compelled the speaker to pause. "The touching words of the poet come to me," he said:

"O for a touch of a vanished brand,
And the sound of a voice from the still."

"Good speech, my friend," a companion in misery said to his associate on the program, "but you talked rather long."

"Well, there is the difference between our efforts. You appealed to the present, while I talked for posterity."

"Quite so; and you must have been waiting for your audience to arrive!"

The vice-president of a life insurance company had been explaining with tiresome minuteness the extent of its operations.

"For example," he said, consulting his watch, "so large is our list of policy-holders that while I have been speaking to you at least nine of them have passed away!"

Arising an hour later, the next speaker said he feared the earth would be depopulated before he got a chance to say a few words.

An impromptu scintillator committed the names of the three heroes who kept the bridge in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" to the lining of his inside coat pocket.

Unhappily he consulted the pocket on the opposite side of his Tuxedo, when the climax came, and his peroration came to some such unexpected publicity boost as this:

"Our candidate has kept the faith, as undismayed as the gallant three kept the bridge in the face of Lars Porsena's

advancing Tuscans. You know whom I mean—the deathless trio of Macauley's verse—(turns down pocket lining)—Hart, Schaffner & Marx.”

An inexperienced speaker arose in confusion after dinner and murmured stumbly:

“M-m-my f-f-friends, when I came here tonight only God and myself knew what I was about to say to you—and now only God knows!”

The principal speaker was brought to his feet at a late hour by an effusive introduction as “our distinguished and always welcome guest, who will now address you.”

“You’ll find my address in the telephone book—good night!” he gurgled and sat down.

Age

A man bragged about getting his life partner for a bargain.

“She was 43,” he announced triumphantly, “marked down to 22.”

Agriculture Student

An agricultural school graduate asked the yeoman about the way his duties were laid out. “Wall, ter begin with, y’ tumble out and milk the cows at 4 A. M.,” said the husbandman.

“Wait a moment,” interrupted the new hand, “on the level, do you think it’s fair to steal up on a cow in the dark and take her milk away from her?”

A college athlete who took up agriculture was told to gather the sheep in the fold the first evening. He reported in an hour red of face and panting. “Did my darndest, but three of ’em got away,” he said.

The farmer went to take a look and found he had corralled thirty jack-rabbits.

Alarm Clock

If love is a dream, marriage is an alarm clock.

John Johnson was just over from Sweden. He bought a Big Ben so he would be sure to get up at six o'clock to cinch his new job. The first morning he overslept and was so wroth at the clock that he slammed it on the floor.

When an ex-cockroach rolled out of the wreck, John mused: "No wonder it no go. The engineer's dead."

To make the new Swedish girl's early morning appearance more certain the lady of the house placed an alarm clock in her room. She came down with her belongings in a bundle the next morning.

"You're not leaving us, Olga?" exclaimed her employer.

"Ya, twenty-three skiddo for Olga, when something have fit in her room while she sleep yet!" said the departing servant.

Two hallroom boys, bound that their Sunday dissipation should not interfere with their reporting promptly at the works Monday morning, invested in an alarm clock. Great was their relief after an exhausting holiday to find themselves hanging up their hats at the plant right on the tick in the morning.

"What've you got to say for yourselves?" roared the foreman.

"Nothing except we're Johnny on the spot," chirped one of the hirelings, pointing to the clock.

"Yes," bellowed the task-master, "but where were you Monday and Tuesday?"

Alphabetical

ZeZe performed in a tent show where they paid off alphabetically. Many times the gate receipts did not hold out long enough to reach the Z's.

They were signing up the talent for the next season when the harlequin showed up at the office.

"Good morning, ZeZe!" said the boss.

"ZeZe nothing!" snapped the droll, "my name's Adolph!"

Amen

Little Tommy was reaching for the jar of jam on the top shelf of the pantry, when his tiny sister of six summers espied him.

"Amen!" she said solemnly.

"What does that mean?" asked the guilty Tommy.

"It means," said sister, "so let it be!"

Americanization

"We are proud of results in our Americanization work," said a Ford executive to a sociological visitor. "None of these men could speak a word of English when they reported. Just try one of them now."

"You've learned our glorious language here?" asked the sociologist of a husky.

"Yah, much plenty."

"What can you say?"

"For blankety blank's sake, git move on!"

Anæmic

"You may be armed to the teeth while I am defenseless," said the stranger to the town's all round Bad Man with fifty notches on his gun stock. "But you'll never have my blood!"

"What makes you so sure of that?" asked the B. M.

"I'm anæmic!" said the stranger.

Ancestors

"What are ancestors, Pa?" asked a little boy.

"Why, I'm an ancestor, your uncle is an ancestor, your grandfather is an ancestor."

"What is there about an ancestor to be proud of, Pa?"

Anti-Fat

"Why don't you reduce—get a set of reducing records?"

"Ah shucks; who'll wind the phonograph?"

When a buxom maiden in the Cook's party saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa, she declared: "If I knew what made that lean, I'd take some!"

Antique

"There was once a legend connected with this ancient bedroom piece," a proud husband explained to his wife upon bringing her another antique for her house furnishings.

"Doesn't it still go with it?" asked the wife.

"I am sorry to say it does not," the husband replied. "You see I got it at such a bargain the antique man said he would have to hold back the legend and attach it to a sofa."

Apartment

There was a loud noise like the rent falling due, on the third floor.

"What dat?" cried a colored tenant of the second floor.

"Who say, 'what dat'?" demanded a voice on the third floor.

"Who say, 'who say what dat'? when I say 'what dat'?" came back the second floor.

A thoughtful wife asked her husband what they should buy for the happy young couple who lived over them in the duplex for a Christmas present.

"I'll tell you what let's do!" he cried. "Let's pick out eleven Victrola records for them, and then they'll have an even dozen!"

A conscientious tenant was about to vacate his apartment. He went to a bugologist with an order for 5,000,000 cockroaches.

"What in the world are you going to do with that many of the creeping pests?" asked the bugologist.

"Well, the arrangement was that I should leave the place exactly in the condition I found it. When can you have the cockroaches delivered? I must get out on the 1st."

"Oh, dear, no! We have no objections to children!" said the woman manager of the new apartment house. "In fact, there is a clause calling for \$5 reduction in the monthly rental for every baby born on the premises."

"I might add," she said, "that this is a bachelors' apartment."

An apartment landlord turned a young couple down on account of their having a baby. "My father and mother had me and other children," the young husband explained, "and I always looked upon it as entirely proper. I see now we have made a tactical blunder, for which I apologize."

Later the matter was compromised by their agreeing to name their first baby after the janitor.

Tommy and Archibald were bragging about the up-to-dateness of their respective homes.

"Betcher yer shanty ain't got a whosit?" said Tommy.

"What's a whosit?" asked Archibald.

"Huh! yer don't even know what a whosit is!" cried Tommy tauntingly. "It happens a whosit is a nice little pipe where yer whistle up from the vesterbule and someone upstairs says 'whosit?' An' we got one at our house."

Mrs. Flaherty was calling on Mrs. Finnegan. "An' did ye see that auld Ireland was unanimously admitted to the League of Nations, Mrs. Finnegan?"

"Oi declare to ye, Mrs. Flaherty, that since we took the rear apartmint, Oi haven't seen a doomed thing!"

Apollo Belvedere

A group of tourists were attending to the lecturer's interpretations of famous sculptures.

"'Ere we 'ave Apollo Belvedere, the most perfect h'expression of the masculine form of beauty h'extant."

"So that's Apoller Belverdere, is it?" inquired Mrs. Ruggles, bringing her lorgnette to bear upon the statue's thin thighs to the shapely head.

"Yes, ma'm, the most celebrated representation of masculine perfection," replied the guide.

"Well, if that's Apoller Belverdere," the buxom critic concluded, "I'll stick to Ruggles!"

Apology

A negro preacher got up one Sunday morning and said, "There is twelve chicken thieves in this congregation this mawnin—including Brother Johnson."

Brother Johnson did not like it much, naturally. After services he called on the preacher and told him he could not bawl him out in public that way, he would have to take that back and apologize at the night services. The preacher promised to do it. At the night services he said: "Brethern, at this mawnin's services I said there was twelve chicken thieves in

the congregation including Brother Johnson. But I want to take that statement back and apologize to Brother Johnson. I say now that there were eleven chicken thieves in the congregation this morning, not counting Brother Johnson!" The apology was entirely satisfactory.

Hans, the butcher, was told he would forfeit his phone if he did not retract what he had said to a prominent citizen in the course of a conversation over the wire.

"Very vell, Hans vill apoloshize," he said. He called Main 7777.

"Ish dat you, Mister Doolittle?"

"It is."

"Dis is Hans, der putcher."

"Well?"

"Dis morning in der heat of disbleasure I tol' you to go to hell!"

"Yes?"

"Vell, don't go!"

Apple Overboard

Under the full press of public business during the war, an Illinois farmer came to urge on Mr. Lincoln his claim for a pair of horses taken for military service.

The President found relief in a story.

One day a steamboat captain was putting his boat through a most dangerous rapid. A little boy ran up to him in his greatest strain and cried:

"Cap'n, stop your ship! My apple has fallen overboard!"

Applicant

A youngster was applying for a job:

"Want a boy, mister?"

"No, I don't want any boy."

"Well, have you gotta have a boy?"

"I suppose I have. Come tell me what you can do."

"Why did you leave your last job?" they asked the young applicant.

"I didn't like the way they used me."

"In what respect?"

"Well, for one thing, they took my name off the pay-roll."

Appomattox

"Were you in the Civil War, Sambo?" a citizen asked of a colored patriot who was cheering lustily as the Memorial Day parade went past.

"Ebery foot of it, sah!"

"Were you present when Lee handed his sword to Grant?"

"Ebery foot of it, sah!"

"What did Grant say to Lee on that occasion?"

"Nebber sed a word, sah; jes' cut off his haid and went right on, sah!"

Aristocratic

A church sister seemed strong in faith but disinclined to affiliate with her fellow-members who were not so far up in the social scale.

"Couldn't you find it in your heart to commingle more with the humble workers in the Ladies' Aid?" her pastor suggested gently. "You know you will all be together in Heaven a long time."

"That will be plenty time enough!" the imperious sister spluttered.

Army

A captain of militia was addressing his men after a long practice march. "All those who feel unable to take that five-mile hike over again, step forward."

All the boys but one stepped ahead. The Captain looked at him and said: "Well, I'm glad I have one man that likes to march."

"Captain, I'm so plum tuckered I can't even take those two steps forward," the lad in the rear replied.

Fortesquieu, of a noble family, was standing with the rank and file when a great British General passed down the line. It was fixed up that he was to make a fuss over Fortesquieu for its effect upon the less aristocratic Tommy Atkinses.

"Is this Private Fortesquieu?" the General questioned as the soldier saluted.

"The same, sir."

"Not by any chance a relative of Col. Fortesquieu?"

"He was my father, sir."

"Well, this is a great day for His Majesty and the Empire when common soldiers of your birth and breeding are found in the ranks."

"You're from the schools?"

"Yes, sir; from Eton and Trinity, sir. And if it hadn't been for this blankety-blank-war I would have been in Holy Orders by this time, sir!"

A second lieutenant always muttered softly, "You're another!" when a private saluted him.

"What's the idea?" someone asked him.

"Oh, I was a 'bum soldier' myself not very long ago, and I know what he is calling me when he has to salute."

As the dapper, diminutive second lieutenant stepped before his company, someone in the ranks quoted:

"And a little child shall lead them!"

"Whoever said that, step three paces to the front!" commanded the shoulder-straps severely.

The whole company stepped three paces to the front.

"Break ranks—march!" shouted the baffled second lieutenant.

After mess, the company read this order on the bulletin board:

"Company A, will fall in, in heavy marching order, at 3 P. M. for a 30 mile hike"—

"And a little child shall lead them"—

"On a damned big horse!"

An Irish captain halted his command on a forced march and asked a passing peasant the distance to Sudbury.

"Ten miles, captain, straight ahead," the peasant replied.

"Thank you—forward march!" said the Captain.

After an hour's tramping, the officer halted a small boy who was gazing admiringly at the uniformed men. "How far to Sudbury, my boy?" he asked.

"Keep on the way you're going ten miles!" piped the lad.

"Thank you—forward march!" said the Captain.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, another hour, and the captain stopped an old lady who was driving a cow to town.

"How far to Sudbury, my woman?" he asked.

"Jist tin miles straight ahead!" she answered.

"Thank God!" cried the captain, "we're holding our own!"

A thin recruit shook in his boots as the line formed for action.

"Here, yez!" bawled an Irish sergeant, sticking a ramrod in the ground, "shtop throwin' the formation out of order by your shakin'! There, hide behind that!"

Army Contract

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a story about a big Hoosier who came to Washington during the war, and called upon a street Arab for a shine.

Looking at the tremendous boots before him, he called out to a brother shiner across the street:

"Come over and help, Jimmy; I've got an army contract!"

Army Mule

A tall raw-boned Irishman was trying to subdue an army mule. In her balkings and gyrations, she got one foot in the stirrup.

"That settles it," cried Pat. "If yer goin't to git on, I'm goin't ter git off!"

Art

"Ikey, I haf gone out of der second-hand cloding game und taken up art," said Levi to his companion.

"Vot do you mean by art?"

"Vell, yesterday I pought a picture for \$25 and solt it for \$50."

"Vat was der subject?"

"Twenty five dollars profit."

"No, I mean vat was in der picture?"

"Vell, unterneath it said 'Der Spirit of 1776,' und in der picture itself der were tree men—one mit a fife, one mit a drum and one mit a headache!"

A young girl had returned from a trip abroad. She claimed to be a lover of art.

"I'll tell you how strong I am for art," she declared. "I don't believe I've missed an artery in any city our party visited."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a horse," Artemas Ward would say in exhibiting the sorry-looking canvas that he carried around with him on his lecture tours. He continued:

"Only this morning the artist came to me with tears in his

eyes and said: 'Mr. Ward, I can conceal it from you no longer—this is a horse!' ”

Ward claimed that his was a family of art. He said he had a brother who took photographs and another brother who took anything he could get his hands on.

“As for my father,” he added, “he drew on wood, but more often he drew wood on me. Ah! the palmy days of childhood!”

“Of course, you spent some time under the spell of Milet’s spiritual treatment of ‘The Angelus?’” a Baptist minister from Texas asked the hardware merchant from Hamilton, Ontario, when they were comparing notes on their travels abroad. “I call it easily the piece de resistance of the Louvre.”

“So that imposter Milet hornswoggled you, too? Well, I’ll be switched!” cried the Canadian. “What would you think if I told you he has palmed off as his own work a chromo that has hung in our kitchen fifteen years?”

Realism in art makes for more wholesome standards, the defender of frankness was contending.

“Exactly,” said one of his hearers. “Only time I ever cared to be a saint was when I saw ‘The Temptation of St. Anthony.’ ”

Countryman (looking at a well-known picture)—“‘Van Dyke, by Himself.’ What a silly thing to put there; anyone could see that there is no one with him.”

A local hero’s deed of valor was immortalized in a life-sized painting, done by a home artist who was not exactly a Joshua Reynolds.

When the great night of the unveiling came, the subject

viewed the portrait with solemn deliberation and said to the committee:

"Gentlemen—it is a beautiful frame!"

Artillery

At the last of the war, a colored artilleryman was humored to the extent of letting him fire one of the great pieces. In the smoke and thunder of the reverberation the jubilant hero leaped to the top of the emplacement, brandished his fist toward the Von Hindenburg line and yelled:

"Mistah Kaiser, count your men!"

An old lady reading that the French 75's were thrown into action, cried:

"How brave of those venerable men to get into the fight!"

Assimilation

"You Americans have a more intricate assimilation problem than we," an Englishman said to an American. "We have to fuse but four races—the Irish, who don't know what they want and are willing to die for it; the Welsh, who pray upon their knees and their neighbors; the Scotch, who invented daylight saving and work at it day and night; and the English, who are self-made and worship their Creator."

Astronomy

A lecturer was explaining how the world eventually would be consumed by the heat of the sun. He was waited upon by an apprehensive listener after the lecture.

"H-h-how l-l-long, professor, before the earth's going to be melted by the sun?" he inquired with a wild look in his eye.

"Approximately in fifteen billions of years."

"Thank God, professor; I understood you to say fifteen millions!"

Asylum

A patient was discharged from an asylum and was told to write the folks to come and get him. He was about to apply the moistened stamp to the envelope when it fluttered from his hand and dropped upon the back of a cockroach.

The released inmate watched the bug tow the stamp across the floor and up the wall until he disappeared with his load through a crack in the ceiling.

"It's all off!" he ejaculated, tearing up the letter. "I'll be here ten years yet!"

A non compos mentis patiently held a fish pole and line in his asylum retreat.

"What are you fishing for, my man?" asked a visitor.

"Suckers," he said, without looking up.

"Caught any?"

"You're the ninth!"

An asylum visitor expressed surprise that an inmate with whom he had been talking, should be detained another day.

"Go back and take up family matters with him," said the superintendent. The intercessor complied.

"Do you want to rejoin your children?" asked the visitor.

"I live in that hope," the case replied.

"And your wife?"

"I am upborne by the desire to go back and toil for her support."

"And your wife's mother?"

"Wow! Gadzooks!" whooped the paranoiac, going up in the air and brandishing his arms violently. "Wow! Gadzooks! Fall back, everybody, for the fray."

Athlete

A college athlete rejoiced: "I feel like a two-year-old!"

An over-analytical female taunted: "Horse or egg?"

Author

An author had a serial running in a high-class woman's periodical, in which it became necessary to have the hero gulp down a glass of whiskey and rush from the room.

The editor cabled that consumption of alcoholics was in contravention of the policy of the publication, and would he kindly modify the offending sentence.

Back came the correction: "Substitute Mellen's Food."

When Johnson was informed that Boswell was trailing him for material for a biography, he exclaimed:

"If Boswell is tagging me around to write my life, I'll take his!"

"You have done me a great injustice in your autobiography," a fellow-capitalist declared to a supposed author.

"Dear me, is it possible?" answered the alleged author. "I must read it and see what it says!"

"Congratulate me, Algernon! At last I have been paid for my rhapsody on spring!" cried a follower of the Muse.

"Some magazine accept it?"

"No, the express company lost it."

"Can you use my last poem?" pleaded the author.

"If you'll agree that it is, we will," said the publisher.

A publication informed a space writer that he was evidently swelling his monthly check by running to dialogues, such as:

"I am going away from here!"

"Away from here?"

"Yes, away from here!"

"Why are you going away from here?"

They told him he would have to cut out those single line speeches. He gracefully complied, but got around the situation by introducing two or three stammering characters in his next story.

A sweet-tempered Dean told the melancholy Dean that he had bought his last book.

"So that's where the other one went?" said he. "Really, I thought everybody must be borrowing it."

A tyro submitted his first manuscript to a veteran.

"Plot and diction not at all bad, not at all bad," reported the reader. "Characters quite recognizable in modern life, action enough to hold interest. But the beginning is lame. You should start with a bang, boy! Everything is in getting away with a thrill!"

Three days later the aspiring young author submitted this revision of his opening paragraph:

"'O hell!' cried the Duchess, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation."

Automobile

The part of the automobile which causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.

"Y' almos' hit that man, y' did!" said the party next to the driver on the front seat.

"Who, me?" spake the other, straightening up. "Thought you's driving!"

Mountain-side hint in Pennsylvania: "Go Into Second! Coolidge Is Glad He Did."

Oil station warning in connection with temporary slump in prices:

"Feathers Were Down Once, But They Stuck."

The possession of a Packard denotes Presbyterianism, a Cadillac a Congregationalist, a Buick a Baptist, and a Ford a Christian Scientist. The last-named thinks he has a car.

"Stop, wild woman!" commanded an officer as her car zig-zagged down Michigan Avenue in Chicago, throwing the two lines of traffic into dire confusion.

"Wot's de great idea laying out rail fences, an' where you from anyway?"

"I'm from Winnemucca, Nevada, if you must know!" snapped the detained motorist.

"From Winnemucca, eh? Well, how in the heck did you get this fur?"

A rich man was touring in his auto with his chauffeur.

"What place is this?" he asked of his driver, as they whisked through a town.

"This is Chicago, sir," answered his man.

"Tut! Cut out the details. What continent are we on?"

Dialogue at the scene of an automobile crash:

"Hello, old man! Have an accident?"

"No thanks, I've just had one!"

"Over to the curb wid you, over to the curb wid you!" shouted the traffic cop to the driver who was endangering the lives of everybody in sight.

"Whadda mean drivin' on the wrong side of the street without a license and payin' no attintion to the signals at all, at all?"

Just then the head of an exasperated female thrust itself forward from the back seat.

"Don't argue with that husband of mine, officer! He's intoxicated!"

A connoisseur was asked by an art enthusiast if he had picked up a Van Dyke or Rembrandt in his foreign travels.

"Nothin' doin'!" he replied, "with a garage jammed with cars made in God's country!"

"You almost struck that pedestrian!"

"I don't care," blurted the reckless chauffeur, "I haven't time now to go back and try again!"

Rastus related his automobile experience:

"Nebber in one of dem buzz buggies but onct," he said. "An' den Ah only let part ob mah weight down!"

Scriptural foretelling of Detroit's leading industry from Isaiah:

"In that day the Lord shall take away the glory of their tinkling ornaments, their round tires like the moon, their hoods and chains and veils and mufflers, and instead of sweet incense there shall be stink."

Aviation

A dusky soldier considered the flying branch of the service unattractive:

"Y' git way up dar an' fust thing y' know th' aviator sez sez he, 'Ephraim, git out an' see what's wrong un'derneath dis ship!' 'Scuse me!"

"Oh, do descend and pick up that opal brooch for me!" said the gushing young thing in the biplane.

When they got down it developed that the bauble she coveted was Lake Erie.

Rastus who had no desire for an airplane trip declared emphatically:

"No, sah! Dey needn't bother 'bout any Jim Crow cars 's far as dis chile is concerned! White man kin have all de supremacy he wants up dar!"

A stiff-necked man accompanied his friend to the air circus. Physical infirmity had decreed that he should keep his eyes on the earth.

"What's he doing now?" he cried as mighty cheers rent the air, while he surveyed the ground.

"He's looping the loop."

Another demonstration. "What's going on?"

"He's changing planes at an elevation of 5,000 feet."

"What's the cheering for now?"

"It's the grand finale, tail-spin and all that."

"Well, if it's all over, we might as well beat it for home!" muttered the spectator who had to follow the flying by ear.

Dinah insisted that Ephraim become an aviator "coz dat Eph is no good on earth."

"Where would you rather be—up in an airplane or on terra firma, Mose?" they asked.

"Make it terra firma," said Mose promptly, "an' de firma it be de less terra f' dis chile!"

"How'd you like to be in that thing way up thar?" someone asked Ephraim as they were watching an airplane.

"Ah much prefer to be up thar' in it than to be up thar' out of it!" said Ephraim.

A passenger in an airplane was far up once, when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.

"What's the joke?" asked the passenger.

"I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find I have escaped," said the aviator.

Ax

In a humble shanty the settling of the foundation had wedged the door so that it was necessary to pry the thing open with an ax. A neighbor knocked one morning.

"Who is it?" the daughter asked.

"Mrs. Murphy!" came the response.

"Get the ax!" yelled the daughter.

But when the door was opened, Mrs. Murphy had departed.

Aviation

"How did it happen that the parachute didn't save the poor fellow?"

"Well, you see it wasn't raining, and it never occurred to him to open it."

Mother, in 1950—"You must attend to Tommy."

Father—"What's he been doing now?"

Mother—"You told him to have the backyard all cleaned up by the time you came home, and he's been flying back and forth over the Atlantic Ocean all the afternoon."

"I am no hand at public speaking," said Wilbur Wright at a banquet in Paris in honor of the Wright Brothers' first demonstration of a successful airplane flight in France, "and on this occasion I must content myself with a few words. As I sat here listening to the speaker who preceded me, I have heard comparisons made to the eagle, to the swallow and to the hawk, as typifying skill and speed in the mastery of the air; but somehow or other I could not keep from thinking of another bird which, of all the ornithological kingdom is the poorest flier and the best talker. I refer to the parrot."

B

Baby

A minister was given to the introduction of intimately personal matters in his petitions to the Throne of Grace. It came about that in the same week a bonnie russet-topped infant and a purse of \$100 came to bless the parsonage.

There was no little speculation, and if the truth be known a modest wager or two laid, on the matter of which bestowal the minister would mention first in his opening prayer on Sunday morning. But all bets were declared off when the beloved sky-pilot began:

"Oh Lord, we thank Thee for the ready succor that has come to us the past week!"

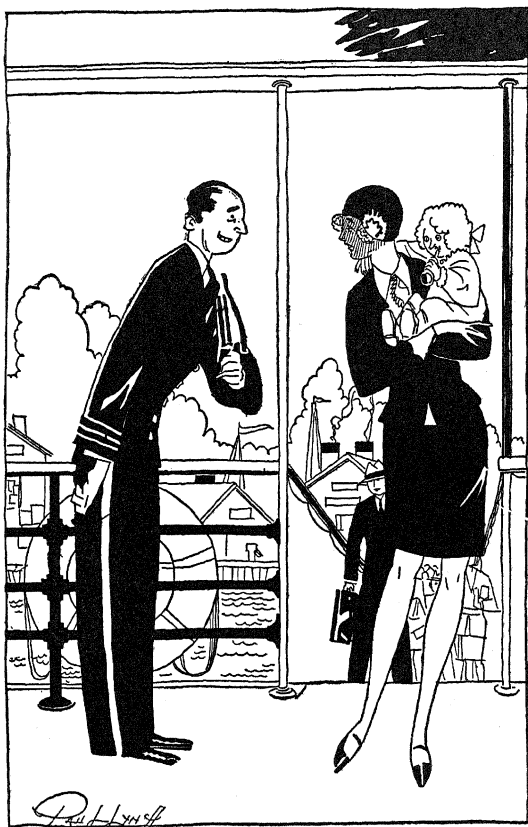
An ambitious young photographer advertised: "Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for \$8.79."

A fond mother held on to the telephone directory for dear life while an anxious man waited his chance to consult the list of physicians. Finally he said in desperation:

"Madam, if you would be so kind as to let me disturb you a moment! It is a matter of life and death!"

"Why certainly, my good man, I was only looking up a cute name for the baby."

"So yo' have anither blessed little one, Mrs. Carr. An' might I inquire how many this makes?"



"First or Second?"

"O dear, it's not mine at all!"

"It's the sixteenth, Mrs. Hinnsey," replied Mrs. Carr, "an' I hope to hivin its' the caboose!"

A steward stood at the gangway of a ship and as he stood there he kept shouting for the benefit of arriving passengers:

"First-class to the right! Second-class to the left!"

A young woman stepped daintily aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward he bent over her and said in his chivalrous way:

"First or second?"

"Oh!" said the girl, her face as red as a rose. "Oh, it's—it's not mine at all! I'm just helping a girl friend get aboard."

There was alarm in the family circle. Baby Philander had swallowed a large copper coin.

"Send for our minister, Dr. Pheegee, at once!" commanded a neighbor. "If anybody can get money out of anyone, he can!"

When a fine youngster came to gladden the heart of an old-fashioned home, the littlest girl hastened with the news to Tommy next door.

"Dr. Phillips has left the boofullest baby at our house!" she announced.

"Huh!" spake up Tommy, "we take off Dr. Phillips, too!"

Arriving at school an hour late, Teddie was asked to explain his unusual offense.

"Well, we're going to have a little boy at our house!" he announced triumphantly.

"A little boy? How do you know you are going to have a new brother?"

"'Cause a year ago when ma was sick we had a little girl; and now pa is sick!"

Backer

A man said that he would have been able to have made millions out of his system if his father-in-law only had backed him.

"Didn't he back you?" asked his friend.

"Yes," replied the promoter, "but he backed the wrong way."

Bad Roads

A colored couple appeared before the license clerk for a marriage permit, accompanied by three children.

"Whose offspring are these?" the clerk asked.

"Dey's our's, suh, ev'ry blessed one of 'em, suh!"

"Aren't you ashamed to come here for a marriage license, Sambo, with nearly a full-grown family?"

"Well, suh, it was dis way; we dun tried to git here but the roads was so bad we jes' couldn't make it!"

Bagpipes

Sandy, when given up in the hospital, said he would die happy if he could hear the pipes again. They brought in the pipers and they played "The Campbells Are Coming" and "Dinna Ye Hear the Slogan," and he was somewhat improved. They came again the following day, and Sandy's condition was still better. By Saturday night he was out of danger, but everybody else in the hospital died.

Bald

A certain druggist had compounded a hair tonic which would grow hair on the baldest of heads.

A friend of his dropped into his shop some time later and asked him how it was working.

"Fine," said the druggist; "at least no one ever seems to come back for a second bottle."

"So that is a memento of your husband," said the sympathetic caller, looking at the lock of hair in a satin-lined case. "When did you lose him?"

"Why, my husband is still living. It's only his hair that is gone. He always maintained that no man can keep hair more than thirty-five years unless it is set in concrete."

A bookseller on the Strand, whose few remaining hairs were evenly divided atop his glistening poll, has never quite forgiven the American customer who, observing that he was showing the works of Augustus John Cuthbert Hare in two volumes, cried:

"Ah, I see you part your Hare in the middle!"

Ballet Dancer

Upon one occasion the Transcendentalists of New England were gazing upon the pirouettings of a ballet dancer, in pink tights and brief, fluffy skirts.

"Brethren," said one of the group, "this is poetry."

"Nay," cried another, "this is religion!"

Band

A band had been to New York for a holiday that proved to be too festive for the base drummer. His Oh-be-joyful state was beclouded by his inability to find his ticket.

"Dig it up!" urged the conductor as the musician fished into various pockets. "You couldn't lose your ticket."

"Hell I couldn't," came back the distraught person. "Losh a bashdrum once!"

Sousa said that a Boston woman asked him for the secret of his musicians' success in holding their high notes so long and mellifluously. He said the secret was breath control.

She was a student of eugenics and she understood him to say "birth control."

"Now I understand the origin of the designation one sees so often at military maneuvers—'First Infantry Band'!" she cried.

A citizen was serenaded by a little German band. Beckoning to the leader, he said: "I want to engage you right now to play at my funeral."

"Bleased, I assure you," murmured the leader. "But why are ve so highly honored?"

"I want everyone to be genuinely sorry I'm dead," said the serenaded citizen.

Bank

A man had his check returned marked "no funds."

"Helluva bank," was his retort, "not to have two hundred on hand!"

A colored customer came into a bank in a country town where the old-fashioned president loved to sit out in front with his hat on, whittling meditatively, and said he wanted all of his money.

"Why are you quitting us, Mose," asked the savings clerk.

"Well, sah, to be honest aw dosn' like to intrust mah all to an institushun where de president allus looks as ef he was goin' tuh leave for somewhar!"

Simeon Ford, after-dinner scintillator, touching upon the uncertainty of the stock market in New York while the war in the Transvaal was on.

"The bank tells you to bring in your balloon com. and bubble pfd., as collateral if you want a loan," he said, "but while you are on your way rejoicing, a Boer rifleman shoots a Highlander in the leg and you hear the banker chanting softly as you arrive, 'If you hain't got no money you needn't come around'."

The bank slipped a card in every pay envelope requesting that employes refrain from discussing their salary with their associates. "What we pay you is a confidential matter between us," the statement set forth, "and not a subject for gossip."

A bookkeeper, just taken on, wrote the president he need not worry. "I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are," he added.

Ephraim joined the run on the savings institution that held his entire fortune of \$3.28. After standing in line all the afternoon, he reached the cashier just as the window went down with a bang and the notice went up: "Payments Suspended."

Ephraim's wails could be heard afar. "What's the matter? Didn't you ever have a bank bust before?" a fellow-sufferer asked.

"Nevah had one bust in mah face befoh!" wailed Ephraim.

A young man was asked what his father did.

He replied: "He cleans out the bank."

"Janitor or president?" asked the questioner.

"What are you doing now, Abigail?"

"I'm clerking in a bank. But not a word of this to the people when you get back home. They all think I am playing a piano in a blind pig."

"Have you heard about the terrible scandal?" was the whispered word that sped from mouth to mouth when so many cases of pneumonia were being traced to frozen deposits.

"No! What's the low-down?"

"A white woman married a banker."

A depositor had grown accustomed to the notation on the back of his checks, "No funds." But the depression taught him a new experience. His check came back marked, "No bank."

Ikestein was advised by his bank that he had overdrawn \$17.60.

"Look up a month ago and see how we stood," said Ikestein.

"You had a balance of \$197.33," reported the auditor.

"Did I call you up?" asked Ikestein.

"You know Joshaway, president of the Pioneer Savings? He's an egg. Where in Gehenna they got the idea that he's fit to be the head of a bank, beats me!" vociferated Simpkins.

"He wouldn't lend me anything, either!" said Tompkins.

Nehemiah Nevercough turned down the church committee on sharing-with-others-Sunday because he owed his banker.

"Don't you owe the Lord anything?" they asked.

"Yes," N. N. acknowledged, "but He ain't pressing me!"

Baptism

"There will be infant baptismal services next Lord's day at the East End at 2 P. M. and at the West End at 4 P. M.," the London curate announced at the Sunday morning discourse. And then he added:

"It will be my blessed privilege to officiate at both Ends."

The visitors were discussing conversion and baptism in connection with the evangelistic meetings being held in the village. Bobbie, aged nine, got the subjects confused with the prevailing smallpox scare.

"I've been baptized!" he broke in, "and it worked too!"

Mathilda, seven years old, was much impressed with the first baptismal service she ever attended.

Next day her mother came upon her in the woodshed as she was plunging her doll into a bucket of water as she repeated:

"I baptize thee in the name of the father, son and into the hole you go!"

Barber

"Where's your assistant who worked on the next chair?" asked the barber's old customer as he stretched out for a shave.

"Hadn't you heard about Bob?" said the barber. "It was a very sad case. He grew nervous and despondent over poor business, and one day when a customer said he didn't care for a massage he suddenly went out of his mind and slashed the customer's throat. He is in the asylum for the criminal insane now. Will you be having a massage, sir?"

"Sure, go ahead!" said the customer.

"Can you shave me with my collar on?" asked the bald-headed, always-in-a-hurry customer as he jumped into the barber's chair.

"Sure thing," answered the barber as he tucked a towel under his chin, "and I can cut your hair with your hat on."

"Are you appearing in the ship concert tonight?" asked the ship barber as he worked upon Senor Enrico Caruso's swarthy face.

"No, I make it a rule never to use my voice while I am going over," replied the great tenor.

"Same way with me, sir," said the barber. "I never touches a razor on shore!"

A man went into a barber shop and found the barber in charge of his chair too much given to conversation. "Shall I go over the chin again?" he asked.

"Nay, I heard it all the first time," the victim answered.

"You needn't worry about my cutting you," said the barber reassuringly to a nervous customer. "We pay every patron we cuts ten cents for every slip that draws blood. Why, sometimes customers goes away from here with a lot of our money."

SCHERMERHORN'S STORIES

Bargain

Two boys were selling lemonade from the same stand.

In front of one bowl was a sign "Five cents a glass."

In front of a second bowl was a sign "Two cents a glass."

An old gentleman stopped, looked at the signs, and bought a glass of lemonade at two cents. He smacked his lips and ordered another.

When he had finished, he asked: "How do you expect to sell any lemonade at five cents when you offer such a good drink for two cents?"

"Well, mister, it's this way," said one of the boys. "The cash fell in that two-cent bowl about fifteen minutes ago, so we thought we'd better sell it out fast before the news spread too far."

Baseball

Pete and Tim started for the ball park on time, but they kept dropping into places for inward refreshment. By the time they found themselves on the bleachers eight innings had been played and the score stood: Yankees 0; Tigers 0.

"Begorra, we haven't missed anything at all, at all—have we?" said Peter to Tim.

An alert Yankee father persisted in dubbing the dignified English butler "Jenkins."

"Not Jenkins, begging your pardon, sir, but Jennings."

"Any relation to Hughie Jennings?"

"Hughie Jennings, sir? H'I believe not, sir. Was 'e a butler?"

"No, he was a coach!"

"I see what's wrong," soliloquized the umpire as maledictions were hurled at him from every direction for his last decision. "The umpire should be stationed in the grandstand."

The Rhodes scholars from America organized a ball team over there. An English student was secured to act as umpire. With the bases full a Yankee player came to bat.

"Ball one; too bad, old fellah," cried the umpire.

"Ball two; sorry!"

"Ball three; most unfortunate! But you must cease!"

"What's the idea of calling me out on three balls?" demanded the player.

"Look!" said the English arbiter, pointing to the filled bases, "there's no room."

"Boss, I wanten go ter the ball game today an' see Ty Cobb lamm 'em in the good old way!" said the lawyer's office boy, bursting into his private room.

"Entirely proper desire, my son, but if you will take your place here at the desk I will try to show you how favors of this sort should be requested," said the employer.

So while the boy dangled his feet over the mahogany chair, the lawyer rapped, was told to come in, and entered hat in hand, with this low-voiced request:

"Sir, the national game opens today, and if we are not too busy in the office I crave the privilege of attending."

"Sure t'ing," cried the acting chief, thrusting his hand in his pocket, "an' here's a half a dollar for your tickut!"

After both sides had scored in the first inning and six runless innings had followed, an Englishman left his first ball game in America to go out and get tea. A small boy nabbed him as he left the park.

"What's the score, mister?" he inquired.

"My word," the foreign spectator replied, "it's up in the millions!"

Bath

When they put Levi in the prison bath, he asked, "Vat's the idea?"

"Didn't you ever have a bath before?" the keeper inquired.
"I never vas arrested pefore," Levi explained.

Jones was pridefully exhibiting his thoroughly electrified house to his week-end guest Brown.

"How about a little game of pool?" he asked. Brown was agreeable. Jones stepped to the wall, pushed a button, whereupon the panels opened and a pool table with balls and cues slid noiselessly into the center of the room.

The game over, the host proposed a bite to eat. The touch of a button brought up from below through the floor a table all spread for the repast.

"You must be travel-weary," said Jones. "Can I provide a bath for you?" Brown said a dip would be most welcome.

Jones pushed another button, which as if by magic produced a beautiful porcelain tub—also a shriek! It happened to be Mrs. Jones' bath hour.

A house seeker exclaimed: "But there are no bathrooms in this place!"

"What does it matter, my dear?" protested the wife of his bosom. "We are taking it only for a year!"

B. C.

A negro had heard his parson tell the story of Daniel in the lions' den. He doubted the story very much, however, so he decided to see the parson about it.

"Pahson," he questioned, "am it true dat Daniel was thrown in de lions' den and dey didn't eat him up?"

"Yas, suh, Brudder Smiff," answered the parson, "dat am de fack."

"Den dey must have been circus lions."

"No, suh; de Bible say just de kontrary."

"It do?"

"Yas, suh, it do. Don't it say dat it happened 600 B. C.?"

"Yeah, it do say dat."

"Well, don't B. C. mean befor' circuses?"

Beauty Treatment

The husband of the homely wife had the right idea. Her facial unattractiveness always disappeared when she lifted up her voice in song. It seemed to soften the unlovely lines of her countenance.

He awoke one night and, looking upon her, hopelessly plain in slumber, seized her by the arm and cried:

"Sing, Calista, sing!"

Mother uses cold cream,
Father uses lather;
My girl uses powder,
At least, that's what I gather.

A man presented his friend to his new wife.

"She's not much on beauty, is she now?" his friend ventured to the radiant groom.

"Well, you know, Ned, beauty is only skin deep."

"Then you'd better skin her," quoth Ned.

Bed

One is not even safe in bed, for as Mark Twain inquired: "Do not more people die there than anywhere else?"

The overnight guest at the wayside inn was settling for his lodging.

"Did you know that the room you occupied was once used by Wellington?" asked the clerk.

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the wayfarer. "He did not by any chance use the same bed, did he?"

"I believe he did, sir!" said the clerk, intent upon pleasing.

"Now I know why he was called the 'Iron Duke'!" said the guest.

Bed Bug

There was a Pullman passenger who found his berth already occupied by an all but invisible intruder, and he wrote a scorching protest against insect-infected cars.

By return mail he received so gracious and apologetic a communication that he was ashamed of having made a row about such a trifling matter, and he said so in another letter. Turning over the company's favor to get the writer's name, he came upon this penciled notation: "Send this guy the bug letter D-28,724."

Beefsteak

"'Ere, waitah!" called the portly Briton in a London restaurant. "You'll 'ave to take this beefsteak back. It's too tough for words!"

"Sorry, sir, but it cawn't be done. You've bent it!" said the waiter.

Beet

An American tourist, while staying in his English host's house, was wont to crack jokes with the gardener, who, by the way, was an Irishman.

"You've sure got some splendid plants there, Pat," he observed one day, "but I guess we can beat 'em hands down on the other side. Why, I remember once growing a cabbage, which when cut in two and the heart removed, made an excellent cradle for my two kiddies."

"Fancy that!" answered Pat. "But I think we can beat that."

"Oh?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, soor," replied Pat. "In Ireland we have some splendid vegetables. I once saw three men sleeping on one beet."

"Three men?" gasped the American incredulously.

"Sure!" retorted Pat: "Policemen!"

Bell Diver

The Irish immigrant, strolling on the Battery in New York, was startled by the sudden appearance of a submarine expert who had been working on a sunken vessel.

"Bejabbers, if I had thought of it," he soliloquized, "I would have come over that way meself!"

Berthmark

A much-traveled chap always described a red line in his forehead as a berthmark.

"I got it getting out of an upper berth," he would add.

Bible Names

"Why do you call that child 'Verrilly,' Dinah?"

"'Cause Ah name all mah chillun after Bible names."

"Where do you find that name in the Bible?"

"Doan it say, 'Verrilly, Verrilly, Ah say unto you?'"

Biblical Lore

"I always thought Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife," said a dear old lady at the church tea.

"I think they ought to have been if they were not!" declared another with emphasis.

Biggest Liar

"I've just come out of the Upper Peninsula with an even 100 deer!" declared the brave hunter in buckskin.

"Do you know whom I happen to be?"

"No."

"Well, I'm the game warden of this state, and I arrest you for violation of the law."

"D'ya know who I am?"

"Haven't the least idea."

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in Michigan!"

Big Words

Jack was home for his holidays from college. One day he said to his mother: "May I tell you a narrative, mother?"

The mother, not being used to hearing such big words, said, "What is a narrative, my boy?"

"A narrative is a tale," said Jack.

That night when going to bed, Jack said, "May I extinguish the light, mother?"

"His mother asked, "What do you mean by saying extinguish?"

"Extinguish means put out," said Jack.

A few days later Jack's mother was giving a party at their home, and the dog walked in. Jack's mother raised her voice and said: "Jack, take that dog by the narrative and extinguish him."

A passenger paced up and down the railway platform at a ten minute stop in the early morning, and exclaimed to a station official:

"Isn't this exhilarating?"

"Naw, this is Allentown!" replied the native.

Billboard

A colored mother cried to her young son: "Come away from dat billboard quick, you Andrew Jackson Smothers, 'fore you catch de cigaret habit!"

"We might just as well turn back here," a host said to his guest whom he had driven out into the country to see the landscape. Here's where the billboards begin."

A prodigious billboard proclaimed: "A Marvelous Bargain Bonanza Upon Our Seventy-fifth Anniversary."

Next door a new concern announced its Opening Day: "Step in Here and Avail Yourself of FRESH Goods!"

"Look, Levi, see der billboard Isadore has put all over der front of his store. I can remember ven he didn't haf a calling card!"

Bill Payable

The colored man's grasp of legal procedure is not always edifying.

"Ef y' doan pay dat note y' gib me mor'n a yeah ago, Ah'll tear it up!" said the long suffering holder of the paper to Mose, the maker of the same.

"Y' tear up dat note an' Ah'll pop th' law on yuh!" cried Mose.

Biography

A struggling newspaper man began "the short and simple annals of the poor" in this wise:

"Henry Ford decided to start out for himself while working at a stationary engine. I got the same hunch while working at a stationary salary."

Birthday

"I send you a rose for every beautiful year," the ardent suitor wrote to the object of his affections on her nineteenth birthday.

In appreciation of his patronage the florist doubled the order without consulting the bestower of the American Beauties.

And now he is wondering why he never heard from her again.

Bishop

A bishop rebuked his blasé guest when the latter proffered the prelate a snuff-box with a nude female figure carved on the cover, by saying:

"Very lovely. Your good wife, I presume?"

"My father's got chickens that lay eggs with double yolks in 'em!" boasted one youngster.

"Huh, that's nothin! My father's a bishop and lays corner-stones!"

Blind

"Whot's dat building?" asked Ephraim.

"Dat's a 'sylum for de blind," answered Mose.

"Yuh can't stuff dis chile wid dat stuff," protested Ephraim.

"Ef it's a blind asylum wot 're all de windows fo'?"

Blood Relation

The late President Burton, of the University of Michigan, always secured attention for his next statement with this line:

"I now propose to speak to you with the brutal frankness of a blood relation!"

Blue-Prints

When a bridge went out in the spring freshet, division headquarters rushed blue-prints and detailed instructions to the old-time foreman of the section gang by special engine, and this is the word that came back:

"Don't know a durned thing about your pictures, but the bridge is up and trains are running over her."

Boarding-house

Visitor (at a very quiet sea-place)—"And whatever do you people do with yourselves in the winter?"

Landlady—"Oh, we talks and laughs about the people what stays 'ere in the summer."

The dyspeptic boarder with the bald head had complained about everything at the breakfast table, and finally he found another grievance.

"See here!" he snarled, beckoning the long-suffering waitress. "My cocoa's cold!"

"Why don't you put your hat on, then?" snapped Sarah.

A boarder ventured the opinion that the chicken served him was brought up in an incubator.

"So it was," the mistress agreed, "but how did you guess it?"

"Well, any chicken that had a mother wouldn't be as tough as this!"

"Any man will fight for his home," said Mark Twain, "but who ever heard of a cus that would fight for his boarding-house?"

Boarder—"My good woman, this coffee is not settled."

Landlady—"It comes as near to it as your last month's board bill!"

"Very sorry, Mr. Jones, but the coffee is exhausted," the landlady announced.

"Not at all surprised," came back, Mr. Jones. "I've seen it growing weaker and weaker every morning."

Boat

Anxious Old Lady (on river steamer)—"I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?"

Surly Deckhand—"Well, she's a leaky old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she is going down. Then, again her b'ilers ain't none too good, 'n she might go up."

Bookkeeper

"What's the matter with Jones?"

"If he doesn't take a vacation, they conclude he can't afford to; and if he does, they wonder if his accounts are straight!"

Bookstore

Two young men were concerned in the selection of something sad in the way of a story.

"This looks melancholy, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,'" exclaimed the customer. "What did he die of?"

"I'm not sure" ventured the saleslady, "but some form of an eruption, I believe."

Do not confuse "Helen's Babies" with "The Heavenly Twins" or "The Quick or the Dead" with an automobile catalogue.

If there is a request for the poems of the man who married Alice Roosevelt, see that Longfellow's verses go speedily on their tranquillizing mission as you repeat softly: "'Worth makes the man, lack of it the 'fellow.'"

A tourist rushed into a small town bookstore with an order for "The Letters of Charles Lamb."

"Postoffice is right across the street, Mr. Lamb," the accommodating clerk directed.

"Have you got 'The Red Boat'?" asked a customer in a bookstore.

"I believe not, madam. Who is the author?"

"Homer Cayenne, I believe, or something like that."

"Ah, I think this is what you want, 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam'."

A dear young thing did not know just what to take along in the way of fiction on her summer vacation.

"Here's something worth while—"The Kentucky Cardinal'," the saleswoman ventured.

"No, I am not interested in religious subjects," the maiden replied.

"But this 'Kentucky Cardinal' is a bird," the clerk explained.

"I don't care anything about his private life, either!" snapped the customer.

Booster

A man from Seattle was breezing about the marvelous up-building of that metropolis. A chap in the corner, who had listened in silence to the recital, spake up and claimed citizenship in the same miracle city.

"How long since you were there, neighbor?" he asked of the other booster.

"Oh, I've been gone a matter of a week or ten days."

"Great guns! Y' oughter see 'er now!"

Bootlegger

"I never saw but one man," said Uncle Bill Bottletop, "that I thought had a chance foolin' with bootleg liquor. He was a sword swallower and his wife was a snake charmer."

"Of course, there's quite a bit of money to be made in this business," confessed the ambitious bootlegger to his "swell" customer, "but what I like about it most is the opportunity it gives me to get acquainted with so many prominent people."

Bore

A bore always greeted his acquaintances with, "What's going on?"

They invariably answered: "I am!"

There was a Washingtonian who insisted upon joining Speaker Tom Reed on his morning strolls to the capitol, when he preferred to do his thinking.

"This reminds me of Atlantic City," he finally exclaimed to his garrulous stick-tight.

"How so, how so, Mr. Speaker?"

"It is such a bored walk," drawled Tom.

A bore has been described as one who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

A jaded guest at a formal function said to the man next to him: "Gee, this thing is a bore; I'm going to beat it!"

"I would, too," said the other, "but I've got to stay. I'm the host!"

Borrowing

When Mark Twain went to borrow a book from a neighbor's library the owner said he would be happy to accommodate him again, but he had adopted a rule that any volume taken from his library must be used on the premises.

The next week the neighbor dropped over for the loan of Mark's lawn mower. "Take it and welcome!" chirruped Mark, "only under a recently-adopted policy it is not to be used away from my own lawn!"

Borrowing Trouble

A girl sat upon a grassy slope by the rapidly running waters and wept long and copiously.

"Why these tears, gentle maiden?" asked a gray-haired man.

"Why, I got to thinking how terrible it would be if I were wooed by a noble young man, and we should be wed in the sweet June-time, and a little child should bless that union and the child—our one and only—should come to this grassy

bank and roll into the cruel waters and be drowned! Hence these tears, boo-hoo-hoo!"

Boston

First Stranger—"Can you tell me how to reach Washington Street?"

Second Stranger—"That's just where I want to go. Let's work together. You go south, and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet."

A Boston street-car conductor after turning many times finally called out: "Any gent here got a compass? We're lost!"

Bouncer

A bouncer bade his followers to stand below while he mounted the stairs and threw "the whole litter of braggarts" out of the window. "Count 'em as they come down, the cowards!" was his parting adjuration.

In a thrice a doubled-up figure shot through the air.

"One!" chorused the hero's retinue.

"Never mind, boys," the invader said feebly, "it's me coming back."

Bowery Ballad

I went into an auction store
I had never been there before;
First he sold me a pair of sox,
Then he says: "How much for the box?"
A man bid two dollars and I bid three,
He emptied the box and he gave it to me—
"I sold you the box, not the sox," says he,
And I'll never go there any more!

Boy

A lad busy with pencil and paper, heard the voice of mother asking: "What are you doing, darling boy?"

"Nothin', only drawing a picture of God."

"Tut, tut, Tommykins; no one knows how God looks!"

"Well, they will all right when I git this done!"

"Your son just threw a stone at me."

"Did he hit you?"

"No."

"Then he wasn't my son."

Boy—"You advertised for an office boy. What's he expected to do?"

President—"Open up and tidy the office at 8 A. M., assort the mail, do messenger duty, bring callers' cards in, answer the telephone, keep the windows clean and address envelopes when not otherwise engaged. Through at 5 P. M."

Boy—"Oh, you don't want an old boy. You want a new boy. Good day!"

A little street merchant at the newsboys' Christmas dinner refused the proffer of a third piece of pumpkin pie: "Nothin' doin', lady,—I could chew it, but I couldn't swallow it!"

A bespectacled old lady with keen features leaned out of the railway coach and called to a lad leaning against a baggage truck:

"Come here, my boy," she cried soothingly, as she beckoned with both hands.

"Yes, Ma'am," said the boy, drawing near.

"How old are you?" asked the old lady.

"Eleven," answered the boy.

"Do you honor your father and mother?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Do you go to Sunday-School regularly?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Do you get your lesson faithfully?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, I believe I can trust you," the old lady concluded, as she dug into her bag for a dime. "I want you to go into that dining-place and get me a lettuce sandwich. Remember—God sees!"

Boy Scout

"I nearly went to bed without doing my daily good deed," Master Nehemiah of Troop A told the family at breakfast.

"But, remembering what is expected of a Boy Scout, I went downstairs after I was undressed and fed the canary to the cat!"

Brainless

Butcher—"You want some brains, Madam?"

Housewife—"Yes, please, my husband hasn't had any for a long time!"

Bride

"Whar'd yuh git dat black eye, Ephraim?"

"Ef yuh mus' know, Ah done kissed the bride!"

"Isn't dat permissible?"

"Dis happened to be some time aftah de ceremony!"

A young bride had not come out very well in her first encounter with the cook-book and gas range. She ran to the telephone and called up her mother.

"Mother," she sobbed, "I can't understand it. The receipt says clearly, 'Bring to boil on brisk fire, stirring for two minutes. Then beat it for ten minutes' . . . and when I came back again it was burned to a crisp!"

Bridegroom

The bridegroom had no visible means of support save his father, who was rich.

When the wedding service came to the stage where he had to repeat, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," his father said, in a whisper that could be heard all over the church:

"Heavens! There goes his bicycle!"

"Hey!" cried the brand-new bridegroom in the breakfast room of the hotel, "can we have a spoon here?"

"Go ahead fer all I care!" said the waiter.

A flustered bridegroom, his lovely life-partner on his arm, stammered in response to cries for a speech: "All, all I can s-s-say, friends, is that this thing was th-th-thrust upon me!"

Broke

Somebody had sent the struggling newspaper man and his wife a print of the sea, at the bottom of which appeared the familiar lines:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey crags, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

To make it autobiographically up to date, the recipient of the picture added this version of the poem:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey crags, O sea!
But if you should break a thousand years,
You wouldn't be as broke as we!

Broken Promise

An Irishman said it didn't matter if he broke a promise, "for begorra, I can make anither jist as good."

Broker

The nurse, her finger on the pulse of a delirious broker, whispered to the doctor: "It's up to 93."

"When it hits 100, sell!" shrieked the broker.

Browning

A business man tried to read Browning. After struggling with a page for an hour he submitted it to his secretary, with the anxious question:

"What do you make of that?"

"Not a blamed thing," said the secretary.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the business man. "I thought I was going mad!"

Bull

A farmer regaled the village banker with Munchausen stories of his prize bull's speediness. "That bull always starts from the corner of the lot when the limited comes along and beats it to the other side of the farm!" he related.

The financier was deeply impressed. Soon after he telephoned that he would be out the next day to see the racing bull perform. The farmer decided at once it would be healthy for him to be absent when the banker called. He told his son to account for his absence the best way he could.

"Where's your father?" the banker inquired when he drove up to the house.

"He's gone to California," said the boy.

"That's strange," mused the visitor, "I was talking with him only yesterday. When will he be back?"

"Tomorrow," the boy announced.

"How in the world can he get to California and back in that short time?" inquired the banker.

"He's on the bull!" explained the boy.

Bunker Hill

A grandiloquent guide at Bunker Hill upraised his arm at the base of the shining shaft and cried. "Behold where Warren fell."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the visitor, "did it kill him?"

Burglars

Minister's wife—"Wake up! There are burglars in the house.

Minister—"Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves."

Burial

A Chicago bootlegger's steady customers were discussing different forms of disposing of the dead.

One wanted to be buried at sea, another suggested cremation, a third was satisfied with the family lot on the hilltop. The ultimate and unfillable consumer said:

"As for me, why just pour me back in the bottle."

Business

A man fell into the river near a sign that read: \$25 Reward for Every Person Rescued from Drowning." A passer-by swam out to the struggling unfortunate and had almost landed with his charge when he was observed to let go of him and make for a lifeless body floating out in midstream, which he brought ashore.

"Why did you let that man drown while you dragged a floater ashore?" he was asked.

"Oh, I saw another sign which read: '\$50 for Every Floater Taken from the River!'"

A New York bank wrote to a Boston correspondent for information as to the qualifications of an applicant for a job as teller. The Boston advice dwelt upon the high connections of the applicant; said he was a direct descendant upon his father's side from Miles Standish, on his mother's side from the Warrens of Virginia.

"We are greatly indebted to you for the genealogical lore," the New York bank wrote, "but we wanted a young man for business, not for breeding purposes."

Business was once more cold-blooded than it is now. From Seattle a New York concern received a wire that its traveling salesman had been found dead in bed.

It sent this telegram:

"Send samples back by freight and search the body for orders."

A dying clothier opened his eyes and asked, "Is Mamma here?"

"Yes, I'm here, Isadore," said the faithful partner.

"Is Mosey here?"

"Yes, I'm here, fadder."

"Is Rachel here?"

"Yes, I'm right here."

"So you are all here?"

"Yes, we are all with you."

"Vell, den, vill you have der gootness to tell me who's looking after der pizness?"

The teacher had posted a generous cash prize for the best answer to the question: "Who was the greatest man that ever lived?"

"Napoleon!" said the French lad.

"Wellington!" insisted the English pupil.

"Lincoln!" cried young America.

"All good, but not the real answer," said the teacher.

"What is your opinion, Isadore?" she asked the Semitic scholar.

"The Lord Almighty!" answered Isadore promptly.

"You are right and the reward is yours, Izzy," said the teacher. "But I am surprised that one of your race would put the Lord first of all!"

"I may be a Jew," said Isadore, "but I am also a business man!"

A company was organized to transact business on a large scale. Stock certificates were authorized and agents hired to sell them.

A director arose in the first meeting and asked:

"Do I understand that this company of ours is capitalized at \$10,000,000?"

"Yes, sir," came the prompt answer.

"Very well, then. Now I should like to inquire if there has been enough of that ten millions paid in so that we can go out and get lunch?"

Came a hit from a submarine and a doomed ship and darkness and silence as the Sammies all stood on deck, their life-preservers adjusted, awaiting the plunge into the sea. A colored man's voice broke the terrible quietude:

"Anybody here want to buy a watch?"

Dear Mr. President—Replying to your radio request for a report on how dings are going, beg to advise dere is a distinct improvement. Six months ago we couldn't give our goods away; now ve can sell dem at a loss. Keep up the good vork!—Hans Dinkelspiel.

C

Cab

A departing patron hustled out of the hotel and commanded: "Call me a cab!"

"You're a cab!" came back the obliging answer from the guest, mistaken for a doorman.

He refused to apologize. But he said he would have called the man a hansom cab if he had been better looking.

Caddy

A lad appearing before the court and expressing himself in language unfit for publication, showed he had an excellent memory when the Judge reproved him with:

"Tut, tut! Where in the world did you learn to curse like that, my boy?"

"'Ave you fergotten h'I was your caddy all last season, Judge?"

California

They were dilating upon the curative qualities of the California climate. Up spoke a truthful James.

"I had a most remarkable experience with an invalid sister in Wisconsin. I motored from Riverside with the idea of bringing her back to the Golden State. But when I arrived at Fond du Lac I found she was too far gone to make the trip. So I let out the air in my balloon tires and she was as well as ever she was in no time."

Calling and Election

Mose was asked to explain the "calling and election" doctrine.

"It's dis way, brudder. De Saviour hab one vote an' de debbil one vote an' it's up to Mose to cast de deciding ballot."

Campaign

"Why did you eject that man from the courtroom?" asked a friend of the court. "He seemed to be behaving himself."

"Oh, he was on his good behavior today," explained the judge, "but during the campaign for my re-election he went about declaring that the district could get a better judge than I was out of a Sears & Roebuck catalogue!"

Canary

"Were you in an accident, old fellow?" asked the man next door of his neighbor whose hands were bandaged.

"No, I was cleaning out the canary bird's cage, and the beast bit me!"

Candidate

An aspirant for congressional honors called up the leading newspaper to inquire if any tiding had come in that he was to run for the council.

"Not a tiding!" said the city editor positively.

"Well, if such a rumor reaches you," gurgled the hopeful one, "say that your reporter saw me and I would neither admit nor deny the report!"

A candidate was called to electrify the convention that had nominated him.

Setting forth his views of current questions with great fervor and deliberation, he concluded:

"Gentlemen of the Convention: These are my unalterable convictions! But if they don't suit, they can be changed."

A scholarly candidate was addressing a campaign crowd, when, chancing to catch the gleam of the constellations overhead, he cried:

"Ah! how glorious and serene Major Ursa is looking to-night!"

Everybody fastened their gaze on the drum-major of the cornet band, looking exceedingly resplendent in his splatter-dash uniform.

A candidate for sheriff was asking a minister for his vote in the coming election.

"Before I decide to give you my support, I would like to ask a question," said the minister of the Gospel.

"Shoot!" said the candidate.

"Do you ever partake of intoxicating beverages?" asked the dominie.

"Before I reply I would like to propound a single question," spake the would-be sheriff.

"Say on."

"Is this an inquiry or an invitation?"

A noted man in public life, when nominated for president, was making a speech to the voters and said, "Gentlemen, I come back to you the nominee for the highest honor in the gift of the nation, and I know all of you will be with me because I am one of your sons, and old Deacon Jones, a rock-ribbed Republican, I know will vote for me, because I know he would like to see one of the sons of his native state elected."

Old Deacon Jones squawked, "I would rather vote for the devil than vote for you."

And the nominee answered, "Inasmuch as your friend is not running this fall, I trust you will be free to be with me!"

A campaigner was helping a farmer with the milking. As he played a nocturne with the streams of milk upon the tin pail, he observed, "I suppose my opponent has been electioneering around here."

"Sure thing," said the honest farmer, "he's milking on the other side of the cow right now."

The Southern colonel sensed the fact that his campaign for the mayoralty was lagging. He decided to put himself into the contest with greater vigor. He even condescended to solicit the support of the colored voters.

Accosting Old Black Joe on the corner cordially, he asked him if he knew about his candidacy. The aged darkey replied, leaning on his hickory stick, one hand on his hip, and looking up at the candidate searchingly with his faded eyes:

"H'tit war intimated to me, Col'nel, you war in de race, but Ah have nebber been financially informed ob de fact!"

Cat

A colored preacher with a penchant for dramatic effects arranged for a deacon to let down a beautiful white dove through an opening in the ceiling at the words, "Holy Ghost, descend upon this people."

The pastor made a fervent appeal for regeneration and lifting his face and voice heavenward, cried:

"Holy Ghost, descend upon this people!"

Although he remained some seconds in an attitude of invocation, nothing happened. He repeated the appeal, but without results.

Then an anxious face appeared at the hole in the ceiling. Said the deacon: "Mistah Pahson, de cat done eat up de Holy Ghost. Shall I send down de cat?"

Cavalry Horse

"Ah dunno 'bout gitting you to that 2:30 train; dis am an ol' cavalry hoss," said the sleepy darkey when the traveling man rushed out of the hotel with his luggage.

"Well, I'm an old cavalryman and I think I can make him go," the drummer said, getting in. "Attention!" he cried, taking the reins. The horse's ears went up straight. "Charge!" The old cart shot down the street. "Halt!" the passenger commanded as they reached the station in time to make the 2:30.

Next day another fare jumped in, eager to get the 4:44. "'Course Ah kin make it, boss," the driver said reassuringly. "Dis am an ol' cavalry hoss."

"Tenshun!" The ears went up. "Chawge!" A dark streak down the street. As they flew by the station the dusky driver sawed frantically at the bits. "Ef you want ter ketch dat 4:44 you bettah slide out de end of dis cart!" he shouted. "An kaint think of dat las' word!"

Centenarian

"Why these tears?" a passer-by inquired of a sobbing centenarian.

"Pa whaled me with a bed-slat this morning."

"What for?"

"Said he'd teach me to be more respectful to my grandmother."

A group of young New York brokers who had just dined at the Waldorf drifted into the ball-room where a great banquet was on.

"What's the occasion?" they asked the head waiter.

"A dinner in honor of Washington Irving's one hundredth anniversary," the functionary replied.

"Gee," spake up a young Napoleon of Wall Street, with his eye on the chairman at the speaker's table, "he's a young-looking guy for his age, isn't he, boys?"

Centipede

The centipede was happy, quite, until the toad, in fun,
Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"
Then he lay distracted in the ditch,
Considering how to run.

Chaplain

A sentinel halted a chaplain a little the worse for indulgence, and asked him where he belonged.

"To the Army of the Lord," the strayed cleric replied.

"Well, all I can say," muttered the sentryman, "you're far from headquarters!"

Chauffeur

"Clarence," she called. He stopped the car and looked around.

"I am not accustomed to call my chauffeurs by their first name, Clarence. What is your sur-name?"

"Darling, mum."

"Drive on, Clarence."

Checking Up

"Seen Jones 'bout here 'n the lash hour an' half?"

"Yes, he was here."

"Ja notice whether I was with him?"

"Kin I use your phone, Mistah Johnsing? Thank you. Is that you, Mrs. Brown? Y' done advertised for a man to do work about de house. Oh, y' got a man and he's perfectly satisfactory? An' y' doan expect to make a change, nohow? Well, goodbye, Mrs. Brown."

"Sorry you failed to land the job, Ephraim," said the storekeeper.

"Deed, man, I got de job all right. I'se jes' checkin' up!"

Chicken

During the war, leaders of society and stars of the stage became the partners of the doughboys in occasional dances.

"I've enjoyed this number swell," said a buddie as the music stopped. "I'm off tomorrow for the front, but I would like to look you up if I get back here. My name's Tompkins—Bert Tompkins, of Tennessee. What might yours be, partner?"

"I'm Mrs. Vanderbilt, of New York."

"That's right!" cried the doughboy with unfeigned admiration, mixed with incredulity, "step high, chicken, step high!"

Children

One father said: "We have sixteen children at our house, thank God! We have one and there is a fine Polish family upstairs!"

Chimes

The church building was completed. Heating apparatus installed and the question of chimes was up at a meeting of the trustees.

Up rose the cheese-paring economist. "There isn't any money in sight for a set of chimes. We are even short the price of a bell. Why not utilize something we already have—plenty of steam—and put in a whistle?"

An unregenerate villager would not come across with a penny for the new chimes. Meeting him the first Sunday morning after they were installed, a sentimental young lady stopped him with the eager question:

"Don't you, like the rest of us, feel drawn toward Heaven by the wonderful message of the chimes from yon tower?"

"Ye'll have to talk a little louder, miss," said the old fellow, his hand to his ear. "I can't hear a word you say on account of those damned bells!"

Chinese

John, the Chinaman, expressed inward shock from his first indulgence in the great American hot weather dish, ice-cream. "Gollee! freeze um bellee like a ice-wagon!"

A Chinese taxi driver rendered the following bill, which at least is as reasonable as any taxi fare:

Bill for taxi ride.

Ten goes.

Ten comes.

At fifty cents a went.

Ten dollars.

A Chinese father and mother caught the fever of naming the newborn after the first New York-to-Paris airman. But Lindbergh didn't sound sufficiently Mongolian. So they got around it by dubbing the little Celestial "One Long Hop."

When Chang Loo, a rich Chinaman on the Pacific Coast, came out for Christianity, he not only expected to dedicate a reasonable portion of his fortune to the new allegiance, but was delighted with the first opportunity of acknowledging with check-book and signature his obligation to a conquering faith.

A second demand followed in a few days for the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

"Chang Loo, he lovee Jesa Clist, he verree glad to glive another thousand dollars!" he cried as he reached for the check-book.

The next week he was asked in the name of the Lord to back up the pension fund for the noble soldiers of Jesus Christ who had grown old in the service.

"Chang Loo friend of Jesa Clist!—he helpee!" he said as he passed over another thousand.

The following day the committee representing church extension asked for a thousand, and Chang Loo was quite thoughtful as he took his pen in hand. Producing the contribution at last, he fixed a troubled glance on the head of the delegation and exclaimed:

"Say, what matter with Jesa Clist—alle time broke?"

1. At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

2. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstructs the passage, tootle him with vigor and express by work of the mouth the warning, "Hi, Hi."

3. Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

4. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel-spokes.

5. Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurks the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corner to save collapse and tie-up.

Chiropractice

"George," exclaimed a young wife to her husband, "I'm afraid I have broken my lavalier."

"Lie down here upon the table at once, my darling, and thank God that your husband knows a little something chiropractice!"

Choir

Disturbed by conversation during the anthem, a pastor adopted a drastic device to break up the thoughtless practice.

Right in the middle of the uplifting chorus from "Elijah," he had every voice suddenly hushed. All over the church sped the important information Sister Johnson was imparting to Sister Smithers:

"I fry mine in lard!"

The plebs have to be patient at West Point for a year before they get any recognition from the upper classmen. There is one exception to this. Good singers may qualify for the chapel choir as soon as they get into the corps.

Even here, however, they are not free from deviling. In chorusing the words of a grand old hymn, the upper classmen conspired to rest after "Holy, holy, holy!" and the pleb's voice boomed forth alone in "Lord, God Almighty!"

He was obliged to do tours of extra sentinel duty in the area back of barracks for "irreverence at Sunday morning worship."

The Baptist choir rendered an anthem every Sunday afternoon for the prisoners in the county jail.

Without any explanation, the choir ceased its visits. It leaked out at length that the prisoners objected when they found the singing wasn't in their sentence.

A boy barbarian threw two Tom-cats with their tails tied together into the basement of the First Methodist Church. They yowled and clawed and spat all through the week, but the neighbors did not go to the rescue because they thought it was the choir practicing.

Christian Science

A mother bade her child to banish fear of the goat in the pasture through which she had to pass on her daily walk to school.

"Go forward firm in the faith, my child!" she commanded. "Remember that you know you are a Christian Scientist, and that your mother is a Christian Scientist, and be not afraid!"

"I know I'm a Christian Scientist," said the child, "and I know you're a Christian Scientist, Mamma. But the goat don't know it!"

A Christian Science woman fell downstairs but saved herself from bruise or pain by repeating softly, "Truth, truth, truth," as she rolled from step to step.

But her pet dog, not so firm in the faith, did not fare so well, because at every bump he cried, "Error, error, error."

A man arose at a banquet and inquired if there were a Christian Scientist present. A lovely woman arose and said she had the great honor of being a Scientist.

"I wished you would come sit in my place," the male guest said. "I feel a draft!"

Christmas

"Merry Christmas!" cried Santa Claus as he emerged from the fireplace.

"Cut out that racket!" commanded Master Tommy at the radio, "can't you see I'm trying to get Havana, Cuba?"

A devoted Bible-class teacher sounded Tommy on his faith, "You believe in Santa Claus, do you not, Thomas?" she asked tenderly.

"Naw, dere ain't no Santa Claus," came back Tommy. "An'

what's more, I'm going ter look into this Babe of Bethlehem business!"

Rastus was going home for the holidays. By a mighty effort, he swung upon the last car platform, but in doing so a bottle of Canadian Club fell out of his overcoat pocket and was dashed to bits upon the concrete platform of the station.

"Dere goes Chrismus!" cried Rastus.

Church

"Fighting Bob" Evans helped himself to a seat in a stately church. In a little while a dour churchman arrived and seemed none too pleased that a stranger had invaded his pew.

After the owner had taken his seat, he passed his card to Admiral Evans with this notation scribbled upon it:

"I pay \$5,000 a year for the exclusive use of this pew."

"Fighting Bob" returned the card with this observation:

"You pay too damned much!"

An alert son of a minister was not inclined to allow somnolence in the pews. One Sunday evening, he perched himself in the gallery directly back of the pulpit. Observing the eyes of the congregation centering there with lively interest, the pastor looked back just in time to see his offspring getting the range on a baldhead in the fifth row of pews with a paper-wad.

"Keep on preaching, dad," he called down, "and I will do my best to keep them awake!"

A plainly-dressed pilgrim and stranger ventured into an exclusive Fifth Avenue church, unobserved by the stately ushers with boutonnières in the lapel of their Prince Alberts, and wandered down the aisle only to find the door of every pew closed against him.

"Excuse me, is this Christ Church?" he asked one of the statuesque individuals on his way out.

"It is," the functionary made answer.

"Well, when will He be at home?" inquired the rejected one.

A young matron who had moved into the ultra fashionable district of New York betook herself the first Sunday night to a Fifth Avenue church.

As she was leaving after the services a vestryman shook her hand and thanked her for coming. "We do not get many out Sunday night," he said.

"Yes, I noticed," the newcomer replied. "In fact, there were so few present that every time the rector said, 'Dearly beloved,' I blushed!"

A minister reported to the Board of Deacons, "There were 990 absent and unaccounted for yesterday when we closed with the hymn, 'Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise.'"

An aggressive debt-lifter announced at the Sunday morning service that the drive for the cancellation of the mortgage required but \$10,000 more. He concluded:

"Something tells me we can get that \$10,000 right here and now, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!"

And the richest pew-holder was seen taking his leg in out of the aisle.

A prominent family from the neighboring town of Ransom suffered a breakdown on their way to church and arrived very late, just as the choir was beginning that old hymn: "Return, ye Ransomed sinners, home!"

They left and never came back again.

Church Bulletin

"On Saturday night at 8 p. m. the annual potato-pie supper will be held. The subject of the sermon on Sunday morning will be 'A night of horror'."

Confusion was created by a church bulletin in an American service which read:

Text for today, "Thou Shalt Not Steal."

The choir will sing, "Steal Away," Negro spirituelle.

The advertising pastor announced:

"The Rev. Abigail Allbright will consider the theme, 'Hell: Where Is It? What Is It?' Kenneth Keller, world-famed baritone will sing: 'Dear Mother, I'll Be There.'"

Church Pageant

A young member of nobility to oblige the sponsors of a church pageant rigged himself up with sandals, toga, helmet and spear.

Surveying him through her lorgnette, an old lady exclaimed: "Pardon me, are you Appius Claudius?"

"No, madam," the impressive figure made answer, "H'I'm as un'appy as 'ell!"

Church Supper

When one oyster met another in the stew at the church supper, the first asked the second:

"What are you doing here?"

"As this is a church supper, it is my business to be here," answered the second oyster.

"Well, if this is a church supper," rejoined the first, "why are both of us here?"

Circulation

They were showing Joe Jefferson how the compressed air delivery worked in the beautiful congressional library at Washington. The librarian sent up a request and in a twinkling the great comedian's autobiography leaped out of the pneumatic tube. The author took it in his hands pridefully.

"Ah," he cried, "I am glad to see that I have some circulation!"

A circulation manager of a New York paper divided possible customers into three classes according to the hour of their reporting for duty in the morning:

7 to 8—Works.

8 to 9—Clerks.

9 to 10—Shirks.

Circumvention

There are more ways than one of skinning a cat. When Lincoln, at a loss for the right word of command for getting his company of Illinois recruits through a gateway, solemnly announced:

"Halt! Break ranks! Company will all fall in on the other side of the fence!"

A merchant tailor circumvented a similar problem arising from the necessity of ordering two articles that go by the name of "tailor's goose." He was stuck by the plural of goose. Should it be "goosses" or "geese"? He hedged by wording his order this way:

"Ship at once 1 tailor's goose, and by the Eternal send me another!"

City Editor

A reporter coming back from an assignment to see a visiting statesman, said: "That sphinx you sent me to interview positively refused to talk."

"Hold it down to a column and a half, then," commanded the city editor.

City Noise

A philanthropist was conversing with a newsboy:

"What do you pay for your papers, son?"

"Two cents."

"What do you sell them for?"

"Two cents."

"What do you get out of it?"

"The chance to holler!"

City Rivalry

Philadelphia claims New York's ancestral trees in Central Park were grown by graft; New York retorts that a Philadelphia carpenter who drove three nails in two hours was arrested for fast driving.

A small town that sprang up out West in the World War period took to itself the name of Old Glory. An envious village down the line declared that the designation was both patriotic and fit, for it would never be anything but a flag-station, anyhow.

A danseuse had a sparkling trick of casting her dainty slipper into the audience at the conclusion of her pirouetting upon a Chicago stage. A Chicago paper says a St. Louis girl tried it and killed four men the first night.

The mayor of Detroit spread the report that Billy Sunday in preparing for an evangelistic campaign in Cleveland wrote the mayor of that Ohio metropolis for the names of citizens who were especially in need of prayer, and the mayor of Cleveland sent him a copy of the city directory.

The Philadelphia man riding through Pittsburgh wants to know what tunnel he is going through and Minneapolis will not read the modern version of the King James Bible because it mentions St. Paul and leaves out Minneapolis.

Once there was a proposal for the Twin Cities to forget all differences and form one city, to be known as Minnehaha. But when a Minneapolis paper explained the "Minne" was for Minneapolis and the "haha" for St. Paul, the rival cities returned to the old acrimonies.

An irate telephone patron in New York, charged extra for a Long Island call, roared: "Outrageous! Why, in my home city of Chicago one can talk to hell-and-back for ten cents!"

"Oh, that's inside the city limits!" chirruped Central.

City Sharper

"Smart Alec down thar' in New York soaked me a dollar per fer counting the pigeons in Madison Square; sed the cost was fixed by city ordinance and 'plied to all outsiders," reported Si Slocum upon his return to Steubenville.

"But I got even with th' feller," he added with a chuckle. "Counted forty-seven pigeons and only paid him fer forty-two!"

Civil Service

In a recent civil service examination for men to join the Los Angeles Police Force, the following are some of the actual answers given to the questions asked:

Question—What would you do in case of a Race Riot?

Answer—Get the number of both cars.

Question—What is Sabotage?

Answer—Breaking the laws of the Sabbath.

Question—What are Rabies, and what would you do for them?

Answer—Rabies are Jewish Priests, and I would not do anything for them.

Civil War

Friends of a Confederate captain discovered the value of money when they set out to replace the mount shot from under the officer in action. They offered a farmer \$2,500 in Confederate currency for a horse that looked good to them.

"Twenty-five hundred nothing!" roared the owner. "Why, I paid that this morning to have him curried!"

Clock

The lad who nearly starved on the boat trip because he didn't discover his ticket included meals until he was going ashore, has been matched by Mr. Squeers:

"There was a man who had a clock

(His name was Mr. Squeers.)

And every day he wound it up

For more than forty years.

But when an eight-day clock

It turned out to be,

A madder man than Mr. Squeers

You would not care to see."

Clubman

As the colored doorman ran down to open the limousine door, he tripped and rolled the last four steps.

"For heaven's sake, be careful!" cried the club manager. "They'll think you're a member!"

Coal

A Jew and an Irishman had argued hotly every day about the eternal life. The Jew fell mortally ill and was buried at sea, coal being used to weight the body according to age-long custom.

"Egorra, Oi knew where he was bound for all the toime," was Pat's comment, "but Oi niver dr'amed the h'athen would have to tote his own fuel!"

Coat

"Your coat always looks as if you slept in it," said a correct dresser to his friend. "You ought to use a hanger."

A few days later he encountered his shabby-looking friend again. "You didn't take my tip about putting your coat on a form," he said.

"No, I tried it, Bill, but it made my shoulders so lame I had to take it out!"

Coat of Arms

Feeling that his chewing-tobacco fortune entitled him to a coat of arms, a magnate engaged a Latin scholar to do the thing in the best fashion on his stationary and limousines.

So the fine-cut Cræsus rode forth in state, the coveted heraldry emblazoned on the doors of his gorgeous cars. "Quid Rides" was the stately motto selected by the authority in Latin.

But the street gamins could not be induced to accent the final syllable of the noble phrase. "Lookit!" they would cry, with pointing fingers as the chewing tobacco prince rolled by, "Old Quid rides!"

Coin

When there was an effort being made to change the time-honored inscription upon U. S. coins, a leading financier arose in a banker's convention and declared that he was not and

never had been a stickler for "In God We Trust" on the coins, but when it came to the clearing-house certificates (the country was just emerging from a serious financial stringency) he wanted to be sure that they read: "I know that my redeemer liveth."

A British soldier displayed a sovereign, saying: "Behold the face of the king that made me grandfather a lord!"

Sammy drew a red cent, bearing the image of a noble red man, from his pocket and cried: "Put your peepers on the mug of the big chief who made my grandfather an angel!"

Coined Words

A boy left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother who elected to stick to the farm, telling of the joys of city life, in which he said: "Thursday we autoed out to the Country Club where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the Beach for the week-end."

The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all the afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and pokered until morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and ge-hawed until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for awhile. After that we staircased up to our room and bedstedded until the clock fived."

Collecting

"Missus says she is not receiving, sir!" said the maid to the man at the door.

"Go back and tell her I'm not delivering today," quoth the caller. "I'm collecting."

College

There was a dear old college professor, full of years and good works, who was greeted by one of his boys, back for class

reunion, with: "Well, lamp of long ago to my wandering feet, how are you?"

"This house in which I live is a trifle shaky," replied the professor, "but personally I never felt better in all my life."

A class in trigonometry was told to turn in an intricate figure in deducing the rule. A dullard drew a box.

"You were required to sketch figure A," snapped the professor, fixing his glittering eye on the youth. "Where is it?"

"It's in the box," said the culprit.

Upon the door of his recitation room the head of the department of applied science had pinned this notice:

"Prof. Filkins Will Meet with His Classes at 11 A. M."

Some wolfish undergraduates came along and struck out the first letter of "classes," making it read:

"Prof. Filkins Will Meet with His *Lasses* at 11 A. M."

The Professor, noting the tampering with his announcement, eliminated the first letter of "Lasses," leaving the smart alecks to see themselves as another saw them in this notice:

"Prof. Filkins Will Meet with His *Asses* at 11 A. M."

"How came you to fail in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils; "I thought I crammed you thoroughly."

"Well, you see," replied the student, "the trouble was that you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out!"

Chemistry Professor—"What can you tell me about nitrates?"

Student—"Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

A man brought up his son to Hiram College to be entered as a student. He wanted the boy to take a course shorter than the regular one. "My son can never take all those

studies," said the father. "He wants to get through more quickly. Can't you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield, the president. "He can take a short course. It all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, but he takes only two months to make a squash."

A father, visiting his son at the university, was solemnly advised by the boy's fraternity mates that he should always refer to a student by number. "Your son, for example," said they to the fond parent, "is always referred to as 'No. 36'."

Greeting the president in his office, the caller introduced himself. "I'm the father of 36!" he announced.

"I certainly congratulate you upon your Rooseveltian record!" cried the president.

This advertisement was found in the "Lost and Found" column of the college daily on the Saturday preceding final examinations:

"If the person who picked up a 'pony' on the soda fountain counter of the College Inn will return the same to Box C-5 before Monday, reward will be paid and all questions will be answered."

"Do you know what the binomial theorem is, Mr. Hawkins?" demanded the mathematics professor upon an evil day.

"No," murmured Hawkins from a back seat, "and no one around me seems to know, either!"

"Now that you have finished twelve years of schooling at private and public institutions, I take it you have definitely fixed upon your place in life," said the sire of the scion.

"Yep, pop," the graduate made answer, "I'm going to play first base."

"Papa," said the small son, "What do they mean by college bred? Is it different from any other kind of bread?"

"My son," said the father, "it is a four years' loaf."

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, President Hadley," said an evangelistic type of person when he was introduced by the conductor to the president of Yale, "but I must say I was dumbfounded a little while ago when I passed you in the train and asked you what I thought was an entirely civil question, and you told me to go to hell!"

"Why, what was it you asked me?" inquired Hadley.

"Why, I simply wanted to know if you were a Christian."

"Dear me, what a blunder!" cried Hadley. "I thought you asked me if I were from Princeton."

Colonel

A negro private was getting his first taste of going into action in the World War and it wasn't long before he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and made a bee-line on the run for the rear. A colonel noticing the fleeing dusky one called to him to stop.

"What are you running for?" he asked.

"Well," the darky panted, "I'se jus' seen trees chopped down without no hatchet, fields plowed an' tha' want no plows and men's heads cut off an' tha' want no razors, so ah'm goin' somewhere else," and he started off again.

"Hey, wait there, don't you know I'm an officer," shouted the colonel.

The negro looked him over, "Why sho' nuff, yo' is. Leather boots, belt an'—mah goodness an eagle on yo' shoulder. Is yo' a colonel?"

"Yes, I am."

"Mah Gawd, ah never knew ah run so far."



"Is You a Col'nel? Mah Lawd, Ah Never Knew Ah Run Back So Far"

Colored Pastor

A colored pastor opened the service with this prayer:

"O Lord, give dy servant dis mawning de eyes of de eagle and de wisdom of de owl; conneck his soul wid de gospel tele-foam of de central skies; 'luminate his brow wid love of dis people: turpentine his imagination; grease his lips wid possum oil; loose his tongue wid de sledge hammer of thy power; electricity his brain wid de lightning of dy word; put perpetual motion in his arms; fill him plumb full of de dynamite of dy glory, 'noint him all ober wid de kerosene b dy salvation; and set him on fire!"

Commencement

Going upon the stage to speak to the graduating class, the commencement orator's eyes rested upon the word on the stage door, "Push."

"I got my inspiration for what I am about to say to you as I stepped upon this platform," he said to the class. "In one word you will find the secret of success in this era of keen competition. Behold for yourselves the talisman of material and spiritual achievement!"

And the orator pointed to the door upon which was emblazoned, "PULL."

Commission

"This is the room where the great Wellington received his commission," the guide announced.

"How much was dat commission?" an alert member of the seeing-London party inquired.

Commuter

"Do you often have to rush to catch your morning train?" a suburb resident was asked.

"Oh, it's about an even break. Sometimes I am standing at the station when the train puffs up and other times it is standing at the station when I puff up."

Conceit

Mistress—"Have you unimpeachable credentials?"

Maid—"Well, mum, if I do say it meself, there's very few men as don't look twice at 'em."

Concentration

"Trouble with Senator Snodgrass is he lacks concentration," said a constituent.

"He reminds me of Bill Barkway's hunting dog. The pointer got on the scent of a deer, followed it a piece and then switched to the trail of a jack-rabbit and when Bill came up with the hound he was barking at a chipmunk's hole."

Conductor

The indifference of a soused passenger finally got on the very fat conductor's nerves.

"Mark me, sir!" he said finally, weary of carrying his excessive weight back to that particular seat several times. "It's one of three things for you: Produce your ticket, pay cash, or get off!"

This had the desired effect. The pasteboard turned up in the palm of the convivial party's left hand, where it had reposed all the while. The conductor was halfway down the aisle with the ticket when the bothersome traveler hailed him:

"Conductor, shee here!"

"What now?" he demanded, coming back.

"One of free fings: Eat lesh, exershise more, or bust!"

Sunday excursion conductors expect to be plied with needless questions, but sometimes their patience is overtaxed.

"There is one thing I want to know, Mr. Conductor, said an elderly female, as the train was approaching Niagara Falls, "why do you always swing your right arm from the platform before you jump on the train.

"That, my good woman, means briefly: 'Get to hell out of here!'" said the conductor as he made his escape.

He regretted his rudeness after thinking it over, and returned to the passenger's seat with the request that she pardon his impatience and language.

"Oh, that's all right!" said the woman, as she imitated with her right arm the signal under discussion.

A drug clerk, with the here's-something-just-as-good habit fixed upon him, entered the street railway service as conductor. Above all things he was enjoined to keep up with schedule.

The first day a woman asked for a transfer at Twenty-sixth Street. "Impossible to stop at that busy intersection, madam," said the conductor, "but I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll give you something just as good. We'll let you off twice at Thirteenth Street!"

"There was me and Jim started as kids with the same advantages," sighed the conductor of the horse car. "But while he applied himself to his school tasks I frittered away my time. So here I am today taking tickets and calling out the streets on this horse car."

"And how about Jim?"

"Oh, he's driving up in front!"

Confidence Misplaced

A wayfaring man was gagged and bound to a tree. A passer-by removed the gag and heard the poor victim's story of how he had been left there absolutely helpless after the footpads had taken everything but his watch.

"You are sure you are unable to make a move?" asked the passer-by.

"I am unable to make a move," the unhappy man groaned.

"In that case," said the stranger, "I think I'll help myself to the watch."

Congestion

A man came out of the wash-room of the Pullman and cried: "There was such a mob in there I found myself washing another man's face!"

Congress

A congressman, elected with the help of a wealthy ranchman, wired his supporter away out in the West that he was halting between conscience and gratitude with reference to the pending tariff on wool.

"Vote as your conscience dictates," his constituent wired back. "I've sold the damned sheep!"

"What did the folks say when they heard I had been chosen for a seat in the National House of Representatives?" asked the new M. C. of the village hack-driver as he rode up from the station on a visit to his birth-place.

"Aw, they didn't say much—jes laughed! Giddip," answered the whip of the town coach.

A member paid his respects to a flamboyant colleague in this fashion:

"And there in shirt, trousers and socks stood this impressive statesman, surveying his noble figure in the full length mirror and proudly proclaiming: 'The world is now half-dressed'."

A statesman was summoned to Washington for an important roll-call and sent this explanation for his absence.

"Can't possibly make it; washout on the line."

The party whip replied:

"Buy another shirt and come on."

The relative integrity of the upper and lower houses of Congress was brought out in a midnight colloquy between President Cleveland and his wife.

"Wake up at once!" cried Mrs. Cleveland. "There are burglars in the house."

"No, my dear," protested the still slumberous chief executive, "there may be in the senate, but surely not in the house."

Conscience

Across the court of the office building the sour old lawyer saw a young barrister holding his typist upon his knees. He called his brother at the bar on the telephone and said:

"Holding your own, I see!"

A guilty voice asked:

"Who's calling?"

The answer came back sepulchrally:

"Your conscience!"

Conservation

Lecturer—"What have any of you done to save our timber?"

Voice from the rear—"I shot a woodpecker once."

Controversy

Emerson was once confronted by a disputatious Seventh Day Adventist who said:

"I'm as sure as I stand here, sir, that the end of the world is at hand!"

"All right," said the great philosopher, "we'll get along without it!"

Coolidge the Laconic

In his earlier political experience the distinguished Vermonter treated a house guest to three fingers of his best rye. Another friend dropped in a little later, and, to Mr. Coolidge's proffer, allowed he wouldn't mind a sip.

As Cal put in the cork and returned the decanter to the shelf he said to the first served: "Y' know y' had yours, Bill!"

Contemplating some decoy ducks over the rail of the Mayflower on a week-end trip, the President seemed moved to give voice to the thoughts within him.

"Been watching those Mallards a long time," he said. "They haven't moved once. Must be dead."

Equally revealing was his comment after traversing one long aisle after another of the fragile blooms in the DuPont floral gardens in Delaware. It was a wordless inspection until he saw a familiar yellow fruit hanging on a tree. "Huh—bananas!" he ejaculated, and went his way.

Coquetry

A proud New Englander was bound for Albany on a night when the chill of the Berkshires was in the day coach. Seeing his duty, a commercial drummer thrust his hand into her muff and held the white fingers there.

"Sir," said she, flashing her protesting eyes full upon him, "I'll give you just an hour and twenty minutes to take your hand out of there!"

Confession

"Faither, ye must be merciful to me, a miserable sinner. Shure and I've committed ivery sin in the category!"

"You don't mean to say you have committed murder, do you Patrick?" asked the holy man.

"Well, no, I'm glad to say I haven't that offinse upon me conscience," murmured Patrick, much relieved.

Upon his way out he encountered Sullivan. "No use going to the confessional today, Tim!" he exclaimed. "The faither is confining himself to murther cases!"

Cork

"That's not the way for Cork!" cried O'Flannigan to his friend Kenny as he choked and coughed to get rid of a piece of cork that had gotten into his long pull of whiskey.

"Don't I know it, ye spalpeen," said the other, "but it's the way to Killkenny!"

Corn

Mose was bidden to a function set forth as "Formal" on the card of invitation.

"Wh' dat mean—dat word 'formal'?" Mose asked Ephraim.

"Dat signifies yo' must rig yourself up in your best paraphernaly," said Ephraim. "Doan put your knife in your mouth an' doan eat der soup wid an echo."

The day after the formal affair, Ephraim asked Mose how he got along.

"Scrumptious," said Mose, "wid only one 'ception. When dey asked would I have moh corn, I passed my cup 'stead of my plate!"

Cornish

Two Cornishmen started out to hunt partridge. Therefore, they carried a shotgun. They met up with a bear. They filled the bear with bird shot. The bear was not killed. They threw a rope around his neck and dragged him to their home. He turned out to be a cub bear. They picked the bird shot out of his eyes, healed the wound and kept him for a tame friend. The only bad result from the bird shot wound was

the fact that the bear's eyes were crossed. Cornishmen came from miles around to see the cross-eyed bear, and watch him do his tricks. One Sunday two visitors from the Iron District appeared at the house. They went out in the back yard and John could not see the bear, so he started to call:

"Come Gladly—come Gladly!" and the bear came out and did his tricks. "'Ow 'd you like the tame bear?" said John to his friends.

"Oh—'e's hall right, 'Hi s'pose, but 'ow does it come they call 'im Gladly—funny name for a bear."

"Go s'long with you! 'dyou ever 'ear that hol song 'Gladly the Cross Hi'd Bear'!"

"'Ow did John come to get killed?" said one Cornish miner to another.

"Diddin ye 'ear? Well, 'ere 'tis. John was workin' in the mine—'e went hout to the shaft, 'e put 'is foot on the bloody plank—the plank wadden there! Down 'e went—plank 'n hall!"

Costermonger

A London costermonger, wife and four-year-old went into a pub for ale. He ordered two mugs.

The child pulled at his father's corduroys.

"Hey, fither," he asked, "don't mither want any?"

Country Editor

"I come to pay——"

"Stop," cried the country editor as he ordered up the best of cigars and watermelon. "Help yourself, most desirable guest."

"I came to pay—my respects to the press," resumed the well-filled visitor, "and to borrow a dollar of you!"

Country Newspaper

The poor editor, in announcing the suspension of his weekly paper, said he had no idea there were so many sewing circles in the town when he picked it as a field without competition.

A fugitive from justice came into a country newspaper office on press night and asked for information as to how to reach the next town. He showed his appreciation by laying down the price of a year's subscription.

An hour after he departed a sheriff and two deputies appeared. They wanted to know if anyone had seen the escaped malefactor. The foreman sent them hotfooting in a direction directly opposite the one the hunted man had taken.

"What did you throw those officers off the track for?" asked the printer's devil.

"Thunder, you wouldn't go back on a subscriber, would you?" cried the foreman.

An old farmer who lived far back in the ruck-a-tuck district, was in the habit of buying up all the old exchanges in the country newspaper office every fall and then retiring for the winter to enjoy his "circulating library" by the glowing fireplace while winter raged without.

It happened through a serious mistake in the edition, a thousand copies of the local paper were spoiled. When the winter hermit called to get his stock of reading matter, the office devil unloaded these papers upon him.

It was a wrathful recluse that showed up at the sanctum in the spring.

"Ye spiled my whole winter, that's wot ye did!" he cried. "Fer when I had read one of them papers I'd read the whole durn lot. Ye oughter be 'rested fer gittin' money under false pretenses!"

A country newspaper received instructions from a deserted husband to advertise warning all persons from harboring or trusting his wife on his account. After the "having left my bed and board item" had gone into type, the patron appeared with the information that his wife had returned, and he left instructions for having the advertisement omitted.

By some mischance the item slipped in, in spite of his expressed desire. There was a terrible sense of impending evil at every footfall on the office stairs for three days after the paper was out, as the imagination of the editor pictured the infuriated husband with a club rushing into the sanctum to annihilate the worker of another disruption in his domestic affairs. At length, the patron appeared—not in warlike array, but in peace. "It's all right," he said, "she left again before the paper was out."

Country Town

A commercial traveler was asked if he had ever visited a certain city.

"Oh, yes, I recall that burg," he replied. "In fact, I spent a week there one afternoon."

Don't be like the town that was so stationary the camera squad that went there to get some moving pictures had to return without any films.

This burg was noted for three things—morning, noon, and night.

It tried to establish an 8 P.M. curfew bell. But the people protested. They said it woke them up.

A native son, successful in the city, went back to the little village and was looking over the plush album with his old sweetheart, her seven children all tucked away for the night.

"Here's our fire department!" she cried. "You notice he

has had the mole removed from his right cheek. That's the greatest change in the town since you went away!"

Court

A witness was asked to tell what he found on the premises.

"Naught but barren nothingness, as Shakespeare says," testified the witness.

"Never mind what Shakespeare says!" commanded the court. "If he knows anything about this case he can be summoned!"

"You have been convicted on nineteen counts, and you are hereby committed to the state prison upon a cumulative sentence of ninety-nine years. Have you anything to offer?"

"Nothin', judge, except you're pretty free with another man's time."

They had reached a juncture in the trial when the court advised the attorney to withdraw with his client and give him the benefit of the best advice he could think of.

After fifteen minutes he returned to the court-room without his client.

"Where's the prisoner at the bar?" asked the judge.

"He's skipped," replied the lawyer, "as per the best advice I could give him."

Judge—"What is the charge?"

Policeman—"Intoxicated, your honor."

Judge (to prisoner)—"What's your name?"

Prisoner—"Peter Gunn, Sir."

Judge—"Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time but you mustn't get loaded again."

One convicted man began to shove another in the prisoner's box.

"Stop shoving my client," the attorney for the shoved demanded, "he's got as much right there as you have!"

An aged darky was on trial for stealing a watch. Finally the jury returned their verdict and the judge turned to the prisoner and said: "You're acquitted."

"Acquitted?" he repeated. "Does 'at mean I hab to gib dat watch back?"

The tempering of modern penalogy with clemency reached its climax in the case of the pickpocket who was fined \$25.

The culprit had only \$20 to his name, so the Judge put him back in the crowd to get the other \$5.

The prisoner was being questioned by the judge.

"Do you deny that you stole that typewriter?" asked the judge, pointing to the machine.

"Hully Gee!" cried the culprit. "Is that a typewriter? I thought it was a cash register!"

"I sentence you to the penitentiary for one year (cough) and six months," said the judge, suffering from a hard cold. "Have you anything to say?"

"I have, your honor. It's a pity you had to cough up that additional six months."

"What were you doing about that chicken-coop at midnight, Mose?" the judge asked.

"Jes' circulatin' roun', jedge; jes' circulatin' roun'."

"Clerk, make a notation: 'Withdrawn from circulation for 60 days'."

Cow

"Oh! I know how they milk a cow now," said the sweet young thing from the city. "You take her in the barn, give

her some breakfast food and water and then you drain her crank case."

Whenever any of Charles M. Schwab's country-place neighbors got hard up, they waited upon him with a critter they desired to convert into ready money. One day one of his fellow stockraisers showed up with a cow that he wanted to sell.

"How do you think this animal will measure up as a milk-producer with my Jerseys, Holsteins and Herefords?" asked Schwab.

"Well, I jes' cain't answer that question," the cow-owner replied, "but you kin depend upon one thing, Mister Schwab. She'll give the best that's in her!"

A lad from the city was watching the milking process on the form. He exclaimed—upon poking his finger in Bossy's side: "Sakes alive, she's chock full!"

Coy

"What a peach of a wedding suit that is!" a girl said to her escort, indicating a display in the foreground of the department store window.

"Why, that isn't a wedding suit," he corrected her, "That's a business suit!"

"Well, I mean business!" she said.

Craps

"Archibald, come here," called a fond mother who happened to be corresponding secretary of the humane society. "Is it true that you have been shooting craps?"

"Yes, ma'am," Archibald admitted.

"Well, never let me hear of you shooting another crap. The little creatures have as much right to live as you have!"

Credit Men

"We are at a loss to understand your inattention to our follow-up reminders," wrote a Credit Manager to a customer of high rating. "You know you ought not to make us send seven of our dunning series before getting a response."

"Forget it," well-off replied. "Those communications were so clever I wanted the whole series before remitting."

George Washington was a man after the Credit Men's own heart. He left a farewell address.

Cross-Country Run

When Mike's astonishing cross-country run of twenty miles, winding up with a leap across a 20-foot ditch, was reported to Pat, he refused to be impressed. "An' why shouldn't he make the lape?" he inquired. "Look at the shtart he had!"

Curiosity

Under the excitement of religious fervor a spinster fell over the railing of the church balcony, but was miraculously saved by her foot becoming entangled in a chandelier.

As she hung there, inverted among the converted, the evangelist sprang to his feet and cried:

"If anyone turns to look, he will be struck blind on the spot!"

An unsaved Irishman on the anxious seat up in front whispered to the man next to him:

"Begorry, Oi'm goin' to risk wan eye!"

D

Dairy Maid

"I'm a dairy maid in a candy kitchen."

"What do you do?"

"Milk chocolates."

Dance

"Why did you stand by in the ball-room while the brute laid violent hands upon this defenseless woman, and never lift an arm to protect her from such ruffianly treatment? A little manly action on your part would have saved her many contusions and a ruined dress!"

"You see, officer, I never dreamed it was the act of a drunken man. I thought they were demonstrating one of the new dances!"

"What made you beat up that guy?"

"He insulted my girl."

"Why, all he said was that she danced like a zephyr."

"I thought he said heifer."

A dance guest was bidden by his wife to slip through the door while she hurriedly mended his ripped trousers in an ante-room. He suddenly beat upon the door frantically and cried: "For heaven's sake—open—I'm in the ball-room!"

"Do you know why this number reminds me of Walt Whitman's poetry?" a fair dancer asked her partner.

"Naw," said her companion.

"Because the feet are so mixed," she moaned.



"Open the Door Quick! I'm in the Ball-Room!"

Daniel Webster

Some tourists at Monticello fell in with a driver of a very ancient equipage.

"What is your name, driver?" they asked.

"Daniel Webster," he said.

"Webster? That name sounds familiar."

"I 'spect it does, I'se been drivin' this rig forty or fifty years now."

Darkey Dude

Upon his discharge from the army a colored soldier rejoiced in a plentiful supply of ready money. He confided his plans enthusiastically to his buddie.

"Jes' observe dis chile when he gits back to Alabam'!" he chortled. "Aw propose ter deck myself in de finest togs dat money can buy—lavendah pants, purple vest, green cutaway coat, white spats, red fo'-in-hand and a yeller Stetson hat, an' walk down de mos' fashionable avenue wid de swellest white flapper dat wealth kin fascinate!"

"So dat's what you proposes, is it, niggah?" said his dusky comrade in arms. "Well, in dat case Ah begs to 'nounce that Ah'll be right behin' you, wearing a black suit, a black hat, a black ban' 'round mah arm, walkin' slow wid all de other mournin' fr'en's an' relatives."

Darktown Bully

Mose waited upon a Darktown bruiser, and remarked: "Ah understan' you'se got a list of all de culled gen'men in dis ward dat yo can beat up handily?"

"Ah sure has!" answered the bruiser.

"Am my cognomen thah by any chance?"

"Right at de head of de list—see, niggah!"

"Den I must' declar' to you, mah fren'," said Mose, peelin'

off his coat, "dat dey will be pattin' you' face wid der spade tomorrow. De fambly Ah spring from nevah quits until dere's a procession marching slow after de parthy of the second paht."

"In dat case," said the bully of Darktown. "Ah'll jes' cross your name off!"

Deacon

"Bredern," declared the pastor after outlining a program of upbuilding, "dis church suhtainly gotta walk!"

"Let 'er walk!" cried the tight-fisted deacon, gloomily.

"Bredern, dis church gotta run!"

"Let 'er run!" declared the pinch-penny, warming up a bit.

"Bredern, dis church gotta fly!"

"Let 'er fly!"

"But, bredern, it's goin' to take money to make dis church fly!" shouted the leader.

"Let 'er walk!" said the deacon.

A fervid female was carried from an experience meeting by a brace of deacons. She kept shouting as she was borne down the aisle, "I never can stand the honor! I never can stand the honor!"

Depositing her in the vestibule, they asked her what she meant by that refrain. She replied: "The good Lord was upborne by one donkey and I have been transported by two!"

When a colored brother who had never been noted for any marked manifestations of a changed life was elevated to the board of deacons, his associate in sin, Ebenezer Brown, inquired:

"Ho' cum dey confer dis high honor 'pon an ol' reprobate sich as y' are?"

"Very simple, Eb, mah boy!" the newly-elected rejoined.

"De disreputable element in de congregashun riz up an' demanded recognishun!"

Dead Beats

Disgusted by the indifferent attitude of a bunch of local dead beats a grocer ran this little "reader" in his local weekly:

"If a certain no account would spend less time flirting with the new milliner and more time earning his living I wouldn't complain about the account he has owed me for so long. Unless he pays me before next week I'm going to tell you more about him, so you will all know whom I am referring to."

Within an hour after the weekly paper was in the post-office one chronic dead beat sneaked in the back door, threw some bank notes on the boss' desk and said:

"Say, Harry, dog-gonit! I just happen to remember I owe you some money since a couple years ago last Spring. Take it out of this, won't you, please?"

Then there came another and another and another—and they kept coming, until the merchant's right arm was palsied from writing "Received in full."

Death Exaggerated

A man whose demise was in the morning paper, called up a friend on the telephone to ask him if he had seen that ridiculous report.

"Wait a minute!" the man at the other end of the line broke in. "Just where are you calling up from?"

Debt

Bystander—"I observe that you treat that gentleman very respectfully."

Garageman—"Yes, he's one of our early settlers."

Bystander—"Early settler? Why, he's not more than forty years of age."

Garageman—"That may be true, but he pays his bills on the first of every month."

"We want to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon," one man recalled when the matter of popular tours was up.

"Were you embarrassed?" someone asked.

"Over \$1,000," he replied, "and that isn't all. Most of it is still hanging over me."

Disaster was looming straight ahead for the partners because they figured up and found that they owed so much, which was sure, and they had coming in so much, which was not sure.

"Curious, isn't it," quoth Sam, "that what you owe is always sure."

A German storekeeper got a letter threatening suit if a settlement were not forthcoming at once. The Teutonic tradesman, in a labored reply, expressed surprise at such harsh measures after a business relation of many years, but closed by saying a check for payment in full was enclosed and he trusted there would be no more unpleasantness. Then below the signature Heinrich appended this:

"P. S.—Dis is vhat I vould haf written if I hat der money."

Début

Exchange of amenities between two friends of the smartest social set:

"Did you attend Miss Geraldine Gotrox's coming out?"

"No, she was secured by one string when I arrived."

Deference

"Oi've got a tin day lave of absince, boss!" said Pat the yardman, on the Clover Leaf, bursting into the division super-

intendent's office. "Will yez be fixin' me out wid a pass to St. Louis?"

"I don't mind extending the usual courtesies to old employees, Patrick, but aren't you a bit crude in the way you break in here and put this up to me? Now go out and think it over and come back in a couple hours and we will see what we can do."

"Good afternoon, Mister Superintindent," said Pat upon his second appearance, when the secretary informed him it was his turn.

"Good afternoon, Patrick," replied the official. "What can I do for you?"

"Youse kin go t' hill," announced Patrick, "Oi'm all fixed up on the Wabash!"

Definition

One day a pupil, Mr. Wood, was stumped by the command to discuss the sublime in literature. He stood mute.

"Can't you give an illustration of the sublime?"

"Sorry, but none occurs to me, professor."

"Do you want me to give you an illustration of the sublime, Mr. Wood?"

"If you please, sir."

"Well, your ignorance is sublime, Mr. Wood. Sit down!"

"You may give the meaning of pedigree, Arthur," said the teacher.

"Descent."

"Quite right. Now let us have an example."

"We pedigreed down the hill to purchase a hot-dog."

Delirium Tremens

"My doctor say I ought to go to California," announced the town gab as he entered the booze bazaar in the days when

they were more open but less plentiful. "Now, I don't want to go to California, nor to Floridy, nor to Arizony. I've been everywhere an' I've seen everything!"

A faded stranger edged along to where the communicative chap stood and asked:

"J'ever have delir'um trem'ns?"

"No, I never had delirium tremens! What's that got to do with the question?"

"Nawthin', 'cept you hain't been nowhere an' you hain't seen nothin'!"

Democrat

A political candidate, tall, square-shouldered, silver-haired, looked so much like a preacher that when he got off the train on his campaigning tour, the reception committee for a Methodist conference asked him if he had been assigned.

"Assigned? Whaddaya mean?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, aren't you a Methodist delegate?"

"Hell, no!" roared the Colonel. "I'm a Democrat!"

Denomination

A veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic did not know whether to attend the reunion of the boys with whom he wore the Blue or the Methodist Conference that fell on the same dates. After much reflection he wrote his Post:

"Feel that it is better for me to take in the Conference. I expect to greet all my Grand Army comrades in Heaven, but must see the Methodists while I have a chance."

Someone classified an eloquent party leader of undiminished influence through the decades as a Presbyterian. Another insisted he was a Methodist. A third maintained he fellowshiped with the Baptists.

"No, I'm sure he isn't a Baptist," the first speaker retorted. "He'd never be contented to disappear that long!"

There was speculation as to the particular faith of the clergyman who gave the eloquent invocation at the banquet.

When he helped himself to a single cigar, he was set down as a Unitarian.

As he bit off the end of the third perfecto everyone agreed he was a Trinitarian.

But when at the last he cleaned out the box there was no doubt in anyone's mind but that he was a Universalist.

The leader of a colored Baptist experience meeting was suspicious of the testimony of the convert who cried:

"Bless de Lawd, my sins am all been washed away—all washed away in de blood of de Lamb!"

"Wot's y' denomination, brudder?" asked the leader.

"I'se a Methodist, I is, a shoutin' Methodist!"

"Y' set down, brudder! Y' sins ain't been washed away. Y' jes' been dry cleaned!"

One stormy night the family told the Catholic maid not to try to make the long trip to her own church, but to sit in their pew in the Universalist church near by.

Kate complied. Upon her return the mistress asked her how she liked the church.

"Pretty soft, mum," she allowed. "Cushions and no hell!"

Dropping into a sanctuary at random while stopping over Sunday in a community, a wayfaring man was not quite sure of the denomination under whose auspices he was worshipping.

But at the announcement of the text, "I have left undone the things I should have done and have done those things that I should not have done, and there is no health in me," he exclaimed:

"Whatever faith it is, it's where I belong all right enough!"

A small boy was trying to make a good Baptist of the family cat by immersing it in the wash-tub. It set up a terrible yowling. "Be a Methodist then," said Bobbie, letting the candidate go.

Dentist

A man in the dentist's chair cried: "Here, doc, you haven't pulled the right tooth!"

The doctor replied calmly, "I know it, my good man, but I'm coming to it!"

"Yes, I make it a practice to visit the dentist twice a year," said the Methodical Person. "I like to have him look at my teeth, of course; but my main object is to see what the periodicals were printing a year ago."

"The usual price for extracting a tooth is \$2.00," the dentist told Sandy, "but I'll take care of you this time for half-price, \$1.00."

"Could ye be loosening it a wee bit for 25 cents?" asked Sandy.

There was a patient who called many times only to be told her dentist, expert marksman, was attending a trapshoot.

"If ever I get that filling, I guess it will have to be shot in!" she said sadly as she wended her way home.

Department Store

A lady walked into a department store and said:

"I want something in oil for the dining-room."

Salesman—"What will it be? Landscape or a can of sardines?"

Departed Spirits

When Pat was cleaning the clergyman's cellar, he came upon some old bottles and was examining them carefully one by one when the dominie appeared and remarked, "Never mind, Pat, they're all dead ones."

"True, your riverince," said Pat, "an' it's very ivident the clergy was with thim whin they passed away."

Depression

In the deflation period following the war, the reports of business conditions were more or less rueful.

A firm who wired withdrawal of a recent order got this answer: "You'll have to be patient and take your turn. There are 5,000 cancellations ahead of you."

A manufacturer said they were running about fifty-fifty—an order in the morning, a cancellation in the afternoon.

"We have done very well by re-organizing," another reported, "and lopping off superfluous departments. The two that we cut out were manufacturing and shipping."

But it was Levi whose faith in eternal punishment was strengthened by adversity. To an infidel he said: "If dere iss no hell, vere iss pizness gone?"

Desertion

"Dear Preacher: You married me to Bill Smith six months ago, but he has now escaped. What are you going to do about it?"

Details

Accredited to two Costers, stationed under their respective favorite lampposts, is this edifying dialogue:

"'Eard 'bout ol' wot's 'is name?"

"H'in course Hi 'eard 'bout 'im. Wot 'bout hit?"

"Wot about wot?"

"Wot's you'se goin' to tell me 'bout ol' wot's 'is name?"

"Oh, that blighter 'as gone from where 'e was to where 'e his an' married, you know, that Old Top's daughter. 'Adn't you 'eerd 'bout hit?"

"Yas, Hi 'eerd 'bout hit, but Hi 'adn't got no details—not until now."

Detour

The Englishman was reporting upon the condition of the highways in the United States.

"Two roadmakers by the name of Lincoln and Dixie 'ave done a deal of clevah construction all hover the bloomir' continent, but, my word for hit, that Frenchman De Tour 'as put h'it h'over the Yanks good and plenty. H'it's h'as much h'as your life's worth to try to drive h'over 'is bally 'ighways!"

Devil

After a successful day in the nut groves, two lads sat themselves down on the grass within the cemetery fence to divide the spoils, late in the evening.

A couple of colored citizens, attracted by low voices, drew near. They could make out two indistinct forms in the fearsome place and heard voices counting.

"There's two for you and two for me," the ghostly tones declared. "There are two more for you and two more for me; and now let's get those black fellows just over the fence."

With a yell of terror the black men legged it toward the town, with no time or inclination to look behind.

"De debbil an' one of his angels ob darkness am counting out de souls in de seminary!" they cried, "but dey doan git dese chillum ef our legs done hol' out!"

Dialect

Among the Southern mountain lassies of America, the language runs like this:

"I didn't went. I didn't wanta went. An' ef I had wanted to went I couldn't got to g'wine!"

Two colored brothers were apparently about to come to blows. Rhetorical threats had been flying fast.

"Nigger, don't mess wid me," warned one, "'cause when yo' do yo' sho' is flirtin' wid a hearse."

"Don't pasticate wid me, nigger," replied the other, showing a great bony fist; "don't fo'ce me to press dis 'pon yo', 'cause ef yo' does Ah'll hit yo' so ha'd Ah'll sep'rate yo' ideas fum yo' habits; Ah'll jes' nacherly knock yo' fum amazin' grace to a floatin' oppo'tunity."

"Ef yo' mess wid me, nigger," continued the other, "Ah'll jes' make one pass, an' dere'll be a man pattin' yo' in de face wid a spade tomo'wo mo'nin'!"

Diet

A visitor said to a little girl, "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the modern child.

Diplomatic Service

An official representative from the United States to Mexico discovered upon arising from a state dinner that his watch was missing. Reluctantly he reported the loss of the cherished heirloom to the under-secretary who was in charge of the function.

"Who was at your right?" the functionary inquired. "The president of the republic," the guest replied. Both agreed that any quest in that direction was unthinkable. "Who was at your left?" was the under-secretary's next inquiry. "The minister of foreign affairs," was the answer. The official assured the visitor that he would do all that he could to recover the watch.

In the course of fifteen minutes he returned with the missing ticker. "I'm distressed beyond measure that it was necessary to bring such a matter to the attention of a member of the cabinet," said the owner. "Be at ease on that point," the lost-and-found adept replied. "He doesn't know that I've got it yet."

When the Democrats returned to power after a long interval, it was a problem to take care of all the faithful who claimed recognition.

A Democratic editor in the South wrote that his wife's health was precarious and her physician advised a change of residence. He had the honor to apply for the ambassadorship to Great Britain.

They advised him that post was spoken for, but there was still available a consulship in Corea or Siam.

There was no response for months. Then came this word from the editor:

"Dear Sir: Since writing you about the ambassadorship at Great Britain my dear wife has gone to heaven and you can go to hell!"

Discovery of America

"Be you the Indians?" asked the Genoese navigator as he disembarked on the shores of the New World.

"We be!" they said with one accord. "And are you one C. Columbus?"

"The same," cried Christopher.

"Then we are discovered!" the Indians declared.

A Briton was making his first transcontinental trip in America on a ticket that could hardly be opened full length in England. After passing through state after state and yielding coupon after coupon to the conductor, he suddenly asked the name of the great man who had done so much for this country.

"Lincoln?" suggested the conductor.

"Oh, no, before him!" said the passenger.

"Washington?"

"Further back."

"You mean Columbus?"

"That's the very man. Y' know H'i don't think 'e did such a bally job discoverin' this country. 'Ow in the world could 'e overlook it?"

Discretion

A mother worried for days over the absence of any news from her son Jim in the battle of Seven Oaks.

"Wasn't your son Bill in that battle, also?" someone ventured.

"Yes, but if there were seven oaks in that engagement I feel pretty certain Bill was behind one of 'em!"

Dissolution

A magnate was discussing plans for rebuilding his hotel, "I'd like to get it all fixed up," he said, "so if I die—"

"No," interrupted his friend, "not IF you die, but WHEN you die!"

What's the difference between the death of the barber and the death of a sculptor?

The barber curls up and dyes and the sculptor makes faces and busts.

Disorderly

A thrifty housewife, with much embarrassment, apologized to unexpected callers for the disorderly condition of her house.

"Yeth, and yesterday," chimed in tiny Edith, "there was a woman arrested, mamma, for keepin' a dithorderly houth!"

Divorce

Mose came to the divorce court three days after he was married.

"How has it happened that you and Dinah have fallen out this early in your married life, Mose?" asked the judge.

"Aw'll tell you, jedge," said Mose. "Dat wench done over-recommended herself to me."

A little girl asked her school chum how she liked her new father.

"Fine," said Birdie. "We liked him, too," said Beatrice, "we had him last year."

She—"Why, where have we met before?"

He—"Can't you remember? I was your husband year before last."

She—"Sure enough! The world is not so large, after all, is it?"

"Aren't you glad you secured a divorce from that worthless husband, Lindy?"

"Ah suppose Ah am, but Ah mus' adknowledge on a winter night when I'se lonely and de bed am stone-cold a divorce paper ain't much use!"

"Mister Magistrate, I've called to see about that husband of mine, who skipped out 25 years ago, an' I've seen neither hide nor hair of him since, the blackguard!"

"Well, what about it?"

"'Ow about me having a separation?"

"What party are you affiliated with at present?" asked the registration officer in entering Dinah's name on the books.

"Ah prefer not to state at dis moment," said the applicant.

"The law requires it," said the clerk.

"Well, de trubble is, Mister Register Man, he hasn't done got his divorce yet!"

Doctor

"What did you operate on that man for this morning?" asked the old school practitioner of the graduate.

"For \$500," replied the modern medic.

"No, I mean what did he have?"

"Five hundred dollars."

There was a call from the hospital for the distinguished allopath. "Four of your cases succumbed last night," the message ran.

"Four? I left medicine for seven!" the doctor fired back.

"Doc, look me over and see what my prospects are for living 100 years."

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"No."

"Eat to excess?"

"No."

"Stay up late?"

"No."

"What in Sam Hill do you want to live to be a hundred for?"

The boys of a village got even with the M. D., who was an inveterate first-nighter. When the hour arrived for the curtain to go up on the opening chorus of a local minstrel show, the manager stepped out in front and asked if Dr. Jones was in the audience.

Dr. Jones arose majestically in his place in the crowded theater.

"Then the performance will begin!" announced the manager.

Two convalescents were visiting with the patient who had just been wheeled out of the operating-room.

"You'll get along all right, never fear," said one of the pair, reassuringly. "He fixed me up in good shape, and I would have been back on my job by this time if they hadn't opened me up again to take out a small sponge that was left in me."

"I had something of a set-back, too," said the other, "from a supplementary exploration to recover a pair of forceps dropped into my interior."

At this moment the surgeon emerged from the operating room to inquire:

"Anyone here seen anything of my hat?"

A tearful mother reported to her doctor that medication was only a torture to the doomed child.

"Whenever she asks for anything, just give her a little water and cut out the dosage entirely, and calmly accept the inevitable," the doctor told her.

Upon his next visit the mother met him with brightened face. "Would you believe it, doctor," she said, "our Nannie is very much brighter and better. It's a miracle!"

"Is it possible?" the M. D. exclaimed. "In that case keep on giving her the water until she is strong enough to take the medicine again!"

To make it unembarrassing to a devout invalid the doctor told him he could explain that he wanted hot water for shaving when he prepared the kickful Tom and Jerry once a day as directed. Upon his next visit he was met at the door by a tearful wife.

"My husband has gone clean out of his head, doctor!" she cried. "He does nothing but shave all day long."

Some rural people were looking for a physician. Upon being directed to one office, they found the door-sign read: "Dr. Abigail Albright, 10 to 12."

"Come away, Samantha," said her sister, "we can't stand those fancy prices."

All the best diagnosticians could do to reassure a neurotic woman that she was not entertaining a frog in her stomach was unavailing. Even the results of the X-ray examination were rejected by the poor woman.

Finally the specialists resorted to strategy. They administered an anæsthetic, made a shallow incision and sewed it up, and confessed to the patient that she had been right all along and they had fallen down on their diagnosis.

"The frog was there all right, must have been taken in when tiny with a drink of water; but now that it is removed, all danger is over and you need worry no more."

The following day the learned practitioners got a hurry-up call to the scene of the mock operation.

"Doctors," the imaginative woman cried, "I'm as sure as I lie here that the frog you extracted had been breeding and has left me full of pollywogs!"

A Semetic conscript was being examined by the local board. The physician took his ear from the recruit's chest to sneeze.

"Kerchoo! kerchoo!" he went again as he tried again to get the heart action.

"Ye gods, man, what have you got on you?" he asked.

"Insect powder," said Ikey, "don't you use it?"

"Dr. Blank regrets he can no longer meet his classes as he has this day been appointed a physician to Her Majesty."

Beneath this message on the blackboard a student wag wrote: "God save the Queen!"

A Doctor of Laws left land practice to devote himself to maritime legal matters. "May there be no moaning of the bar," he wrote, "when I put out to sea."

An eminent surgeon brought an optimistic note into his daily visit to a subject.

"On the whole, you are getting along famously. Your left leg is swollen, but that does not bother me."

"By thunder!" ripped out the patient, "if yours were swollen that wouldn't trouble me either!"

A methodical convalescent told his doctor that unadjusted matters always preyed on his mind and now that he was quite out of danger, he would like his bill.

"Tut! tut! my good man," warned the doctor, "you're not strong enough yet!"

Doctor—"Did you tell that young man of yours what I thought of him?"

Daughter—"Yes, Papa, and he said that you were wrong in your diagnosis, as usual."

"Doc," said he, "if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a scientific name. Just tell what it is in plain English."

"Well," said the doctor, "to be frank with you, you are just plain lazy."

"Thank you, doctor," sighed the patient with relief. "Now give me a scientific name for it, so I can go home and tell the missus."

Doctor—"But, my dear sir, I can't prescribe whiskey for you unless I am convinced that you need it. What are your symptoms?"

Patient—"What symptoms would you suggest, Doctor?"

A doctor received a telephone call to sit in with three fellow-practitioners at a game of poker at the club.

"It's a very serious case, my dear," he told his wife. "Three doctors are already in attendance. I must hasten."

A doctor was looking after the minister's wife in a serious illness.

After she had passed the crisis, the anxious pastor sought the specialist's prediction.

"Well, if you'll agree to keep me out of hell as long as I keep the good woman out of heaven, I'll call it a satisfactory bargain!" said the doctor.

"Well, so long doc!" a patient cried.

"One moment; \$25 please."

"What for?"

"For that advice I just gave you."

"Nothing doing, doc—ain't going to take it!"

Patient—"Must you operate, doctor?"

Doctor—"Step to the window a moment. Do you see that car of mine down there—a 1920 model? Get yourself ready."

A specialist outlined a strict regimen for his patient, winding up with: "Smoke one cigar a day; mind now, one a day."

When the M. D. called a week later he asked the case if he had obeyed instructions.

"I've tried to smoke that cigar every day as you ordered, Doc, but it's nearly been the death of me!"

A doctor told his patient that there was nothing really the matter with him. "All you require is more outdoor life; walk two or three miles regularly every day; what's your business?"

"I'm a letter-carrier, doc."

Dog

There was the dog that investigated the third rail. Then he was chockfull of information.

Hans, contemplating his dog Schneider with envy, soliloquized: "All you haw to do is eat und sleep, and when you die dat is der end of all; but for poor Hans, dere's hell yet!"

"My dear woman, I will replace your poodle," said the actor as she gazed at his remains under the thespian's car.

"Sir," she shot back haughtily, "you flatter yourself!"

A little shaver brought his pet dog to the ticket office in the hope of exchanging him for admission to the exhibition by a champion boxer. The manager told the boy to take the quarter he handed him and keep his pet. After the champion had given his exhibition and story, he asked the boy how he liked it.

"Hully Gee," gurgled the tiny spectator, "but I'm glad I didn't part with Towser!"

Some rascally boys who hung around the grocery store helped Sykes' dog to a diet of dynamite.

When Sykes heard the explosion and came in to behold the scattered remnants of his pet, he said: "Well, poor Fido will not be of much account again—as a dog!"

Domestic Troubles

A pastor was endeavoring to bring peace and harmony between a long-suffering wife and her recreant husband.

"Have you tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?" the spiritual adviser asked.

"No, but I've tried hot water more'n once!" the wronged wife replied.

A man was sneaking to bed after a late session of the club when he overturned a chair.

"Is that you, Frederick?" asked his wife. "What time is it?"

"About eleven, my darling."

Just then the cuckoo clock struck two, making it necessary for her husband to stand in a cold sweat and cuckoo nine times.

"The wife of my bosom rocked me to sleep," a husband with a damaged eye reported at the office next morning. "Oh, boy, but you should have seen the size of the rock!"

A Tennessean complained of his wife's ceaseless calls for pocket-money.

"It's simply outrageous, these everlasting demands," the Southerner moaned. "Day before yesterday she called for \$1.75, yesterday for 60 cents, today it was a dollar—"

"What in all the world does she do with this money?" broke in a sympathetic friend.

"I dunno," the aggrieved Tennessean replied, "I hain't gi'en her any yet!"

A thoughtless husband took home some flowers and a box of candy to his wife one night. "Annette, you look tired," he said to the wife of his bosom, "slip on your best gown and we will go to the theatre."

Instead of the glad light returning to her eyes, she burst into tears. "It was b-bad enough to have the baby f-fall down the back steps and to b-burn my hand in the k-kitchen," she sobbed, "b-but to h-have y-you come home intoxicated is t-too much!"

"Who was that Sylvia you were talking about all night in your sleep?" the fond wife asked at breakfast.

"Sylvia? Sylvia?" repeated the husband. "Oh, that was just a horse I laid a little bet on yesterday, my dear."

Upon his return from the office at the dinner hour the wife announced:

"That horse you bet on yesterday tried twice to get you on the phone, my dear!"

Yawcob was notified that his wife would be carried off if he did not leave \$500 under the big stone by the old mill.

He wrote—"Shents—Your brobosition abbeals to me, but I haven't got der money."

An inveterate stay-out was pussyfooting into bed when his wife put forth her hand caressingly and twittered:

"Is that you, Fido?"

But the neglectful team-mate had presence of mind to lick her hand.

"Good-bye, forever!" cried the aggrieved husband, his hand on the door-knob.

"Oh, you can't leave me today," said the impenitent wife. "Your best suit hasn't come back from the cleaners yet."

An enraged husband was no better when he fell the length of the stairs on an errand for his wife, whose only concern was: "Did you break the new China pitcher?"

"No, but I'll be dinged if I don't!" he said and suited the action to the word.

"Please tell me how I can keep my husband home at night," a Perplexed Wife wrote to the Domestic Science Editor.

"Prepare a bountiful lunch, invite in a bevy of pretty girls and go away yourself," the editor answered.

Donkey

"Do you call your donkey Albert," asked a Prussian of a Belgian boy.

"Nay, I think too much of my King for that."

"Do you mean that you call him Wilhelm?" cried the invader.

"Nay, I think too much of my donkey for that!"

A man was given a prescription for his colicky donkey by a neighbor. He reported that the treatment was a miserable failure.

"Did you shapen a sheet of stiff wrapping paper into a tube?" the neighbor inquired.

"I did."

"Place the condition powder in the tube?"

"Sure thing."

"Then you blew the stuff down the donkey's throat?"

"Naw, that's where the trouble was. The blamed donkey blew fust!"

A braying donkey disturbed the speakers of the evening.

"Tying a stone to his tail has been known to stop such a nuisance," the last orator suggested to the chairman.

"Let him that is without sin tie the first stone!" said the chairman.

Doxology

There was a burglary in the church the Saturday night preceding communion service, and the best the wardens could do was to requisition some of Brother Simpkins' gooseberry wine as a substitute.

All went well—so the account runs—until at the close of the service the congregation started to sing the Doxology, and everybody whistled!

Drawbacks

A real estate agent was trying to interest a buyer in a country estate.

"But tell me, truthfully, are there any drawbacks?" asked the prospect.

"Well," said the salesman, "you might have your rest disturbed by the rustling of the rose leaves, the fragrance of the lilies of the valley, and the singing of the nightingales. But that is all."

Drawing on Dad

William Jefferson, son of the popular actor, cabled his father two weeks after his arrival in London:

"Send \$500 at once."

As the boy had gone abroad with what seemed to be a very ample letter of credit, the father cabled back:

"What for?"

Very quickly came the response: "For Willie."

He got it.

Dreadnaught

The new secretary of the navy was making his first inspection of a Dreadnought.

"Gosh all fishhooks!" he cried upon going below. "I'll be durned if the thing isn't holler!"

Driest

"What was the driest yarn you ever heard?"

"It was about an Irishman and a Scotchman. They went into a tavern to get a drink and the Irishman discovered he had no money."

Drummer

A preacher and a drummer fell in with each other on a train, and found they had so much in common that they dined together when they reached their destination. When the fish came on, the salesman, acting as host, helped himself to the largest perch and passed the platter along.

"This has been a happy experience meeting up with you," said the dominie at parting. "There is only one thing I would have had different, if you will permit a friendly suggestion. If I had been doing the honors, I believe I would have insisted upon your taking the larger fish and left the smaller one for myself."

"What the devil you kicking about?" interposed the drummer. "Didn't you get what you wanted?"

Dry

A nature lover cried to his companion:

"Didst ever in the hush of the fading day behold the western sky aflame with livid golden light at the moment of the regal orb of day's disappearance below the horizon, while shafts of luminosity shoot up the celestial concave, criss-crossed by streamers of red and purple?"

"Not since the country went dry," the patient listener replied.

"I want my booze! Gimme my gin!" shrieked the lunatic at the window of the asylum, clutching frantically at the iron bars.

A red-nosed vagrant took in the situation. "Old man, you may have been dotty when they put you in there," he said, "but you're all right now!"

His tavern being full, Sandy put up two late comers on the cushions at the kirk, of which he was sexton. Near midnight there was a fire-alarm and the engines dashed by in the direction of the kirk, the clanging bell of which was filling the neighborhood with forebodings.

Sandy sent his man to see where the fire was. Malcolm came back in a few minutes and reported:

"There's nae fure, but I hae a large order for whuskey and soda from pew suxy-nine."

Ducks

"I understan' you hab a wonderful cotton crop, Ebenezer," said a neighbor.

"Yessuh, it was suhtainly a bounteous production," replied Ebenezer, "but de ducks got ebery bit of it."

"De ducks?" repeated the other. "Kindly explanation yoursel', Ebenezer."

"Well, suh, when I takes dat crop to market, dey deducts so much fo' taxes, an' so much fo' rent, an' so much fo' truckin' an' den dey deducts so much mo' for storage, dat with all de deducts were was nothin' left for Ebenezer!"

When the widow's chickens were drowned by a bursted main, the resourceful inspector summoned from the water department asked:

"Why don't you keep ducks?"

Dude

"Aw, do you sharpen wits, old dear?" asked the empty-headed dude of the scissors grinder.

"Not unless there is something to get hold of!" said the old fellow, with a doubtful shake of the head.

Duel

A man was challenged to fight a duel by an aggrieved person who had a wooden leg.

He accepted upon the condition that he be permitted to put a board in front of one of his legs. He said it was not fair for him to expose any more of his physical frame than the challenger would.

Dutch

A Dutchman wished to use some of the wealth left him by his grandfather in advertising the old gentleman's physical characteristics to future generations.

No photograph or tintype was available, but the artist thought a fair study of the ancestor in oil would be possible from the grandson's personal recollection of his outstanding features and traits. But as to these the heir was quite hazy.

All he could recall definitely was the bluecoat his grandfather wore, his perennial expansive smile and cheeks as rosy as red apples.

The artist pledged his best endeavors to reproduce the well-beloved forebear. When the canvas was hung in the parlor, the grandson was called in. His first reaction was one of surprise and gratification.

"Dat's der plue coat all right, sure's you're porn!" he cried. "Und der schmile, I vould know it anyvere. Und look at dose red sheeks! Py shiminy, you ardists are cerdainly vonderful!"

Then, after taking in the whole effect from a few feet back, Fritz added:

"But, as for der rest—as for der rest, mein Gott! how dear olt granfatter has changed!"

The Dutch resort-keeper quite forgot his single guest until he heard a loud call for help from the surf.

He went out and saw a hand upraised above the breakers. Jacobus went back in the hotel and brought out five beers.

Over in Holland, the honest Dutch dairymen do not sing "Shall we gather at the River" as their national song.

On the contrary, they shingle their cows. The dykes were built to keep the water out of the milk.

"Always ven I go py your hoose you are sitting mit der vindow. Why are you always sitting mit der vindow?" someone asked Hans.

"Vell, sompody must look out for der family," said Jacobus.

Dyspeptic

"What will it be?" twittered the waitress.

"All I care for is a piece of toast, a couple of eggs and a few kinds words," said the dyspeptic.

The young lady brought the toast and eggs.

"How about the kind words?" asked the gloomy one.

"Don't eat the eggs!" whispered the waitress.

One who remembers the shut-ins in their afflictions called on a friend in the hospital. He carried the cheering word.

"You look fine, Frank; your appetite has come back!"

"Appetite—nothing! There isn't any such animal! Every particle of food I get has to be fed to me through a tube!"

"You don't tell me! That's my fix, too! Have to take all nutriment artificially!"

Upon bidding him good-bye the patient said: "Be sure and come again!"

"Sure thing," said the visitor, "I'll be back next Sunday!"

"Bring your tube along and we'll lunch together!"

E

Ear-method

Learning by sound has its pitfalls and when asked to describe the equator in the review recitation, an urchin declared: "It's an imaginary lion running around the earth."

"Use a sentence containing the word 'chisel'," commanded the teacher. The answer came in: "The sandwich girl said she was out of every other kind of sandwiches, so I told her the 'chisel' do."

"Pencil" appeared in this rendering: "If my suspenders snap my 'pencil' come down."

When asked to give a sentence using the word "diploma" only Antonio Delgado raised his hand.

"For shame upon you American boys and girls to be outdone by a lad of foreign birth!" said the teacher. "You may proceed, Tony."

Tony came through with this:

"De kitchen sink she leak dis morning, and my maw she say 'send for diploma!'"

Ear Trumpet

An aged worshipper whose hearing was impaired was being shown to a pew by a Scotch usher, who became suspicious of an immense ear-trumpet which the visitor carried under his arm. As he gave the stranger a seat he said to him:

"One toot and you're oot!"

Eclipse

A Venetian citizen was disappointed that there should have been a total eclipse at the moment a lovely wife, adjudged faithless, was sentenced by the Doge to stand unclad in St. Mark's Square.

The gallant officer, holding the beautiful creature to be more sinned against than sinning, set an hour for the punishment when darkness mercifully intervened.

As the populace moved grumblingly from the scene of the expected sensation, First Citizen said to Second Citizen:

"They're always taking away the rights of the common people! There would have been no eclipse if it had been our wife."

Editor

One rainy day a magazine editor in London standing at the window, saw a funeral procession pass down the street, through the murk and gloom.

Turning to one of his editors, he cried:

"Can that be our subscriber?"

An editor was confronted by a prominent citizen whose death notice he had printed that morning, and demanding a correction.

"Sorry, but it is against our policy to admit mistakes," began the editorial czar, "but I'll tell you what we'll do: We'll stick you in the 'Births' tomorrow morning. That brings you back to your family and friends and leaves us consistent, see?"

A country editor commented upon the report that the publisher of the opposition sheet had been found dead in a bath tub:

"Here we have the sad results of making experiments."

A distraught editor asked his readers to "plzzz overlook abzn of zrtan karakturz, kurrnt izzu, az phoundry phald to znd zam on tym phor uz."

The editor of the "Texas Steer" said to his caller, as he grabbed a shotgun and stepped outside the door: "Excuse me a moment, please!"

Bang!

In a moment a delinquent subscriber limped in and deposited \$2 for his last year's paper.

"Ten cents more!" said the editor.

"What's that for?" asked the crippled one.

"For the shot!" the editor explained.

When the edition, promised for noon, failed to come out, the editor-in-chief went down to investigate, heatedly demanding an explanation from the new English foreman.

The foreman pointed to this wheeze in the waiting form, under a white space within a border, labelled "Crossing the Red Sea":

This is the first wireless painting ever published on either continent.

The picture shows the Biblical event at the moment when the sea has gone back and the children of Israel have passed over. Moses will be along presently.

"There's a cut to come for that 'ole," he said. "That's wha's 'olding us h'up!"

One day a stranger walked into the editorial office of a newspaper and asked one of the men: "What do you do on this paper?"

"I write the editorials."

"Hard?"

"Hell, no!" was the reply. "All I have to do is to clip a column from a metropolitan exchange, put a heading on it, put underneath, 'This is as it should be,' and go fishing."

"You're fired!" said the stranger. "I have bought this sheet."

An angry subscriber called to see "the scoundrel who wrote the libelous article" about him.

"You'll have to be patient," said the office imp. "He's out attending the funeral of the man who called to get satisfaction yesterday."

A country editor being in dire extremity wrote:

"Mrs. Winnie Witherspoon, we are informed, kneads bread with gloves on. If our subscribers do not step up to the captain's office and settle pretty soon, ye editor will be needing bread with nothing on."

Holding the publisher's pulse, the specialist whispered to the nurse: "Circulation poor."

"Rot!" roared the patient. "Largest in the county. See accompanying affidavit!"

A country editor in an attempt to collect past due accounts, wrote to one subscriber, "Never mind about that 'Please find enclosed \$1.50.' Just chuck 'er in and we'll find it all right."

Effeminate

A law-abiding citizen of the United States was saved from freezing to death by his faithful dog which dragged him to a

lumber-camp saloon. "Close call; let me give you something to revive you!" said the barkeep.

"I'll take a selzer lemonade, if you don't mind," said the benumbed man.

"Haven't a lemon in the place," the barkeep replied, "but I have a pair of white duck trousers upstairs that I will be glad to loan you."

Efficiency

Henry Ford was on his way to his last repose after life's fitful fever, when one of the pall-bearers stumbled. The jolt awoke the great industrial leader.

He sat up and surveyed the force that was conveying him to the tomb, and his genius for efficiency suffered a severe shock.

"Lay off two of these men at once!" he cried.

When an office manager, stickler for efficiency, put his head in the door and saw a young man embracing the stenographer, he said:

"You used three unnecessary movements in that transaction, young man."

Eggs

A London shopkeeper was asked if he had any fresh eggs. He replied:

"Yes, mum, plenty; them with a hen on 'em are fresh."

He looked about for a nest and replied: "I don't see any with a hen on them."

"The letter 'hen,' mum, not the bird," the grocer explained.

"'Hen' stands for 'noo-laid,' mum."

Electric

"Hully Gee!" wailed the electrician's son as the bumble-bee left a stinger in the back of his neck, "there's a case of imperfect insulation!"

The doctor, after a careful diagnosis, told Nicodemus, a colored patient, that he should take a course of electric baths.

"Fer de lub ob Hebben, have a heart, Doc!" cried the patient, "Mah uncle died in one of dem things at Sing Sing!"

"Some of the things said over the wires," declared a telephone operator to a lineman making repairs, "are not fit for me to hear."

"Aw," replied the lineman, "you can't expect to work around electricity and not get shocked."

Election

"What was the trouble?" asked a government investigator after an election tragedy in the West some years ago.

"Trouble?" repeated the successful candidate. "Thar' warn't no trouble hereabouts. Thar' might have been some-thin' disagreeable, it's true, but after we strung up seven of the disturbers, everything war' as peaceful as a Sabbath day."

Electric Light

After being plunged in darkness for fifteen minutes by an accident at the power house, the minister announced the first four lines of the hymn as the current came on again:

"Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the clouds of night away,
Turn the darkness into day."

After which, he asked all to unite in prayer—for the electric light company.

Electrocution

Ephraim asked Smoke to explain the workings of the electric chair at Ossining. "Dey jes' straps your laigs and arms an' haid," said Smoke, "and turns on the elocution."

"Den what?"

"Jes' ruin, dat's all; jes' ruin!"

Elephants

Upon their return from an elephant hunt in the African jungles, five sportsmen representing five different nations, broke into print with their experiences.

The Englishman called his book: "What the British Empire Has Done for the Elephant."

The German sprung this title: "The Elephant, His Habitat and Habits; His Place in Germany's Commercial Expansion," in seven annotated volumes.

The Russian put it: "Two years' study of the Elephant—Is There Such an Animal?"

The Frenchman's work discussed—"The Elephant and His Love Affairs."

The American's story bore the title—"Bigger and Better Elephants."

Elevator

Mike, who fell into an elevator shaft, shouted to the man behind him:

"Look out for that lasht stip! It's a long wan!"

Ellis Island

"Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" an Irish immigrant was asked at Ellis Island.

"I have not."

"Have you read the Constitution of the United States?"

"I have not."

"Well, what have you read?"

"Oi've red hair on me neck, begobs!"

Emphasis

The night before they were to set out for the New Land to the west, a little lass of Southern Europe closed her evening prayer with: "Goodbye, God, we're going to America!"

The father, having drunk deeper of Old World inequalities and injustices, changed the punctuation to suit his emotions:

"Good, by God! we're going to America!"

Emulation

Into the coop the rooster rolls an ostrich egg;

The hens he faces.

"Not to chide or deride, but only to show

What's being done in other places."

Encyclopædia

They were delighted when the first volume of the new and indispensable encyclopædia came because they wanted to do the right thing to make sure of a full apple crop.

They turned eagerly to "Apple" and it said: "See Horticulture."

But the second volume came along about the time of the first born. Under "Baby" the proud father found, when he sought enlightenment upon giving the child the right start in life: "See Maternity."

He sent for the family physician, for the M. D. would get there a year before the "M's" would make it.

End of the Line

A man slipped on a hillslope that had been iced the night before by coasters, and tripped up a buxom female as he shot downward and carried her along with him. At the foot of the hill he said: "You'll have to get off, madam; this is as far as I go."

End of Troubles

A landlady was condoling with her widower lodger upon his solitary lot. She asked him why he didn't marry and see the end of all his troubles. And that sophisticated lodger inquired at once: "Which end?"

Enfant Terrible

One of the women guests at the bridge party expressed an overwhelming desire to see Virginia, the adorable child of the household. The hostess went to get the high-spirited, elfish child.

During a lull in the game, the guests caught the sound of a scuffle in the vestibule, and they heard Virginia's voice raised in strident protest.

"Tump'ny or no tumpn'y, oo tan't wash my face with 'pit!"

English

A family was getting into a new house. All the effects were moved by truck except a grandfather's clock which the husband, who was a lover of antiques, decided to tote himself. As he staggered around the corner with it, he bumped into an Englishman.

"Aw, Hi say, old fellow, wouldn't it be more convenient to carry a watch, now?" asked the visitor from overseas.

An American attended a rowing regatta on the Thames, honored by the presence of the royal family and retinue.

Between events the little diving lads entertained the crowds by going to the bottom for the coppers tossed into the river. The American commenced to flip silver dollars into the stream. A Londoner laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"My word," he warned, "you'll 'ave the king diving!"

An Englishman cried: "My word, but you 'ave ferocious birds in h'America! H'I observe that a man h'in h'Indiana was killed by a traveling crane!"

A dusky doughboy who had been over some time, challenged a newcomer in a crap-shooting game with:

"Aw'll bet y' a pound, niggah."

"Aw'll see y' pound an' make it a ton!" said Sambo, the unsophisticated.

When an eagle first broke upon the vision of an English family visiting America, the son exclaimed:

"Oh, see the 'awk!"

"Not h'an 'awk, but h'an 'en!" corrected the daughter.

"H'it's neither h'an 'awk nor h'an 'en," interrupted the father, "but h'an h'eagle, h'emblem of this blarsted country!"

"'Amstead! 'Amstead!" called the conductor.

"My dear sir," an American passenger pointed out, "you have dropped an 'h.'"

"No matter," said the conductor, "we'll pick h'it up h'at H'Islington."

A visitor from London startled at dead of night by a terrifying hoot asked: "What cawn that terrifying sound mean?"

"It's an owl," his host explained.

"H'I know, but who's 'owling?"

This sign, outside a tobacconist's stall came in for British interpretation:

"Buy 1,000 cigars and get a music box."

"Buy 10,000 cigars and get a Victrola."

"Buy 100,000 cigars and get a grand piano."

"There's a catch h'in the bally come-on," commented the

Englishman. "H'if you smoke one 'undred thousand of the nawsty fags, you'll 'ave no use for the grand piano. You'll need h'a 'arp."

A newly-formed club in England meets semi-weekly. On Tuesday the members listen to American jokes and on Saturday they meet to enjoy a hearty laugh.

When everyone at the station joshed a companion who was somewhat the worse for the absence of a Volstead law in London, for stumbling over his luggage, an Englishman inquired: "What's the mattah with the fellah?"

"Oh, he's just getting over the grippe," said a member of the American group.

More hilarity, which moved the Britisher to wax enthusiastic over the ready wit of the visitors.

"For h'example, there was a chap who tripped on 'is gear at the station, an' when h'I h'asked what the trouble might be, h'as quick h'as a flash, a rum sort of fellah said 'e was just recovering from the epizootic!"

On a trip about London, a Yankee cousin capitulated to the drollery of the wayside legend: "17 Miles to York. If You Can't Read Ask the Blacksmith."

"Do you see it?" roared the convulsed visitor to his British touring companion.

"Quite so, deah fellah. Supposing by h'any chawnce the smith should be away! Deucedly clevah, h'I soy!"

An Englishman was deeply moved by the ballad: "You Can't Drive a Nail with a Sponge No Matter How Much You Soak It."

"By Jove, that's clevah, deucedly clever. 'You Cawn't Drive a Nail with a Sponge 'Owsoever Wet h'It h'Is!' I must remember that one, surely!"

An American told an Englishman of the saying, "We feed the baby garlic so we can find her in the dark."

He said, "That's very effective, but rather indirect, don't you think?"

An American told a British visitor that there were just 2,320 sheep in the pen at the stockyards.

"By Jove, 'ow did you arrive at that count so quickly?" asked the visitor.

"Very simple," said the American. "I just took the total number of legs in my first glance and then divided by four; and there you are!"

Epitaph

A twice-wed husband was on his way home with his new bride when he recalled the inscription on the tombstone in the front yard:

"THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE HAS GONE OUT"

He wired instructions for having the memorial brought up to date, by the addition of another line, making it to read upon the arrival of the happy couple:

"BUT I'VE STRUCK ANOTHER MATCH"

One mile out of Boston the grand dame who looked upon the Massachusetts capitol as a state of mind, came upon this marker

I-M
from
Boston

"Dear me, 'I'm from Boston'," she repeated reverently, "how brief, yet how sufficient!"

Here lies the body of Ethan Bevan
Killed by Thunder sent from Heaven,
For trading horses on Sunday, June eleven,
In the year Eighteen hundred twenty-seven.

Under this sod and under these trees
Lieth the body of Solomon Pease;
But Pease is not here—it is only his Pod,
For Pease has shelled out and gone up to God.

Underneath this stone in eternal rest
Sleeps the wildest one of the wayward West.
He was a gambler and sport and cowboy, too,
And he led the pace in an outlaw crew;
He was sure on the trigger and staid to the end,
But he was never known to quit on a friend.
In the relations of death all mankind is alike,
But in life there was only one George W. Pike.

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lauder
Who died from drinking a Seidlitz Powder.
Called from this world to Heavenly Rest,
She should have waited 'til it effervesced.

“Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

Here lies the body of old Jim Lake—
Tread softly, all who pass.
He thought his foot was on the brake,
But gosh, it was on the gas.

Epitaph on a photographer's stone was striking:

TAKEN FROM LIFE

This on a marble shaft was misleading

HERE LIES

BENJAMIN BLACKSTONE

AN ATTORNEY AND AN HONEST MAN

"I swan!" ejaculated an observer who had recently been to court, "are they burying two people in the same grave now?"

A departed one sought to be a light to the feet of others even after death:

As I Was Once
You Soon Will Be,
So Leave This World
And Follow Me.

A visitor to the cemetery who was of a cautious nature, approved of the plan in principle, as follows:

To Follow You
Is My Intent,
But First Would Know
Which Way You're Bent.

A bereaved husband recognized Heaven's prior claim in this single line of resignation:

"O LORD, SHE WAS THINE."

Insufficient space or insufficient education resulted in the final letter being left off, so that it read:

"O LORD, SHE WAS THIN."

A husband sought to repress his wife's love of finery by springing the grim question: "What do you want on your tombstone?"

"Just say," she suggested sweetly, "Wife of the Above."

A sorrowing widow told the marble-cutter that she wanted a small stone memorial without frills. Instructed him to carve simply, "To My Husband" in a suitable place.

When she went out to view the completed job she found this inscription:

TO MY HUSBAND
IN A SUITABLE PLACE

Equal Suffrage

The women promised, if they got the ballot, they would show us something.

They have more than kept their word.

Someone inquired tauntingly of a Woman's Independent Voters' Association leader:

"Why, madam, surely you don't want your cook to participate in the high privilege you seek for your sex?"

"That's the trouble," was the rejoinder. "*He* does."

Ethics

Young Jackie, taking law at college, told his father the subject of ethics would be up the next day and he wanted some light on the same.

"Dat's easy, my poy," said the parent. "Vot is ethics? Vy ethics is shust dis: If a gustomer gifs me py mistake two ten dollar bills instead of one for a pair of trousers, und I discover der mistake on der way to der cash drawer, der ethics is vether I should tell my partner about it!"

Eulogy

The halo that the officiating clergyman was placing about the head of the departed husband in his funeral discourse was too much for Mrs. Casey, who had plenty of reasons for realizing that Casey was far from being a saint.

"Dennie," she whispered to one of her boys as the laudatory discourse continued, "will ye be for takin' a peep an' see if they be burying two people here today."

Evangelist

In a protracted meeting, an evangelist quoted solemnly, "There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"S'posin' you hain't got any teeth?" inquired a sister.

"They'll be provided, ma'am," said the evangelist.

Everybody got up but one man in the corner when the evangelist asked all who wanted to go to Heaven to stand.

"Do you want to go to Beulahland, my brother," asked the sky-pilot.

"Sure!" answered the hopeless minority, "but I ain't going with any excursion!"

An itinerant evangelist, letters in hand, asked a newsie to show him the way to the post-office. "Com 'long, I'll put you wise, mister," said the urchin, expelling tobacco juice as he guided the evangelist.

"My boy, if you will come to the tabernacle at 7:30 this evening I will show you the way to heaven," said the sky-pilot.

"Shucks! yer don't even know the way to th' post-office," said the newsie.

Evolution

A small boy explained the doctrine of evolution in an examination paper thus:

"Men and women both sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang further than the men.

Examination

A tutor coaching a pupil for an entrance examination at West Point asked, "In what year was George Washington born?"

"1732," was the prompt answer.

"Do you happen to remember the month and day?"

"No, you said to never mind the month and day in looking up the lives of the presidents."

Excelsior

The shades of night were falling fast;
The fool "stepped on it" and rushed past.
A crash—he died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior!

Explorer

An explorer received a call from a sad-looking party in answer to an advertisement, "Men Wanted."

"You are calling for adventurous seamen to embark with you on a trip to the frozen Arctic, from which there may be no return?" began the animate answer to the ad.

"Yes, my man!" said the pole-finder.

"Well, I called to say there is nothing doing as far as I am concerned," quoth the caller.

Explosion

In disregard of all warning signs, a customer lighted his pipe in an oil station.

When they picked him out of a tree in an adjoining lot, he announced triumphantly:

"Got out just in time!"

"And the most remarkable thing about it all," said Mrs. Beauregard, recounting the kitchen explosion that had blown the couple next door into their yard, "it was the first time they had gone out together since they were married."

The oldest hand, with a perfect record, was called into the office on the completion of ninety years of continuous service. He was nervous. Was he to be called upon the carpet for something? He saw a broom and dust-pan outside the president's door, and the glorious possibility of promotion to janitor dawned upon his mystified brain. But neither fate awaited him. Taking his hand, the president conducted him to a room in which all the employees were assembled. "In appreciation of this man's ninety years of blameless service, fellow-employees, it gives me pleasure to bestow upon him this gold watch," said the head of the plant, "and to grant him a half-day's holiday."

The centenarian went to Coney Island, which he had hoped to see before he died. A barker was baiting the throw-at-the-dolls-and-get-a-gold-watch game with a free offer to a six-year-old boy. "If you are afraid to try your luck," he bawled to the bystanders, "let the kid show you what can be done!"

The boy threw one ball, and won a watch. Next day that explosion occurred in Wall St.

F

Factory

"How do you like your job?" asked the factory manager of the new hand.

"'Sall right, only I don't like the idea of that little runt following me around all day. Looks as if I was being shadowed."

"Shadowed, nothing!" exclaimed the factory manager. "Why that's your helper!"

Faint Praise

They were talking about the departed White Wing.

"Bill was a good street-cleaner," said one of his mates.

"Y-a-a-s," assented another, "but not so very good 'round the telephone poles!"

Falls of Ladore

An impressionable youth had heard "The Falls of Ladore" plashing in his memory so long that he resolved to seek out the falling waters of the poem when he went abroad.

But his sentimental quest was without success. Evening came on and he sat himself down to rest upon some rocks at the roadside. A native passed.

"My dear man," said the pilgrim, "all my life I have yearned to gaze upon the glorious Falls of Ladore. I am told they are hereabouts, but alas! I cannot find them. Could you direct me?"

"Why, mon," cried the countryman, "you're sitting on them."

False Teeth

"Here, my man," said the attendant at the theatre, "you mustn't be poking around people's feet like that!"

"Well, I've lost my gum!" the paid admission explained as he continued to prowls with his hand under the seats.

"That's not important enough to warrant interfering with everybody," the attendant protested.

"You don't understand," said the man. "My false teeth are in that gum!"

Family

When a little boy was told by his mother that she was born in Rhode Island, his father in Vermont, his sister in New York and he in Ohio, he said: "Gee, Ma, how'd we all get together?"

Family Discipline

Upon his coming home one noon, a wife reported to her husband that their ten-year-old had told her to go chase herself. Instead of that she made so bold as to chase him.

He slid through an opening under the house beyond her reach. She asked the nominal head of the house to go after him.

As the punitive expedition was crowding itself through the window frame the urchin shouted: "Hello, Dad! Is she after you, too?"

Family Resemblance

One time Justice Day's son went to Washington to appear in a matter before his father and the other Supreme Court judges. The son is a giant while the father was of short stature and no great avoirdupois. One of the potent, grave and reverend jurists leaned over to another and whispered:

"The young man is a block off the old chip, isn't he?"

Farmer

Just before he vetoed the McNary-Haugen farm relief measure as economically unsound, President Coolidge authorized an increase in the tariff on pig iron.

This prompted a prominent agriculturist to urge farmers to go into the raising of iron pigs.

Farm Hand

"Easy come, easy go!" as the farm hand said when he lost a year's earnings on the pony that dropped dead on the race track.

Ordered to bring a fractious bull into the shed dead or alive, a farm hand sought the critter in the field and tried to terrify him into subjection by waving a flag of stop color at him.

An exciting race was on in a minute. As the farm hand hotfooted it for the enclosure in which the shed stood, followed by the bull at threateningly close quarters, he shouted to the farmer:

"Open that gate quick! I'm bringing him in alive!"

A farmer had an altercation with his hired man.

A break in the pasture fence was discovered, and some hair was found sticking to one of the splintered rails.

"Black heifer," said the farmer.

"Red heifer," said the hired man.

Right after breakfast the following morning the choreman quit.

"Too durn much argying here to suit me," he explained.

An applicant for a job in the open listened to a recital of his farm labors that stretched from morn till midnight and

then inquired: "There doesn't chance to be a clay bed hard by, does there?"

"What's the idee?" asked the granger.

"Well, when not otherwise employed I might be making brick!" the job-seeker observed.

Farmer's Son—(*In Two Chapters*)

I

The active youngster was always in hot water. One day the farmer father returned and found he had covered the frame and panels of the front door with roofing tar. His exasperation knew no bounds.

"Go!" he thundered to the youthful decorator, "and never darken my door again."

II

The scene shifts to the city where the prodigal has established himself in the shoe-polishing line, while the stern parent keeps the farm alone—making hay while the sun shines.

Farmer's Wife

A sacrificial spouse of a pioneer farmer had toiled by his side in all the lean years and bore her part bravely in the manifold duties that came with the larger family and the larger farm—raised the children, superintended the dairy and the poultry, fed the threshers and made the garments for herself and children.

All this for thirty years without any thought of participation in the cash proceeds of husbandry. But when a buyer came along with an attractive offer for the place, she struck. Refused to join in the sale without a guarantee that she was to share in the fruits of a half century of team-work.

The farmer got a lawyer to deal with the delicate situation. "We recognize your part in the upbuilding of the property

and we want to give you a square deal," the attorney said to the obstructionist. "Your husband may never have another chance to sell for \$65,000. What would you consider a fair adjustment in your behalf?"

"Would thirty dollars be too much?" ventured the faithful one.

Fasting Wonder

"Where is the fasting wonder?" someone asked the lecturer when he noticed the empty space in the museum.

"He's gone out to supper!" said the lecturer.

Fate

"I wonder how their romance began," Mrs. DeGolyer mused as she held the wedding invitation in her hand.

"The report is," broke in Mr. DeGolyer, "that they met in a revolving door, and he got to going around with her that way."

Father and Son

"Did he flog you, father," a lad inquired of his parent in the midst of a recital of his youthful hardships under a cruel task-master.

"Flog me? I tell you he whaled me," the father testified solemnly, "until I was disgusted."

A lad was told by his father to find how long it would take for a cat to get out of a 70-foot well if she jumped three feet and fell back five at every attempt.

"What's the answer, son?" asked the father at the end of an hour's figuring.

"Give me ten minutes more, dad," said the boy, "and I'll have that feline in hell for you!"

There was a railway president, a good man but not comparable in looks with the noble lads in the collar advertisements, who bethought himself to have his picture taken as a surprise to his family.

He flashed the counterfeit presentment upon the household at the dinner table.

It passed from hand to hand in silence until it reached the youngest, who gazed at it thoughtfully and remarked:

"Well, dad, you're good, anyhow!"

"Pa," asked Johnny, "what is 'inertia?'"

"Well, my son, if I have it, it's pure laziness; but if your mother has it, it is nervous prostration."

"You'll find father down at the end of the lot feeding the pigs," the farmer's son said to the electioneering candidate as he got out of his car. "You can tell him easy; he's the one that's got a hat on."

"Daddy, who was Hamlet?"

"Bring me the Bible, you ignoramus, and I'll show you who he was."

Levi scolded his six-year-old: "Vhere's your pizness judgment, Jakey—puying an all-day sucker at four o'clock in der afternoon?"

One of the distresses of a son of a publisher was to get a fit in exchange for advertising at Lang's Colossal Clothing House.

"Der suit ish all right," Herman Lang would insist to the impatient father, "but der boy ish too tam small!"

A Red Cross worker with the American forces during the World War secured permission to visit his son who was in the front line of trenches.

As the youth beheld his father in his Red Cross regalia, he exclaimed:

"Great guns, dad! Are you a brigadier-general or a chauffeur?"

A kind-hearted farmer told the forlorn lad whose load of hay had overturned in the road, to forget his troubles and come in and have dinner with his family. It would be time enough to right the hayrick after a good meal.

The boy demurred; said he didn't think his father would like it.

But the farmer persisted and won. Coming out from the repast the boy said he felt better and expressed his appreciation of the hospitality. At the same time, he was sure his father wouldn't like it.

"Nonsense!" said the host, "By the way," he added, "where is your father?"

"He's under the hay!" said the boy.

A little son told his father he wished to go to the circus.

"Nay, my boy, I cannot consent to your going to the tent show," said the stern sire, "but if you are a good boy and get all the wood into the shed, I will take you to the churchyard in the evening to see your grandfather's grave."

Too many boys are following in their father's finger-prints these days.

Sam, who had already made too many raids on the preserve closet, was making a return visit when he came upon his father examining the edge of the door with a powerful magnifying glass.

"Jes' my luck to be born into the home of a finger-print expert!" he soliloquized as he sneaked out.

When a member of the Governor's Footguards of Connecticut was parading with the company, his son stood at the gate with his mother, and as they flashed by in their splatterdash finery, he said:

"Oh, ma, ain't they grand; and see, everybody is out of step but father."

Perhaps if I train my young son to be a caddy, reflected the mother, he and his father would be thrown into contact occasionally.

Feather Tickler

"What is the difference between a bird with one wing and a bird with two wings?"

"I give it up."

"A difference of a pinion."

Feeding the Multitude

Through a slip of the tongue a clergyman gave the number of men and women who were miraculously fed by the loaves and fishes as five hundred thousand and the remaining baskets-ful as twelve thousand.

He got it right in referring to the miracle the following Sunday; but a brother said there was nothing miraculous about taking care of 500,000 hungry people. It could be done easily with what was left over from the sermon of the preceding Sunday.

Fiat Money

"The success uv our guverment is shoor," commented Josh Billings. "Finances has trubled us, but our Sekretary uv

Treasury hez bought two fast printing-presses, and a lot uv paper on tick and we now git all we want."

Filibuster

"What hath passed in the Senate?" asked a queen of one of her ministers.

"Six weeks, your majesty!" replied the minister.

Vice-President Dawes seems to hold that United States Senators were born in the objective case and active voice.

Financier

A colored messenger unceremoniously invaded the private office of J. P. Morgan.

"Do you know whom you are talking to?" he demanded.

"No, boss," spake the messenger.

"I'm Morgan of J. P. Morgan & Co., sir."

"D'yah know who's y' undressin'," asked the trespasser.

"I neither know nor care," said the great financier.

"Well, I'se de coon of Kuhn, Loeb & Comp'ny!"

Fire

One day the superintendent in a school where the fire drill had been thoroughly established, announced a distinguished lecturer.

"Now, boys and girls, what would you do if I were to tell you Dr. Van Dyke is to address you?"

"We would arise promptly," they recited in chorus, "put our books away, and quickly and in perfect order file out of the room!"

Imagine the discomfiture of the man on the third floor who snatched the nearest garments at hand when the alarm of fire

rang out and made his way down the ladder in plain view of thousands.

You see he was only partly clothed as it was; and the pants he had pulled on in his haste were not man's pants at all. They were boy's pants.

"Gee, but we've got no end of fire hazards at our house!" said a small boy who had been reading the literature of fire prevention week.

"Mother's got gas on her stomach, father's got electricity in his hair, and sister is liable to have loads of powder on when her cheeks light up."

A friend called upon a guest at a hotel, knocked and asked him to open the door.

"Can't, door's locked!" the voice within announced.

"Well, unlock it!" the caller requested.

"Can't, threw the key away!"

"Great heavens, man! What will you do if there is a fire?"

"I won't go!"

Fired

As the New York Central local was pulling out for New York a man dashed down the hill and caught the hand-rail on the last platform. A passenger gave him a lift over the gate.

"Whom have I the honor of thanking for this timely service?" inquired the belated one when he had regained his breath.

"I chance to be the last managing editor of the *Cosmopolitan*," the Good Samaritan explained.

"You're wrong!" the new arrival shouted, "I was fired from that position by John Brisben Walker just five minutes before this train pulled out."

Firee

"Are you an employee of this store?" a visitor asked a man in the aisle.

"No, sir, I'm a firee."

"What's a firee?"

"When anyone comes in with a complaint—wrong goods, late delivery, sharp dunning letter or pertness over the phone—the firm sends for me in the presence of the customer making the complaint and says:

"'Whaddaya mean by this, numbscull, mistreating one of our oldest and best customers? No explanations, sir! You're fired—leave the store at once!'

"Then I puts my hat and coat on and walks out, and comes back after the customer has gone, to be fired again. I'm the firee."

Firing Squad

The firing squad were escorting the German deserter to the place of execution. It was a dismal march in the murk of a drizzling fall day.

"What a terrible morning to die, yes?" muttered the prisoner.

"Whattaya got to kick about?" asked the sergeant-in-charge, "We've got to march back through all this rain!"

First Name

A young Irish father was intent upon naming his first-born Patrick. But the Jewish mother was just as keen for Moses. Both families took sides, and the issue was getting serious when the priest and rabbi were appealed to as arbiters.

"St. Patrick, the patron saint, is worthy of being honored," they reported, "likewise Moses, the law-giver. But there was Patmos, the Island where St. John received the Revelations. By abbreviating the first two, the boy can be named after all three."

So they called him Patmos and lived happily forever afterward.

"Cum 'long Egg-Nog!" said Dinah to the pickaninny at her side.

"What do you call that child?" asked a passer-by, "Egg-Nog?"

"Sartin' sure," said Dinah. "Dat stuck-up wench next door calls her twins 'Tom and Jerry.' But she ain't got nuthin' on dis chile. Cum 'long Egg-Nog!"

Fish

The second course of the table d'hôte was being served.

"What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the corpulent diner.

"That, sir, is filet of sole," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the corpulent diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

A famished figure knocked at a plutocrat's door. When a Chinese servant opened it, the suppliant cried: "I crave food!"

"Likee flish?" asked John.

"Sure, that'll be fine!" the gaunt stranger replied.

"Come around Fliday!" said the Chinaman.

Fishing

A tender-foot, in the excitement of his first catch, kept on reeling the poor little denizen of the deep until his jaws were pressing against the rod.

"All you got to do now, neighbor," exclaimed an old-timer, "is to climb the pole and choke him to death."

A Mississippian fisherman plunged into the deep stream to bring to shore a darkey boy who had fallen off the dock.

"A brave, chivalrous deed, my friend," exclaimed a stranger from the North, "not to let prejudice stand in the way of rescuing that black-skinned urchin from a watery grave! A brave, chivalrous deed!"

"Brave, chivalrous slush-me-gush!" snapped the drenched Mississippian. "Don't you all realize the wuthless little niggah had all the bait in his pocket?"

The matter of everyone's favorite portion of scripture was up.

"I like that place where everyone loafes and fishes!" said a tired business man.

"How in the world did you get such a string? None of the rest of us landed a thing."

"It's all in selecting a place. I just went through that gate yonder marked 'No Trespassing,' climbed into an enclosure where you see the sign, 'Private Grounds,' and cast my fly a little beyond the poster that reads '\$25 Fine for Fishing Here.' One couldn't ask for a better fishing ground."

An exhilarated citizen was faring home late at night.

Beholding a tackle sign in front of a hardware store, he took one look at the huge tin fish twisting shimmeringly in the electric light and began to throw pebbles at the proprietor's window over the store.

Immediately that worthy's wondering face appeared at the window. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Pull in yer line," shouted the excited party, "y' gotta bite!"

Flapper

"How old is that flapper?"

"In her early nicoteens."

A chaplain rebuked a flapper for playing snatches of flippant ballads on Sunday.

"Young woman, don't you know the Ten Commandments?" he began.

"I'm not sure," she breezed, "but if you'll whistle a few bars I'll try to pick it out as we go along!"

Flea

A dexterous trainer had a trained flea, "Alexander." At a word the minute acrobat would leap from his finger-tips to his thumb and from thumb to wrist, and so on.

"How I should like to put him through his tricks!" cried a woman spectator. The master passed the tiny performer to her.

"Jump, Alexander!" she directed. But there was no response. Again she commanded, "Jump, Alexander!"

"Let me see what the matter can be!" said the subduer of insects, as he reached for the stubborn spec.

"Ah, no wonder! Madam, this flea does not happen to be Alexander!"

Flivver

"I understand you assembled a flivver in three and a half minutes?" said a voice over the phone.

"We did. What about it?"

"Well, I got it."

Floor-walker

A demure young thing was after bustles. She gave her mission to the new floor-walker as she entered the emporium.

"Four aisles to the rear, madam!" that worthy directed. "This is the front of the store, you know!"

Observing a young lady shopper standing alone at the lace counter, the floor-walker approached and inquired: "Anyone waiting on you, miss?"

"Well, I don't know for sure," she said. "Sometimes I think there is and then again I think there isn't. Will is so funny, you know!"

A floor-walker, impressing a college girl with the popularity of the bright-tinted hosiery, assured her that they sold a thousand pairs a week.

"A thousand pairs a week?" she repeated. "I can't see where they all go!"

"Neither can I!" the floor-walker stammered and vanished.

Florida

At the height of the boom in Florida, real estate enhanced to a point where it became necessary to compel policemen to stand upon one foot.

The charge for standing an umbrella a few moments in the corner of an ordinary room was \$17.

Of such were the benefits of a climate so wonderful that when a new cemetery was established, it became necessary to kill a man to get it started.

Flower

"Buy a flower, sir?"

"No, thanks."

"Buy one for your wife, sir?"

"Haven't one."

"For your sweetheart, then?"

"Haven't one, either."

"Well, buy one to celebrate your luck."

Fly Time

In the screenless summertime, a restaurant customer exclaimed: "As I live, the old huckleberry pie that my mother used to make!"

"Law sakes," spake up the counter girl, flourishing her apron over the dessert, "that's not huckleberry, see—it's custard!"

Fog

A pedestrian was groping through the fog when he began to feel slime under his feet. "Where am I going?" he cried to an unseen figure heard in the distance.

"Into the river; I'm just coming out!" was the cheerful response.

A Chinaman on the Pacific Coast was skeptical when he saw preparations to put a lighthouse and fog whistle near his place.

"John livee long time where makee all this fluss," he said, "'fore he movee here. Near his flarm they have lightee house, flog whistle, flog bell. Lightee house, he shine; flog whistle, he blow; flog bell, he ringee—damn flog comes just the samee!"

Football

The star of the team was so lame in all his studies the Dean forbade his appearance in another game. A critical contest was on, and the student body pleaded so earnestly for the removal of the disqualification the Dean said he would let the student play if he could answer 50 per cent of the test questions put to him.

A sympathetic professor in the medical department conducted the examination.

"Describe the alimentary canal," was question No. 1.

"It runs from Buffalo to Albany," the gridiron favorite answered.

"Wrong!" said the professor. "You have one more chance: 'What is the precise function of the spleen?'"

"I don't know," answered the student.

"Right!" cried the examiner. "You pass!"

Football

"We understand your boy is on the football team, Neighbor Norris."

"So did I. But it seems the team is on my boy most of the time!"

"No, I never played football in my youth," the self-made capitalist explained.

"You see, I had to mow lawns and clean snow from the sidewalks, and there were always yards enough to go without carrying a pigskin."

"It occurs to me," mused a peace-maker in the stadium, "that much of the bickering over whose ball it is, could be avoided. Why not provide each team with a ball, and thereby save possible bloodshed on the field and set at rest an uncertainty that is ever rife among the spectators!"

Ford

Sol E. Milo and family, residing at the foot of Vesuvius, wrote the Ford Co. that they never knew there had been another eruption and earthquake until they returned to find their little home submerged in lava.

They were out in their Ford at the time.

"Why is a Ford like a bath tub?"

"H'I give h'it h'up, really."

"H'everyone needs one, but don't fawncy being seen h'in h'it, don't you know?"

"Ford and the world Fords with you—
Rolls and you Rolls alone."

A Scotch mother tells: "Fayther gie his wee son a half crown for first payment on a Ford. The mon Ford was took wi' the lad and bade him go through the works and pick owt the car that met his fancy in exchange for his deposit. Jock gang all iver the plant, scrutinizing them all very carefully. Then he said: "If ye dinna mind, Meester Ford, I'll take me half-crown back."

A monologist was doing his stuff when a man walked out of the wings and whispered in his ear. He turned to the audience and said: "I am informed that the greatest automobile manufacturer in the world is in the audience. Now I know how Mr. Ford dislikes to speak in public, so I will only ask him to stand where he is now sitting and let us show our appreciation of him."

Nobody arose. Monologist turned to the bearer of the great tidings and asked, with some irritation: "What made you think Henry Ford was in the theatre?"

"Why, I saw his car out in front!" the informant explained.

"From h'America, sir?" the waiter asked the American tourist. "H'I thought so, sir. H'are they still throwing in squarrels, sir, with the Ford cars?"

"Throwing in which?"

"Squarrels, sir—the little red h'animal with the bushy tail, sir."

"Why a squirrel?"

"To pick h'up the nuts, sir! Will you be 'aving h'anything more for your breakfast, sir?"

A pilgrim of the night came upon a stalled flivver.

"Dost know aught about a Ford?" the distraught Tin Lizzier inquired of him.

"Nothing but a few jokes," the pilgrim of the night replied.

Someone shipped a roof ripped off in a Kansas cyclone to the Ford plant. Promptly came a letter saying:

"Damaged car No. 1,111,111 received. Can put same in good running order for \$9.75 f.o.b."

Fore!

For beauty I am not a star

There are others more handsome by far;

But my face I don't mind it,

For I am behind it—

It's people in front that I jar.

Forefathers' Day

It was at a dinner given in Washington on Forefathers' Day to the New England delegation in Congress.

One congressman took up a great deal of time in the after-dinner exercises relating circumstances in which he was the most conspicuous figure.

The next speaker, a veteran congressman, began with the following facetiousness:

"I have listened to my friend with profound interest and respect. The many events of national and state history with which he has been connected are truly wonderful. But there is one he has omitted, doubtless through his well-known modesty. I refer to that ever memorable morning when after the

discovery of America Columbus turned to him on the decks of the Pinta and inquired: "Where had we better land?"

Foreign Missions

The elevator of the secretary of state's building in Washington was full of applicants for diplomatic jobs right after election.

Quoth the elevator man: "Dis is de largest collection fer foreign missions ebber taken up!"

Forgetful

As the fond wife placed the letter to her mother in husband's side-pocket, she admonished him not to forget to mail it.

"Surely there'll be something along the way to remind you!" said the wife. "Watch for a hint as you walk."

He passed a flaring legend upon a brick wall, "POST No Bills," stopped to chat a moment with a brother Elk in front of a movie poster, "The Scarlet LETTER," and stood at a crossing three minutes waiting for "The Fast MAIL" to pass.

But the letter to mother was right there when the fond wife put her hand in his side-pocket at tea time.

Formal Dress

A man complimented his friend on the perfect fit of his evening clothes.

"So you like them, do you?" the other murmured, as he ran his hand over the nifty garments. "I think they're quite a success, too!"

"I'd buy them if I were you!" ventured the complimentary friend.

Two Americans were attending an afternoon garden party in London.

"D'ya know one thing?" one of them said to his companion huskily.

"In Heaven's name, what can it be?" cried the other, startled by the strange look in his eye. "Speak, I beg of you!"

"We are the only people at this party in full dress!" moaned the first. "The only ones save the waiters. Any moment someone is liable to come up and ask us for a little more tea!"

"Be of good cheer, brother," said his companion. "The situation can be saved. We'll stick around until six, when we will be the only ones that will be de rigueur, and all the rest will be in bad!"

Fountain

Blurred vision moved an unsteady pilgrim to lean against a railing surrounding a fountain, the central figure of which was a little satyr emitting a graceful crescent of spray.

"Thash sall right, ol' fellow," said the wabby passerby soothingly, "y'll feel better when y' get that out of your shystem!"

Fourth of July

The colored spellbinder wound up his patriotic outburst with this gem:

"An' dar stood Christopher Columbus on de shore of de new land, wid de Magner Charter in one han' an' de Declara-shun of Independence in de odder han', proclaimin' de immortal words of de gran' ol' Republican pahty, 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'"

On Fourth of July, Bridget was summoned to identify the remains when her husband dropped a can of dynamite.

"Sure an' that's Mike all over!" she cried with positiveness.

A Yankee promoter was trying to thrill a South American state with an artificial ice proposition. The popping of guns

outside of his office was followed by the passing of troops with banners before his windows.

Recalling that it was the Fourth of July, he seized a rifle and joined the demonstration, inwardly thanking the foreign nation for this tribute to his native land.

The following morning a deputation waited upon him to express appreciation of the valorous part he had taken in helping to overthrow the government and to assure him that whatever concessions he sought for his ice plant would be immediately forthcoming.

In an emergency hour on ship-board, an over-filled passenger made his uncertain way to the bridge of the careening craft, where the captain was piercing the darkness with distress rockets, and exclaimed:

"'Scuse me, Capt'n, but thish strikes me as a poor time to be shelebrating!"

France

It had been a long dusty ride across the continent. Naturally, the colored troops were eager for the end of the advance to the colors.

As they got out of the coaches at the stop made famous by celery, one of the dusky doughboys asked a native:

"What place am dis?"

"This is Kalamazoo," the native replied.

"Kalamazoo?" repeated Rastus. "Den where's dat France?"

Fraternity

One fraternity brother met another in a different city years after the campus comradeships, and after salutations one indicated to the other that a loan of ten bucks would make life seem altogether different pending recovery from a spell of hard luck.

"Well, here's five, old fellow—best I can do," said the other. "Now we're both out five."

A man setting out at eventide, met with an accident that held him up miles from his fireside. Worried as the hours dragged on, the wife of his bosom dispatched messengers to the homes of his college fraternity brothers inquiring if John were passing the night there. Just as her husband, the engine trouble corrected, came through the gate at dawn a flock of messages arrived saying in every instance, "Yes, John is staying the night with us."

French

Ian MacLaren used to tell of a voluble Frenchman in a cab with him as they hastened to catch an early train. As they passed a park a reclining derelict came to a sitting position on a bench and stretched and yawned.

"Softly," spake the Scotch author to his talkative companion, "we are overheard!"

An American in France was confused about the sign "Complet" on the busses.

"There was the one place in Paris I wanted to go," he moaned, "but the busses were so jammed there never was a ghost of a chance to get a ride."

One of our doughboys had difficulty on a day's leave of absence in 1918 because he wasn't able to speak French. He couldn't get his change back from a café, and he went out in depressed spirits, for he needed the money.

A Good Samaritan outside, to whom he related his trouble, bade him return with him to the cashier. "I speak French fluently, and I think we can straighten this out," he said.

"Parlezvous Francaise?" he asked the young woman.

"Oui, monsieur!" the winsome girl replied.

"Then why in hell don't you give this buddy back his money?" he demanded.

In the Café de la Paix an overseas patron was struggling with the bill of fare. Finally putting his finger down with decision, he declared:

"I would like some of that!"

"Pardon, Monsieur, zee orchestra ees playing eet zis moment!"

An American mother touring in France would have ordered horse radish if she had only known what to call for in French.

"I know that 'cheval' is horse," she confided to her daughter, "and that 'rouge' is red. Now if we knew what 'ish' is, we'd be fixed."

When a French visitor was bowled over by a speeding automobile, he said to the traffic officer who put him on his feet and helped to dust him off:

"Parlez vous Francaise?"

"Nix—Chevrolet coupe!" replied the copper.

At a ratification meeting of the Allies, an eloquent spokesman for France said: "But I must not furzere cockroach upon your time."

"Ripping speech, old dear," said the Englishman who preceded him, "but you should have said 'h'encroach.'"

"Eet ees only a difference of gendaire, I should have ze worriment!"

An Austrian diplomat told a British deputation that they did not speak French as fluently as the Viennese.

"Naturally," retorted one of the Britons, "for the French have never been in our capital as much as they have been in yours!"

Frontier

Bill Nye's reference to his residence in the Golden West was:

"Out there where there was no ear to hear except the frontier."

Funeral

The lumber camp could afford no other sarcophagus when a lumberjack died than the wooden box which the boys put together from rough boards. When it came to putting the age of the departed, 28, upon the top of the rude coffin, the wielder of the chisel was stumped. The best he could do was to put four 7's in a row, as that took straight lines only—7777.

The minister had come to that part of the discourse where he wanted to refer to the age of the deceased. "Our departed brother had trod this vale of tears just——" when his eye caught the inscription.

He took a second look to assure himself that he saw aright, and then exclaimed:

"I wonder where this bird was during the flood, anyway?"

A friend was condoling with a Frenchman over the loss of his life partner. "I could see you were all broken up at the funeral," he said.

"So you see me at ze house?" exclaimed the bereaved man. "Ah, but you should have seen me at ze grave! I raise hell at ze grave!"

The Bishop, learning that a young curate had been assigned to the funeral of a prominent communicant in the absence of the rector, dispatched an outstanding cleric from another church in the diocese to do the occasion justice.

The curate was just beginning the service with "I am the

Resurrection and the Life," when the rector appeared and waved him aside.

"No," he said, as he took charge of the proceedings. "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A man arriving at a funeral a little late, asked the man next to him how far the service had gone.

His seat-mate nodding toward the pulpit whispered back tersely, "Just opened for the defense."

The New England minister who conducted the services for a spiritualist was informed the next day of a message from the spirit-land that the obsequies were not altogether satisfactory.

"I have had complaints from relatives, from the undertakers and from the choirs about the conduct of last rites," the long-suffering clergyman reported, "but this is the first time I've ever received a kick from the corpse."

A pastor was making a funeral oration. He began his address: "Friends, what you see lying here is only the shell; the nut has departed."

In the midst of the soft cadences of the funeral march there was a blast from the Leviathan instrument of the tuba player that caused two runaways and threw the procession into disorder.

"Whaddaya mean, nearly ruining this sad occasion?" cried the leader.

"A hoss-fly lit on my book, and I played him, that's all!" explained the culprit.

A dominie prolonged the funeral discourse because everyone was crying encouragingly. The sexton pulled his sleeve.

"Better cut it short now, pastor; it's getting late."

"I know, I know, but this doctrine of the resurrection is very vital, very vital."

"Well, we got to git our man over there in time fer it!"

A high-ranking officer in the German army and an elderly woman from Maine passed away on the same day at the famous health resort at Wiesbaden, Germany. Through a sad mistake the remains were missent.

Upon the day of the funeral in Maine the relatives received this cablegram from Berlin:

"Bury the General quietly. Grandmother has been put away with a salute of sixteen guns, military escort, flags at half-mast and decoration of all public buildings."

"Did the officiating clergyman do the deceased ample justice in his funeral oration?"

"Ample justice? Why, man, he began with the creation of the world and wound up with the World's Fair!"

Called unexpectedly to perform the last sad rites, a clergyman suddenly became conscious of the fact that he had not even learned the sex of the departed.

He turned to one of the mourners and whispered: "Brother or sister?"

"Cousin!" the relative whispered back.

Funeral Director

A funeral director had the right conception of grasping time by the forelock.

As the obsequies were progressing in the church there came two shots in quick succession on the outside.

"Pardon me!" said the mortuarian to the minister as he vanished through a back door.

He returned to his post in a moment, reporting: "Got the order for both."

A wealthy parent thought he had found upon the marble slab his long-lost son. He had called in the undertaker to take care of the departed, and to spare no expenses in preparing for the obsequies.

He was just setting about his professional task when the lower jaw of the late lamented dropped, revealing fillings in his teeth that were not the work of the family dentist.

"It's all a mistake," the rich parent cried. "It's not my wayward son at all! Cancel all orders for the interment, Mr. Undertaker."

Left alone with the still unidentified cadaver, the burial expert gazed at it contemptuously and muttered: "If you'd kept your mouth shut you'd have had one of the swellest funerals that was ever given to anyone in these parts."

The girls at school were telling what their fathers did.

The daughter of a Georgia undertaker said: "My father is a southern planter."

A Texas farmhand's offspring reported: "My father is vice-president in charge of cows."

"Just to give you an idea of mid-summer temperature in Arizona," said a native, "I saw a dog chasing a rabbit down there and both were walking."

"I can believe that," spoke up another Arizona resident. "We had a man in our town of Tucson who went where he had been told to go many times send back for his blankets."

"All this tallies with what I was going to tell," said an Arizona Funeral Director. "We were just putting the late lamented in the crematory when he shouted: 'Close that door—I feel a draft!'"

"Pinochle-players generally live to a good old age," said the Funeral Director reminiscently, "but (snapping his fingers) crap-shooters go just like that!"

G

General Store

Store-keeping has taken on sightliness and sanitation since the old days.

A woman went into one of the old-time general stores, which was untidy and all at sixes and sevens, and asked for five pounds of salt.

"Sorry, mum!" said the shirt-sleeved proprietor, "th' cat has a litter of kittens in the barrel today, an' I can't disturb 'em. Kin y' git along till th' first of next week?"

George V.

The Prince of Wales heartened the Tommies by visiting them in their camps at the front.

Upon one occasion he got a hearty laugh from a print of the reigning sovereigns displayed upon the wall of a soldier's hut.

Underneath the King's portrait appeared "George the Fifth," to which has been added this inscription below Queen Mary's portrait: "The Other Four-Fifths."

German

"Why should a soldier be always ready to die for his king?" the crown prince asked, fixing his fierce glance upon a tow-headed Fritz in the rear rank at an educational formation at Potsdam.

"Dat's shust it!" said the recruit. "Vy should he?"

An honest German citizen enunciated his loyalty with one reservation.

"I'm a goot American citizen, if you blease. Dis is a great country, und I believe in it absolutely. Der constitution is all right; but I don't think so much of der py-laws!"

A German excursionist had his ticket but he wanted information.

"Der ticket ish for both ways at von fare, ish it not?" he asked the conductor.

"Quite right, quite right!"

"Vell, blease tell me vich vay I pay for, so I can unshoy me der free ride!"

The Germans upraised above their trenches the exultant boast, "Gott Mit Uns"—God with us.

The Americans, who understood the enemy's pretensions better than they did their language, met this claim with a slogan of their own: "We Got Mittens, Too!"

Giraffes and Jackasses

A brilliant university head, a popular after-dinner speaker, was accused by high-brows in the audience of being too abstruse, too cryptic for their comprehension.

They complained that they failed to get him. To which the educator replied:

"All I can do, gentlemen, is to spread the truth on the level where it is equally accessible to giraffes and jackasses!"

Golf

A man asked a fellow-golfer why his score had taken such a drop.

"All the caddy's fault!" he cried. "Every time I started to

play he hiccoughed, and that made me miss. And when he wasn't hiccoughing I missed because I was waiting for him to hiccough!"

"Boss, I found that good golf ball you lost yesterday—got it from a kid out there."

"Good, I'll give you twice what you gave for it."

"Not much you won't—I gave him a punch in the eye for it."

A minister was much chagrined by the repeated wallopings he had received on the links at the hands of a parishioner. He was lamenting his ill success when the victor tried to comfort him with:

"Never mind, dominie! I'm on top just now, but you'll have the privilege of burying me some day."

"I know, I know," assented the preacher mournfully. "But even that will be your hole!"

"Fore!" cried the player on the links, club upraised, as a bevy of women chatted down the fairway. No attention.

"Fore!" in louder accents. Still conversing ahead.

"Try 'em at \$4.98," suggested a fellow-golfer. "They may be bargain fiends!"

Uncle Josh tried his hand at driving and putting once. He summed it up to Ezekiel: "Leetle harder than planting 'taters, leetle easier than plowing."

When Judge William H. Taft makes a misplay on the golf links he always mutters "Gatun!" which is the largest dam in the world.

"Do you think I'm such a bad player, Ephraim?" asked the inexperienced golfer of his colored caddy.

"Well, sah, Ah wouldn't say dat, sah, but Ah've suhtainly seen places on dese heah links today dat Ah nebbah seen befo'!" was Ephraim's observation.

There are farmer folk living on the borders of country clubs that have not been fully initiated into the mysteries of golf.

A dear old lady came timidly into the clubhouse one morning and asked:

"Would it be cheating if I told you where there were some of the balls?"

Before he made his last decisive play in a golf game, a Mohammedan lifted his eyes supplicatingly to heaven and murmured:

"Allah be with thy servant!"

He made the hole neatly. The Chicago man who followed was impressed by the answer to prayer. Sweeping his arm aloft he cried as he braced himself for the put:

"You know me, Al!"

"Hard as I try I'll never be able to make a star player on account of a single fault," said the golfer.

"What might that be?" asked a hole-in-one member.

"I always stand too close to the ball after I play!" he confessed.

Good-bye

A doughboy and a brave poilu were parting at the end of hostilities.

"Au revoir!" said the poilu.

"What does that mean?" asked the doughboy.

"That's good-bye in French."

"Well, carbolic acid!" cried the doughboy.

"What does that mean?" the French soldier asked.

"That's good-bye in any language!" said the American.

Goose Step

The Sammies sprung a very cruel joke on the captured German private. They made Fritzie believe he had committed an offense punishable with death, and bade him prepare to meet the firing squad at break of day.

They asked him solemnly if he were all prepared to make the supreme sacrifice.

"Yah," he answered stoically, "if it's der rule!"

Grace

"Just a moment, Arthur," said the deacon's wife to the fresh-air recruit from the city as he made a dive for the hot biscuits. "We always say something before we begin the meal."

"Go ahead," spake the lad with a biscuit in each hand, "dere ain't anything yer kin say'll spoil my appetite."

A good wife asked a commercial traveler to give thanks for the food they were about to receive.

"Are there no clergymen present?" asked the drummer.

"No," replied the hostess.

"Thank God," said the salesman devoutly.

A devout man, entertaining two delegates to the church conference, one of them deaf, nodded to the brother whose ears were good to say grace at the first meal. The visitor complied.

The deaf delegate, interpreting the sign as intended for him, also gave thanks.

Then little Willie, late from school, slid into his place and according to the practice of the pious household, lifted a childish petition.

"I think now," the head of the family said gravely, "we may safely proceed with the meal."

A devout household banished a child from the family spread and made her eat by herself at a side-table. Her offense was her failure to learn her Sunday-School lesson. Right after grace was spoken one evening, they heard her repeating softly: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Grammar

Teacher—"What is the plural of mouse, John?"

John—"Mice."

Teacher—"Correct. Now the plural of spouse?"

John—"Spice."

Teacher—"Take this sentence: 'Take the cow out of this lot,' What mood?"

Pupil—"The cow."

Teacher (to boy sitting idly in school during writing time)—
"Henry, why are you not writing?"

Henry—"I ain't got no pen."

Teacher—"Where's your grammar?"

Henry—"She's dead."

Grand Canyon

A party of tourists was visiting the wonders of the West. They seemed unable to find words to express their impressions of the Grand Canyon when one "Down Easter" broke out with:

"Golly, what a gully!"

Grapefruit

Henry Peck—"Who was that peach I saw you with yesterday?"

Billy Batch—"She wasn't a peach, she was a grapefruit."

Henry Peck—"Why grapefruit?"

Billy Batch—"I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye."

Gravitation

A father told his inquiring lad that Newton's law of gravitation kept the earth from careening into space.

"What held us up before they passed that law, pop?" was the next question.

Green Apples

Algernon and Angelique sat under the old apple tree. She murmured as her head rested upon his shoulder: "How the wind sobs and moans in the branches above us!"

"So would you, Angelique," said the practical Algernon, "if you were as full of green apples as they are!"

Grin

There was a positive old lady who did not propose to become a slave to slogans.

Overtaken by affliction, a friend counselled her to "grin and bear it!"

"No siree," she rejoined. "I'll bear it, but nobody can get me to grin!"

Guide

"You are standing beneath the study of the famous Dean Smythe," said the guide to the seeing Cambridge group of tourists. Then he hurled a handful of gravel at the study window. A frowning face appeared.

"And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the justly renowned Dean Smythe!"

Gym

A fond father beamed upon his girl, just back from Vassar College.

"By jove, you look fit, Fanny! What do you weigh?"

"Just 147, father, when I'm all set for gym!"

"Whose Jim, daughter?"

Indian Clubber—"I wrenched my elbow and have had an X-ray picture taken."

Dumb Belle—"If they come out good can I have one?"

The path of glory leads but to the gymnasium. Admiral Byrd would never have become an aviator if he hadn't fallen and injured his foot while attempting a venturesome stunt at Annapolis, which disqualified him for regular naval service. Failed at the rings, but won at the Poles.

"Join one of our gymnasium evening classes at once. Tuition reasonable. It is better to be young and broke than old and bent."

"What do you think of these hair-splitting interpreters of the law?"

"Such as?"

"The deputy-sheriff who arrested the gymnast in the middle of a slack-wire walking performance!"

"What on earth was the charge?"

"Vagrancy—having no visible means of support!"

Gymnast

Senator Borah's gymnastics stand out to best advantage when he is trying to control his own vote.

But he's a hit when he goes horseback-riding out of Washington, especially on those rare occasions when the Senator and the horse are seen going in the same direction.

H

Halitosis

"St. Louis, famous for quantity production of tablets, doesn't take its own medicine," said a Washington's birthday speaker.

"It puts up no historic markers. It is not as adventurous as the young woman who declared she had consumed two cases of listerine before she discovered she was naturally unpopular."

Hansom

A country youth was making his first visit to the metropolis. When he came out of the union station, he beheld a long line of uniformed men perched at the top of carriages raise their whips and cry, "Hansom! Hansom!"

"Spotted for my good looks wherever I go," he thought.

Harp

The advocate of clean advertising had begun his harangue on the floor when there were cries of "platform! platform!"

Proceeding to the platform, pretty well covered with the instruments of the orchestra which had gone out to eat, the speaker began again with the merry quip, "As I was saying when I was called higher, etc."

At the conclusion of his plea for advertising reform the chairman said the assembled publishers had listened to rather advanced doctrine, and no doubt the speaker would be glad to answer any question.

Up rose a country editor at the back of the room, none too amiable at the prospect of losing his patent medicine contracts.

"I'd like to ask for a little light," he said. "Now that the apostle of sweetness and light, who admits he was called higher has got down to earth again, why did he leave his harp behind?"

The harp in the middle of the platform gave point to the questioner's facetiousness.

"I am glad to enlighten the brother," said the publicity purist. "It is just a detail of orchestral arrangement. I wanted the harp in front and the tuneful lyre in the rear."

Harvard

A good-mixer was lambasting Harvard for lack of bonhomie and acquaintanceship.

"I resent the imputation that Harvard is cold and aristocratic," said an alumnus. "It happens that I rowed with the eight for years, and I knew every man in the crew but the little cus that sat in the bow."

Hat

"How do you keep your hat looking so fresh?"

"I've had it cleaned twice and once I exchanged it in a restaurant."

Head Man

"You rendered that number with great feeling, Mr. Bones."

"Well, sah, nothin' strange about that. You'se heerd about de Metropolitan opry, Ah presume."

"Yes, indeed, I've heard about that splendid institution."

"Well, Ah was de haid man there fu' two years."

"You don't tell me!"

"Sure's preachin'. You'se heard about Primrose and West?"

"Most certainly—an excellent attraction."

"Ah was dere haid man fuh two years. Heerd about Barnum and Bailey?"

"No, I never heard of Barnum and Bailey."

"Nevah heerd of Barnum and Bailey! Well, has you heard of Sells and Floto?"

"No, I never heard of Sells and Floto."

"Well, you suttainly mus' have heerd of Adam and Eve in de garden?"

"I have, but you can't convince me you were the head man there!"

"Ah got 1,000 hens, Mistah Jones, an' ebery day dose hens dey lay me 999 aigs. Ebery day 999 aigs."

"One thousand members of your poultry family, Bones, and a daily ingathering of 999 eggs? What about that remaining member?"

"Oh, he's de haid man!"

Hen

"Would you say 'the hen is laying' or 'the hen is lying'?"

"Search me. The important thing is: Is the hen lying when she's cackling?"

Heroes

The committee on decorations for the banquet in San Francisco in honor of army officers returning from distinguished service in the Philippines included a West Point classmate of the homecoming shoulderstraps, so he essayed something original and familiar in the form of an inscription of welcome.

After the brilliant company had assembled and the guests of honor were aligned at the speaker's table, this legend flared in huge electric letters on the wall of the banquet room:

"THESE HEROES MAKE ME SICK!"

Higher Criticism

Modernist—"There is no hell."

Fundamentalist—"The hell there isn't."

Hindu

"Alas the poor Hindu,
He does the best he kindu;
He sticks to his caste from first to last,
And for trousers makes his skindu."

Hint

They were continuing the conversation at the door long after the vote to adjourn had carried. Finally, his hand still toying with the doorknob, he murmured:

"There was something I was going to say to you."

"Was it 'good night'?" she inquired.

"That's it," said he, taking the hint and his departure.

Hog

A Michigan farmer came upon a Mississippian turning his hogs out along the roadway for a meal.

"Why don't you pen 'em up and feed 'em the way we do in the north?" he asked. "It saves time."

"Hell, what's time to a hog?" snorted the pork proprietor.

Homecoming

Long experience was reflected in the greeting a former member of Congress received in a city where he chanced to be for a day. Recalling that an old colleague lived there, he figured he just had time to pay his respects before catching the mid-night train.

He reached the number easily by taxi and rang the bell. A rather stern-looking woman opened the door.

"Does Ex-congressman Carruthers reside here?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered coldly, "bring him in!"

Homely

A hopelessly homely individual pulled a six-shooter and requested a stranger to stand still while he shot him.

"What's the great idea?" asked the other.

"Well, I'm a man who keeps my word, and I made a solemn vow that if I ever came across a man who was uglier looking than I was I would shoot him full of holes."

"All right! If I'm homelier than you are, I want to be shot!"

Home Rule

Mike came to in a field hospital and saw the dreadful work of the shells—the upturned trees, the demolished buildings, the scarred earth.

"Where am I?" he inquired feebly.

"Back in dear old Ireland, Mike," fibbed the nurse, hoping to cheer the shell-shocked hero.

Mike made another survey of the wreckage and cried:

"T'ank God, home rule at lasht!"

Honeymoon

A bridegroom bestowed five dollars upon the porter to diplomatically deceive the passengers concerning the recent nuptials of the occupants of the drawing-room. But they were chagrined at the evidence of increasing contemplation with every step they took. The unhappy Benedict upbraided the porter for playing false.

"No, suh, I'se been protecting you all de time, suh! I'se advised all de passengers dat you's jes pals, suh!"

Hook and Ladder

A farmer coming into town with a load of hay heard the clang of gong and sound of wheels behind him.

A mounted policeman galloped up and shouted: "Out of the way of the fire department!"

The countryman rocked far over to one side to let the fire engine roar past. Then he swung into the middle of the street again just in time to be rammed by the hook and ladder company. As he was crawling out of the wreckage, the policeman galloped up once more.

"I warned you to get out of the way of the fire department!" he shouted.

"I did git out th' way of the fire department!" the farmer insisted, "but who th' hell was lookin' fer a lot of drunken painters?"

Horse

A man was trying to sell his horse. After exercising it, he exclaimed to his prospective buyer: "Don't you admire his coat?"

"Coat's all right," said the customer, "but I don't care for the pants!"

Horseless

Ellwood Haynes was restrained by ordinance from taking his first horseless carriage into Chicago, because it frightened the horses so.

This is understandable. What would we think if we saw a pair of trousers coming down the walk without anyone in them?

Now behold the turn of events in less than thirty years! The other day there was a close call from a terrible accident. One horse saw another and started to run away.

Horse Racing

"Joke's on you, Jack!" said a companion at the quarter stretch as his favorite whirled close to the wire and started back toward the three-quarter mile post.

"Is it?" said the backer. "It happens I played that nag both ways!"

A straight-laced follower of John Knox had anathematized racing and betting from his pulpit all his life.

In his dotage he was beguiled into attending a spring meeting of the ponies, and once in the feverish pool-selling atmosphere, plunged on a 40 to 1 shot.

By some miracle his favorite came in ahead. When the novice scooped in a hatful of earnings from his modest investment he cried:

"My God, mon! How long has this thing been going on?"

A proud horse-owner held everyone spellbound by his recital of how his priceless steed got away gloriously, took the lead early, shot around the track like an arrow from the bow, with head lifted high and every muscle a-quiver, the foam-covered wonder flashed under the wire in a cloud of dust.

"So she won, did she?" asked an enthralled listener.

"No, not exactly," said the owner. "There were twelve ahead of my Invincible."

Horse-shoeing

"Mother," said a little boy after coming from a walk. "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him. He was just nailing on his feet."

Horse-trader

A circuit-rider had an uncontrollable passion for horse-trading, in which he was not a shining success. He came back from a trip with a very wretched-looking specimen of

horseflesh. His parishioners had all kinds of fun with the bony, asthmatic steed.

"Jeer if you like," the parson said, "but remember the Saviour himself rode a very humble animal."

"Yes," said one of the congregation, "and it looks as if you had picked up the very same one!"

Hospitality

A wayfaring man, offered shelter overnight by a Kentucky mountaineer, was puzzled to know where he was to lay his weary head in a one-room cabin already harboring a good-sized family.

He watched with interest as the wife of his host tucked away the six children two at a time in the one bed, removing them to a place on the floor as soon as they were sound asleep.

"Your bed is now ready for you," said the head of the house. The tired pilgrim was soon in slumberland. When he awoke in the morning he was on the floor with the children and the parents held possession of the bed.

Hot Dog

Sign on one of the great national trails:

"Try our Hot Dogs—with Pedigree."

The hot-dog vendor in front of the First National Bank was hailed like a long-lost brother by a friend who declared that Providence must have sent him there in his hour of need. He had to have ten dollars at once.

"It would give me the greatest pleasure to help you out, my boy," said the frankfurter king, "if it were not for an iron-clad agreement with the bank that affects my lease."

"I don't follow you," said the hard-up person.

"Well, it's this way. To hold this desirable stand, I agree not to make any loans if the bank will not sell any hot dogs. Too bad—but I'm bound!"

Hotel

When Fred Reed, in the heyday of his youth and beauty, ran the old Park Avenue Hotel in New York, the majority of his guests were ladies of mature age—the kind that wore gray side curls, lace caps and the hair of deceased relatives in the form of jewelry.

Simeon Ford, post prandial jester, used to look at them and then at Fred, so handsome and debonair, and say to himself, "Well, thank God, Fred is perfectly safe here."

Now he says he sees him in the autumn of his day entirely surrounded by midnight frolics and Ziegfeld follies and winter gardeners, and he says to himself, "Well, thank God, the girls are perfectly safe here."

A woman who had passed many years in the midst of city hotel gaieties was obliged to seek the country for her frayed nerves. After a few days she wrote to a friend at the hectic hotel to join her.

"Oh, you do not know how gloriously different it is close to nature," she gurgled. "You should see me now as I recline in the hammock under a spreading chestnut tree and listen to the farmer page the cows!"

A visitor to a hotel in a provincial town in England was shown up to his bedroom by the "Boots." Wishing to know what the outlook from the window was, he asked, "Does this window face north, south, east or west?" The reply came quickly, "Neither, sir; it faces the back."

Sign in a wayside inn for the benefit of faultfinders:

"This is not the Waldorf Astoria. If it were it wouldn't be here."

"You're not J. Pierpont Morgan. If you were, you wouldn't be here."

"We know the place is on the bum, but how about yourself?"

"You said you were assigning me to a double-room," the arrival telephoned down from 1010.

"You have a double-room," the desk replied.

"I have, have I?" shouted the unconvinced guest. "Then please tell me where the other copy of the Gideon Bible has gone?"

A disturbed roomer rapped on the wall as a warning to noisy card players on the other side of the partition at 3:30 A.M.

The revelry continued; he pounded again.

"Hey!" cried a voice out of the all-night poker game, "this is a helluv a time to be hanging pictures!"

"Better lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord to the guest.

"Not on your life!" growled the visitor. "I laid one off here a year ago and haven't felt it since."

Bill Nye used to relate how he went into a Southern hotel, where the principal industry was the crossing of two railroads and the waitress hung tenderly over his shoulder and murmured:

"Wilt have eggs or tea?"

The solemn guest elected to take eggs. He was just opening one of them when Alice of the apron asked:

"Shall I open the other?"

"No, open a window!" commanded the consumer.

He went out to lodge complaint with the landlord.

"Why come to me?" said that worthy. "The hens laid 'em!"

"But don't you own the hotel?" persisted Nye.

"I do, but I don't eat here!" came back the landlord.

"H'I went h'into one of the leading hotels h'in New York," the returned Britisher reported to his friends upon his return to the homeland, "h'an says h'I to the clerk, says h'I: What cawn a body get h'in this 'otel for two h'and a 'alf dollars?"

"And what do fawncy the bally clerk said to me? 'E says, says 'e, 'You cawn kiss the bellboy!' "

The spirits of a countryman were depressed when he tried to post himself on the hours for meals in the metropolitan hotel.

"We serve breakfast from 6 to 12, luncheon from 12 to 4, tea from 4 to 6, dinner from 6 to 12," announced the clerk.

"Jehosiphath!" groaned the upstate visitor, "when do we see the city?"

Darby took Joan to the city for the celebration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary and they were shown to a strictly modern suite in the leading hotel.

"Kinder hoped we were going to be by ourselves tonight," complained Darby, as he contemplated the twin beds.

"Gimme the key to 49!" said a somewhat dishevelled party to the haughty hotel clerk.

"Quite out of the question," answered the clerk. "Forty-nine is occupied by Mr. Smith J. J."

"I'm Smith J. J.," explained the key-seeker, "I've just fallen out the window!"

A hotel clerk in the olden days who received an order for a cocktail from a guest in No. 12 sent up twelve cocktails to a man in No. 1.

When he was told of the blunder, he said:

"I'll call up the party in No. 1, and if he is able to talk I will explain the situation."

In one of his farewell after-dinner speeches Simeon Ford, of the old Grand Union Hotel, New York, said he wanted his discarded false teeth used for an ornamental border around his grave, and in the center the inscription:

"Here lies Simeon Ford, a poor hotel-keeper. Do not weep, gentle stranger. Lieing comes easy to a hotel-keeper. On such and such a date he bit the dust; the first decent bite he's had in years."

"In case of fire, jump out of the window and turn to the left."

"Guest needing exercise can go down to the kitchen in the morning and help pound the steak."

"To avoid having fruit taken from the table there will be no fruit."

"Married men without baggage must leave their wives with the night clerk."

"Guests will please not whittle the pickles."

Hum-bug

When Charles Darwin was visiting the country house of a friend, the two boys of the family thought they would play a joke on the scientist. So they caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle, and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs, and the beetle's head, and they glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"We caught this bug in a field," they said. "Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, Mr. Darwin?"

Darwin looked at the bug and then looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"Did you notice whether it hummed when you caught it, boys?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered, nudging one another.

"Then," said Darwin, "it is a hum-bug."

Humor

An American noticed upon riding out with an old-time bus driver in England morning after morning, that when he passed a certain bus he took out his watch and dangled it before the eyes of his fellow-driver, whereupon the other would whip up his horses and rock frowningly past.

"What's the great idea of the ticker exhibit? and why does the brother on the other box resent it so and apply the lash to get out of your sight?"

"H'O, that bloke h'ain't got no sense of humor. 'Is ol' bloomin' father was 'ung last month!"

Humorist

"Your pa is a very funny man," a guest said to the tiny daughter of a great humorist, as the table kept in a roar.

"Yeth, when we have tumpany," the child assented.

Hunter

Two hunters were charged by a wild buffalo. One got up a tree in a hurry and the other shot into a cave. Every little while the man in the cave would appear at the opening. "Git back in your hole, you idiot!" the chap in the tree shouted as the buffalo snorted below, "git back in your hole!"

"I guess you don't know this hole," the other hunter hol-lered back, "there's a bear in there!"

A sportsman, quite sure of his prowess, offered his boy a dollar for every miss. The boy was reporting his experience to another sportsman's attendant.

"Here's the five-spot he gave me; and I would have made it a ten if the empty shells had held out!"

After a long, weary quest an amateur hunter cried exultingly:
"Ha! a partridge at last!"

"Serves him right," growled the bag-carrier, "for flying in front of your gun!"

Hurdy-gurdy

A hurdy-gurdy was pouring out its soulful strains in violation of the hospital zone regulations.

"Accompany me, sir" said the cop sternly to the offending street musician.

"Ver' well, wot you sing?" asked the accompanist.

Husband

The teacher was asking her class to define various words.

One precocious boy, on being asked what a husband was, replied:

"It's something that no respectable family should be without."

A newlywed was telling his wife a joke on a bunch of young husbands at the haberdasher's, where they happened to meet on Rotary Club business.

The proprietor offered the best hat in stock to the married man in the crowd who could honestly claim to have kissed no woman besides his wife since their wedding day.

"You should have heard the laugh we had on Tom, Bill and Ned when they made no move toward the Dunlap!" said the newlywed, still convulsed over the joke on his cronies.

The young wife joined in the merriment, too, until a solemn thought gave pause to her hilarity.

"Look here, Harry!" she demanded suddenly, "how did it happen that you didn't bring home that hat?"

They were discussing the unlovely women that figure in the plays of William Shakespeare.

"I wonder why he made all his woman characters so unattractive?" asked Mrs. DeSmythe. "When I get to heaven I have a mind to ask him!"

"But supposing the Bard of Avon shouldn't be in heaven?" murmured Mr. DeSmythe.

"Then you can ask him!" said Mrs. DeSmythe.

An unsteady home-going reveller overturned a chair as he entered the bedroom. His awakened companion cried:

"What's that?"

"Wish I could tell you, madam; but I'm too late to classify."

"Who is that brazen creature at the table yonder—don't look now!—who keeps trying to attract your attention?" hissed Arabella to her husband Augustus in the self-serve.

"Be merciful, woman!" groaned the husband, "I'll have hard enough time tomorrow telling her who you are."

Bill and Jim loved the same girl and she accepted Jim, prompting Bill to warble: "O lucky Jim, how I envy him."

Then Jim died and Bill successfully courted the widow; following which, whenever he thought of his old rival resting peacefully in the grave, he would lift up his voice in doleful refrain:

"O lucky Jim, how I envy him!"

Johnson was quite puffed up over his wife's designation of him as a model husband until a friend told him to look up

the meaning of "model" in the dictionary. This is what he read:

"Model—Small imitation of the real thing."

A young husband was telephoned to be sure and stop at the corset counter for her on his way home.

"What bust?" asked the radiant saleswoman.

"I didn't hear anything, did you?" said the emergency shopper.

A good man was asked: "What is your dearest wish?"

"To be my wife's second husband."

He—"Did you recognize my voice on the phone?"

She—"No, your excuse."

Mr. Jones was taking a nap upstairs while the Women's Missionary Association was being entertained at his home.

A discussion arose over some matter which the pious sisters dismissed as too much for their finite minds—one of them finding comfort in the thought that "there is One above who knows all."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Jones, "and Mr. Jones will be down in a minute."

A devoted wife was terribly worried when she heard four of her husband's friends bring him into the house and quietly put him to bed. They assured the good woman that it was nothing but an acute attack of syncopation.

Before he came down to breakfast she looked up his ailment in the dictionary. She read this: "Syncopation—An irregular movement from bar to bar."

I

Ibex

"I'm getting all I want to drink and so are all of my friends, despite the law," vociferated a liberal, "and what's more, we're going to keep on getting it!"

"All right," acquiesced the strict constructionist, "be a bibulous ibex leaping from jag to jag, if you want to."

Ice Cream

"I bought her a dish of ice cream
And she ate and ate and ate,
And then she gave her heart to me
To make room for another plate."

Little wonder the good woman was in a quandary over the days proclaimed in a drugstore window:

Ash Wednesday
Good Friday
Nut Sunday

Immortality

After preaching on the text "Immortality," the preacher was confronted in the street by one not agreeing with his views.

"Let me say, sir," said the disputant, "that I have not the slightest use for your theory of a future existence. I believe when I am through with this mortal life that is the last of me."

"Thank God for that!" cried the preacher fervently as he passed on.

Impromptu

An aspiring young Demosthenes, lifting up his voice in a Memorial day address, asked the audience to overlook any defects there might be in an impromptu effort, as the tender occasion was one where he preferred to let the mouth speak out of the abundance of the heart.

He was describing the return of the Boys in Blue from the crash and shock of battle, when someone in the front row of seats snickered.

This so upset the speaker that he lost the thread of his discourse completely, and finally had to dig a manuscript as big as a roll of wall-paper from his inside pocket.

Indian

A Southerner was trying to make an English visitor believe the negroes speak the aboriginal language. Calling up a husky idler at the railway station, he asked:

"Wah he?"

To which the black man made instant reply:

"Wah who?"

"Incredible!" cried the Englishman, as he made a note of the survival of the Indian language in the Southland.

A father was having a discussion with his son upon church-going. "There, my son, you behold an old print of the Pilgrim Fathers, wending their way to church through storm and wilderness, Bibles in hand, their trusty rifles at their sides. Those were the days of true devotion to the church."

"Why the guns, father?"

"Oh, there was always danger of encountering savages on their way to worship."

"Huh, who wouldn't go to church every Sunday if he could get a crack at an Indian?"

Inebriate

Mrs. Casey was asked by a committee if she stood ready to give anything to the new inebriate asylum.

"Shure," she assented, "Oi'll give Casey!"

An inebriate entering an institution for treatment met an old friend and offender coming out.

"I was pretty bad when I came here," the departing one explained. "Got to a point where I could see little green lizards running along both shoulders."

"Yes, and you're not cured yet!" cried the new arrival, trying to brush the hideous things off his coat.

Inge

Hark! the herald angels sing
Timidly because Dean Inge
Has arrived and seems to be
Bored with immortality!

Innocence

Balzac writes in an episode entitled "Innocence" how two wee spectators stood before a Bacchante in her first birthday garb.

"How lovely!" the little miss exclaimed. "Is it a man or woman?"

"Oh, you have to wait until it is dressed before you can tell that!" the boy explained.

Installment

Death was hovering near from old age, but the conscientious investor said he died content, for the encyclopædia ordered in his youth was all delivered and paid for.

Just as he was breathing his last a flivver flew up to the door in a cloud of dust.

"Wait, my good man!" cried the book agent. "Here's the index. Five more monthly payments of a dollar each!"

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," read the minister at the marriage ceremony.

"Not in one lump," the bridegroom specified. "I prefer to pass it over on the installment plan."

Insurance

"Did you take out a cyclone policy?" Levi asked Ikey.

"Nix," said Ikey, "too much trouble to start it."

"Sam, you've been married quite a while. Why not let me write you an insurance policy?"

"No, sir. That woman is pretty handy with a flatiron now, and there's no sense in my hanging up a premium for a bull's-eye."

Mrs. B.—"Do you think it safe to go abroad this year? There have been so many dreadful steamship disasters!"

Mr. B.—"What's the matter with taking out some extra insurance?"

"My dear, have you met with an affliction?" asked a friend of the widow in weeds.

"Yes, I have lost my husband."

"Was he insured?"

"No, he was a total loss."

"Are your children doing all they can for you to make you comfortable?" a doctor inquired of one of his seriously ill patients.

"Yes, they're keeping up my insurance," was the reply.

An insurance agent had a prospect whom he had just induced to say yes. In making out the application blank he asked him what car he drove.

"None," the prospect answered.

"What—a pedestrian?"

"Sure."

"Nothing doing, good day!" exclaimed the agent, tearing up the blank.

"Ah isn't going to be insured for \$1,000; I'se going to get \$10,000," said Ephraim, a colored doughboy. "Dey never'll put \$10,000 men in de front line ob trenches."

While the insurance scandal was at its height in New York a countryman reported that he went up eighteen stories in what he called "the greatest steal structure in America."

"And I met an insurance agent up there," he added, "and that was another story!"

Honest Henry Brown was returning answers based upon family history as the medical examiner went down the long blank furnished by the insurance company.

He gave his mother's death at 43 of tuberculosis. What did his father die of? Of cancer. At what age? A little past 39.

"Bad family record; no use going farther!" the doctor said as he tore up the blank.

Impressed with the great lesson that one shouldn't make the same mistake twice, Henry Brown applied for \$10,000 in another company.

"What your father's age at death?"

"He was 96," Henry testified.

"Of what did he die?"

"Father was thrown from a pony at a polo game."

"How old was your mother at death?"

"She was 94."

"Cause of death?"

"Child-birth."

Intermeddler

"He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face," said Benjamin Franklin.

Interpreter

The interpreter at a Missionary College in Korea was wise in arrogating to himself authority not specifically set down in his contract.

At the morning convocation the Bishop began by saying that "well-directed endeavor should be emulated in contradistinction to a subconscious sense of effortless superiority."

The Interpreter—"Bishop says he's glad to see you, fellows!"

The interpreter announced preceding the selection of a double quartet of Cossacks:

"It is quite impossible to give the precise shading of the sentiment of the next number but as near as one can come to it in our language is: 'He Ate French Dressing On His Salad So As To Get Up Oily!'"

Interurban

A wayfaring man asked the traffic officer where he could get the interurban.

"Y'll git it in the neck if y' don't git off that track in a hurry," said the copper as the limited shot by.

"Conductor, is it the custom for passengers to offer suggestions on this road?" asked a sad-faced man as the huckleberry limited (in speed) hobbled along.

"Certainly, we solicit the patron's point of view," replied the official with punch.

"Well, then, I submit that the cow-catcher be removed from the front of this safe, sane and slow contraption upon which we are journeying, and be placed at the rear thereof."

"Whatdaya doing, kidding us?"

"Not at all, I assure you. There is no likelihood of our catching up with a cow, but what is there to prevent a fractious bull coming in the rear door and horning unsuspecting passengers?"

Ezra Kendall used to tell of taking the Buffalo trolley at the sign, "See the Falls for 25 cents!"

They ran into another trolley, and Ezra said he got three falls for a quarter.

Interview

A reporter sought to get an epoch-making interview with Zach Chandler.

"Senator, would you mind telling the world the thing in your long and eventful career that you recall with the greatest satisfaction?"

"W-a-a-l," drawled the Republican Warwick, "I think lying abed in the morning comes the nearest to it."

Intimidation

"How much fer all this fodder, waiter?" asked the tough-looking customer in the cowboy buckskins. "You better be careful in making out the bill. Yesterday I ordered the same items at the hashery across the street, an' when the black varmint wanted me to pay six bits for it, I shot him dead! Dead! D'ye get me? How much now?"

"W-w-will f-f-fifteen cents be al-l-l-r-r-right, Boss?" asked the waiter.

Intoxicated

Two gentlemen, both far overtaken in alcoholic stimulant, were seen under a lamp-post on a street corner in Newark, clinging to each other for support.

Said Souse Number One:

"Do you know Bill Talbot?"

Said Souse Number Two after a moment of reflection:

"No whuzziz name?"

Said Souse Number One:

"Who?"

A man met a stranger from the West who lived in the same town where the new acquaintance had a brother who had made good in mining. They had a convivial glass or two together.

"If you meet my brother when you return, do you mind telling him that you fell in with me? Tell him things have not gone as well with me as they have with him. In fact, I'm rather up against it, and a little brotherly lift wouldn't come amiss. Understand?"

After a few more potations, the Easterner said: "Shay, if you shee anything of my brother out there tell him you met me an' I'm all right. D'ye get me, old sport?"

There followed other libations. Then—" 'F you see anything of my brother out there, an' he needs help, tell him to draw on me. Will yuh?"

The business of getting back to quarters after an evening's spree is simplified by making the home-going trip in groups.

"Mishus Smith! Mishus Smith!" came a voice at an early morning hour. "Will y' kindly com' out here an' pick out your dear husband?"

A bewildered ship passenger, after trying to get back to his bunk several times, said to himself:

"Guess I better stan' right here and let the blamed room swing 'round to me!"

A traffic officer directed a jag-walker to a taxi-stand: "Go to the next corner, where you will see two cars. Take the first one. The second isn't there."

Introduction

In presenting the Democratic candidate for the presidency to a great audience in Denver, the local presiding officer couldn't resist a highly laudatory reference to the vice-presidents of the meeting on the platform.

"I want you to know, Mr. Roosevelt, that there are sitting with you on this platform men qualified to serve with you in the cabinet, men of United States Senatorship size, men who would bring honor and high attainment to the highest diplomatic posts."

Candidate Roosevelt, upon arising:

"Mr. Chairman, members of the cabinet, distinguished representatives of the nation in the Senate of the United States and plenipotentiaries extraordinary in foreign lands!"

A toastmaster in Detroit introduced a Canadian speaker as a member of the Dominion Parliament.

"No, no, Mr. Chairman," the conscientious guest protested, "not a member, if you please. Merely a candidate for that distinction."

"It's quite all right," insisted the toastmaster. "The present tense here is the future tense in Canada."

John Kendrick Bangs always remembered the presiding genius in South Bend, Ind., who made him feel like a son-of-a-gun.

"We will now have the felicity of listening to a platform celebrity whose name is a household word—the Hon. John Kendrick—(pause) the Hon. John Kendrick—"

"Bangs," prompted the lecturer from up stage.

"Bangs?" asked the introducer.

"Bangs!" fired back the celebrity.

"Bangs!" went the chairman.

The lecturer began by saying he felt as if he had been through a barrage, bringing up the familiar lines—

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

The celebrity engaged for the evening was unavoidably detained, and it became necessary to conscript a couple of local orators.

The chairman sought to smooth over the situation with this announcement:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We expected to have a great national wit with us this evening, but he has disappointed us; so, at the last moment we have secured two half-wits to take his place."

A colored bishop was introducing a white churchman of high rank:

"Breddern, it is not often I arise to present a white speaker in this meeting-house. But you can be sure he has a powerful message for you. An' while his skin may be white, his heart is as black as any of us!"

"It affords me great pleasure," began Mr. Depew in introducing Dr. Vincent to a New York audience, "to present the president of the University of Minnesota, popularly acclaimed as the 'Cyclone of the Northwest'."

"I appreciate the designation," said Dr. Vincent in arising, "by the most eminent wind authority of the East."

An eminent Chicago divine was introduced to give his greatly-celebrated discourse on "Fools."

"I need not tell you," said the chairman, "that he is one—of the ablest lecturers on the platform today."

The lecturer began:

"I want you to know I am not such a big fool as the chairman—would have you believe I am."

The next speaker was hopelessly homely. The toastmaster disposed of him in this cruel fashion:

"The gentleman who is now to address you has been accused of being a two-faced man, but I resent the imputation as unwarranted. If he were a two-faced man, he would wear the other one."

An admirer of William Jennings Bryan took so much of the evening to catalogue the Commoner's uncommon qualities as statesman and speaker, that all Mr. Bryan could give and catch the train was his postoffice address.

"Wonderful speech!" exclaimed a listener after it was all over.

"Yep, and the baldheaded feller who spoke last wasn't so bad!" affirmed the man just behind.

A Dutch mayor was introducing a distinguished speaker:

"Ladies und shentlemens—I haf pen requested to interdooce der extinguished spoocher who vill untress you dis evening. I have did so und he vill do so!"

An eminent visitor murmured upon arising after a laudatory introduction:

"I am tremendously interested in the personage who has just been introduced to you, but I have not the honor of his acquaintance!"

Irish

When the description of a gorgeous funeral cortege with a band playing Chopin's march and a catafalque drawn by eight black-plumed horses, was read to Mike, he said:

"All very phoine, but walkin' to th' cimetry is good enough for me!"

Pat anticipated a new marvel of this mechanical age upon beholding Mike get Chile without so much as opening the window of his radio den:

"Th' next thing ye know we'll all be travelin' without lavin' home!"

Repeated lapses made it necessary for the priest to serve notice on Thomas that if he came home drunk again he would turn him into a rat. It worked for two weeks. Then Thomas fell again and went home with uneven steps.

"Darlint, your loving Thomas has a confession to make," he said to his wife as he stumbled into the house. "Oi'm in a dishgraceful condishun ag'in. You heard what the holy father said, an' if you have any love left for your erring husband, Maggie, will y' plase kape an eye on the cat?"

"Rah for Ireland!" yelled Pat.

"Rah for hell!" roared a disgusted Tory.

"Iverywan for his own country!" came back Pat.

When someone asked a faithful son of Erin where the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago was:

"G'wan wid you—Oi don't even know where the first wan is."

Pat confided to his bosom friend Micky that he had a "Phoine snap," the "softest job of me loife."

"Phat is it?" asked Mickey.

"Tearin' down a Protistint church and bein' paid for it!" said his friend.

The morning gun at Governor's Island was the first fascinating thing to come to Pat's attention upon landing at Castle Garden. He wrote to his boon companion, Dennis O'Toole:

"It's sure a great counthry, this! Ye should see thim shoot the sun up ivry morning! An' there's an imminse marble palace wid th' sign, 'Eye an' Erin Firminaary'!"

A friend poured out a shallow libation in honor of Pat's safe arrival. It barely covered the bottom of his glass.

"Shure an' it's rare stuff, Pat," he said to the guest of honor. "It's th' vintage of 1865."

"Faith an' it hasn't grown much in all this toime," Pat opined.

An English tourist was telling an Irish peasant about the immense size of the British Empire.

"Well, Pat, and do you know that the sun never sets on the King's dominions?"

"No, your honor," replied Pat.

"Well, such is the case," went on the tourist. "But do you know the reason why?"

Pat immediately answered: "I suppose it is because Heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark."

"I'm that sorry I iver moved to th' city."

"Why don't you like the city?"

"It's betwane me husband and the coal furnace. Whin I'm kapin' me oye on th' wan iv thim, th' ither goes out."

Pat—"Say, what caused the explosion at the plant the other day?"

Mike—"Oh, Casey was carrying a load of dynamite when the noon whistle blew."

"How many people are there here in Montreal, Pat?" asked an Englishman.

"Oh, about a hundred t'sand," replied Pat.

"Why, h'I thought there were h'over a 'alf a million!"

"Well, there is if yez counts the French!" said Pat.

Patrick was interviewing St. Peter at the Gates of Paradise.

"Sure, it's a phoine snap ye have here, Saint Payter, holding down this soft job cintury after cintury, niver being turned out by change of administration or civil sarvice rules. It's a phoine snap!"

"Ah, but you must bear in mind, Patrick," rejoined the guardian of the gates, "that in Paradise a million years are but a moment, and a million dollars are but a cent."

"Thin will ye be loaning me a cint?" asked Patrick.

"Certainly," assented St. Peter, "in a minute!"

Pat turned down an offer of some Scotch whiskey very promptly.

"Begorra, if Oi say thim at all, Oi don't want to say plaid ones!" he explained.

Pat was commanded to yield his money or his life.

"Take me life," he said to the highwayman. "Oi'm saving me money for me old age."

Two Irish soldiers were separated from their outfit in the darkness of night. First thing they knew they had dropped into a trench where a dozen Germans were sleeping soundly.

"Praise the Lord, here's our opportunity—let's jab a bayonet into every wan of the Fritzies!" whispered Mike.

"Nothin' of the sort," said Pat, "we'll wake thim up an' fight thim, begorra!"

Italian

A lawyer was examining Alfredo, the fruit vendor.

"Your name?"

"Alfredo Vespucci."

"Age?"

"T'irty-nine, seex mont'."

"Business?"

"Rotten!"

A too festive American tourist seized a bust of Garibaldi from an Italian art vendor's stand and hurled it to the pavement.

Antonio immediately grabbed a bust of George Washington and broke it into fragments at the feet of the American patriot.

"You smasha da Garibaldi, I smasha da George Wash!" he cried.

A typification of war and its wastage.

"How many states in the union?" asked the examiner of the Italian applicant for citizenship papers.

The son of Italy said he didn't know. "Then you are not fit to be a citizen of this country!" said the judge.

"How many banan' in da bunch?" asked Enrico Devito.

"Can't tell you!" said the judge.

"Then you no feet to be judge of dees court!" cried Enrico.

In a train coming back from the mines in Pennsylvania were some Italian laborers standing in the aisle, while a group

of traveling salesmen pre-empted seats for their feet as well as for their bodies.

Dr. E. A. Steiner, foreign-born and friend of the immigrant, asked the men to give the tired miners the places they were using for foot-rests.

"They're not lovely in their work-stained clothes, I'll admit," said Steiner, "but if it were not for these fellows digging far down in the earth our factories would close and our hearths would be dark."

"Ah, what do those Dagoes amount to?" spoke up one of the crowd, not vicious, but thoughtless.

"You may call them 'Dagoes,' but the land they came from has given to the world Michelangelo, Raphael, Dante, Boccaccio, Garibaldi—names that will live for ever in art, literature and the annals of sacrifice for human freedom!" said Steiner.

"Well, these Yaps are not like them!" came back the seat-hogs.

"They're as much like them as you're like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln!" Steiner declared.

"I don't understand the language, but I'm entranced every time I hear the Italian love-song, "O Sole Mio."

"How does it go?"

"I can't give it word for word, but the general theme is "I would rather be in love with two at 18 than one at 36!"

Mussolini's mailed paw keeps even the domestic affairs of the Fascists in hand. He is compelling them to cut out riotous living and do their duty as family men, for the glory and population of the nation. The new slogan of Italia is: "Less whoopee and more Woppy!"

J

Jam

A boy turned down the jam at the church social. "Nope," he said, "I work where they make it."

Jazz

"It was invented by demons for imbeciles," says one authority.

Jewish

When Levi complained of the café keeper's excessive charge for lunch, Isadore exclaimed:

"Neffer mind, Levi, der Lord has punished that man. I haf mine pockets full of spoons!"

Levi discovered that the painters hired by the hour, were languidly plying their brushes to the dreamy measures of "I'-m F-o-r-e-v-e-r B-l-o-w-i-n-g B-u-b-b-l-e-s."

He had them change at once to "Yankee Doodle Came to Town."

The Almighty showed displeasure when Levi departed from the faith.

Levi couldn't resist the savory appeal of ham and eggs on a feast day. He ordered the great American breakfast with a self-accusing conscience.

As the cook sliced the ham for him a thunder-storm broke, accompanied by terrific crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning.

"Und to think of all dis rumpus ofer von little order of ham und eggs!" moaned the backsliding Levi.

A customer asked for a copy of "Who's Who." The Hebrew bookseller found nothing of that title, but he dug up an old edition of Bradstreet's.

"Ve're all out of de odder," he explained, "but here is 'Who you are and vat's you're vorth.'"

Levi stipulated in his will that he wanted six Gentile bankers to act as pallbearers at his funeral.

"Why do you ignore your own faith in that solemn service?" the Rabbi asked.

"Vell, dey haf always carried me," said Levi, "Why not at der last?"

Izzy explained to his wealthy friend that the president of the bank had kindly consented to let him have a thousand if he would indorse the paper.

"Izzy, how you disabpoint me. Vy didn't you come straight to me in der first blace?" his friend asked. "I insist upon letting you have der money myself. Gif me your note right away quick und let der bresident of der bank put his name on der back of it."

"Abe, you have stolen Ikey's ring, and you know it," said the judge. "Even though you escape punishment in this world what will you say when you all meet around the throne on high?"

"Will everypody be there, your honor?"

"Yes, Abe."

"Ikey, will be there?"

"Yes, Abe."

"I will be there?"

"Yes, Abe."

"Ring will be there?"

"Yes, Abe."

"Vell, I shall say, 'Abe, dere's your ring.'"

Solomon rebuked Isadore for charging him nine per cent interest, saying, "Vat vill der Lord think ven He looks down and see you haf soaked me for nine ber cent on der note?" Isadore rejoined:

"Dat's quite all right, Solomon. Ven der good Lord looks down it vill look like six ber cent."

When Levi came home with his shirt-front decorated with nicotine stains, his wife asked what in the world he had been doing to soil his linen like that.

"I haf been blaying cards mit Ikey," Levi acknowledged.

"But can't you turn your head to spit?" persisted Rachel.

"Not when I am blaying mit Ikey," said Levi.

The prosperous young Jew, about to leave for Europe, arranged with an English scholar to take his old father in hand while he was gone so that his broken speech and general bearing might be in harmony with their success and social station.

Returning from a six months' absence, the son ran into the professor upon his way to the house.

"Well, how did you get along with the Americanization work with my father?" he asked.

"Vell, it was like dish!" the scholarly soul began, with a familiar movement of upraised hands.

Ikey came upon a crowd at the crossing, the wreckage of an automobile and two men gasping on the ground.

"Vat vas it; an engine?" he asked one of the victims.



Couldn't Turn to Spit While Playing Cards With Ikey

"Yes," he answered feebly.

"Did they blow der whistle?"

"No."

"Did dey ring the bell?"

"No."

"Has der claim-agent been here yet?"

"No."

"Do you mind if I lie down here mit you?"

They were showing their devotion by placing offerings in the casket just before it was lowered into the grave. It was agreed that everyone should give \$500.

One put in \$500 in gold and another \$500 in currency.

After the other two mourners had departed, Ikey took out the gold and currency and contributed his check for \$1,500.

"I know how you feel about accepting any gratuities from a concern you buy of," said the general manager to the Jewish customer, "so I suggest that you give me a trifling sum, say a quarter, for this box of Christmas cigars. That will take the disgrace off."

"In that case," said Israel Rosenbloom, "I'll take three boxes. Here's seventy-five cents."

Levi had his family at the theatre. When his little son fell out of the gallery into the orchestra circle, he cried to the falling child:

"Isadore, come oud of dose expensive seats quick!"

Mr. Ikestein was present at the first accouchement and felt that he couldn't save \$100 any quicker than by utilizing his knowledge when the second baby arrived.

He was congratulating himself, mother and child upon his natural efficiency when the nurse recalled him to the wife's

bedside. It proved to be twins and he had to repeat his dexterity.

He was giving himself credit for \$200 when another summons came from the sickroom. He rushed to the phone. "Doctor, come quick!" he cried. "Oi can shtart 'em all right but Oi can't stop 'em!"

Gen. Hugh S. Johnson

"I never knew that the head of the N. R. A. studied to be an army officer at West Point."

"What! Couldn't you tell it from his marvelous command of words?"

Jilted

A lovelorn lad who had been jilted betook himself to the mid-week testimonial meeting and prayed: "Oh Lord, we come to Thee because we have no other place to go."

Journalism

One night the towel in a country printing office fell down in the corner with such a crash that the cat jumped from the bed of the Washington handpress and upset the lye kettle.

The stuff percolated through the floor to the room below where the landlord slept. He appeared at the door of the sanctum, a sad and disheveled sight.

"Ye gotta git out!" he cried. "It's bad enough to do me out of my rent, but when you filter stuff through the floor that makes my hair come out by the handful, you forfeit all claims upon my long-sufferin' patience. Git out or I'll chuck ye out!"

"As we pen these lines," wrote the able editor, "our eyes are rivers of tears and our soul is fraught with poignant woe. A gentle luminous star, that shone more lustrous than all the

stars around her, has died out and is dead forever. Gladys Swivelhurt—Gladys, the beautiful, the young, is dead.”

At this juncture he was interrupted by the entrance of a reporter with a marked copy of a local contemporary, after reading which, the editor rapidly penned the following:

“The scurrilous dishrag, which is published in an obscure alley in this town by a lop-eared leper who spends his evenings trying to wash the tar off his body with benzine, says that we received \$50 for supporting Gen. Strutover for the office of constable. It is scarcely worth while for us to brand this as an infamous lie which would make Ananias green with envy were it not for the fact there are people who do not know the true character of the moral and physical wreck making the charge. We do brand it as a lie, therefore, and as a lie we will cram it down the craven throat of the degenerate coward who uttered it!”

Then the editor resumed the obituary:

“In this, the dark hour of our sorrow, we have the sweet consolation of knowing that the gentle Gladys, too lovely for the harsh blasts and tempests of earth, is now where the tear never falls, where the sigh is never heard, where the foot-falls of death never echo on the jasper streets. We can only hope in the uncertain future, when we, too, have crossed the waters of the river of death, we can meet her there—there where the chorus swells forever and snowy pinions fan the perfumed air.”

“James,” said the editor wearily to the reporter, “let us go and shake for the drinks.”

Judgment Day

Pat asked the priest if everybody would be present on the Day of Judgment and was assured that such would be the case.

“Will the Knights of Columbus and the A. P. A. be there, your riverince?”

"Yes, Patrick."

"An' the Jews and Hinry Ford?"

"Yes, Patrick."

"An' th' Drys and the Wets?"

"Even so, Patrick."

"Thin all I have to say is there will be no judgmint on the first day!"

Jurisdiction

A country justice of the peace took his official job very seriously. When he found his son exchanging blows with the farm hand who belonged next door, he warned them he would have the law on both of them for disturbing the peace.

In the mêlée the fighters gripped and fell and rolled over the dividing line between the two farms.

"Give it to him, son!" shouted the justice. "I've lost jurisdiction!"

Jury

A man made away with his wife, his wife's brother and sister, his father-in-law and his mother-in-law, and his wife's grandparents.

When the jury solemnly reported not guilty, the ire of the court knew no bounds. "In view of these bloody deeds, confessed by the accused, how could you hold him guiltless?" the judge thundered.

"Wall, I'll tell ye jes' how it were, jedge," said the foreman. "We all kinder felt as how there'd been deaths enough in the family!"

"Do I understand that you are the offspring of the more or less notorious Griffith Brewster, religious hypocrite and tax-dodger?" asked counsel of a young witness for the other side.

"You better ask him," said the witness, "he's settin' on the jury there!"

K

Kangaroo

A small boy visiting the zoo for the first time and noticing a box for suggestions, put in a note reading: "I think the Kangaroo and the Elephant ought to change tails."

When a Westerner was doing the zoo in New York he came upon the kangaroo exhibit, and the placard, "Native of Australia."

"Great Godfrey's Cordial!" he cried. "Just before I left home my sister wrote me that she had married a native of Australia!"

Kentucky

New England is celebrated for its boots and shoes, ran an old wheeze, while Kentucky is noted for its shoots and booze.

Also Kentucky was the home of the brilliant editor who fell overboard and came up saying he didn't mind the accident, but he "swallowed some of the damned stuff!"

King George

Ratifying with British and French nationalists the signing of the armistice, Mike arose somewhat unsteadily to propose a toast to the royal head of Britannia.

"An' now, gintlemin, it's in orther to propose a libation to the sovereign majesty of Johnnie Bull's glorious counthry! Here's to health and long life of King George the—King George the—phat the devil is that guy's number, anyway?"

Kipling

A woman addressed Kipling rather superciliously to the effect that she understood he received as high as \$5 a word for his writings, and enclosed a V for a word.

Kipling returned her note with this notation: "Thanks."

Kiss

The penitent Pat revealed in the confessional the clandestine kiss imprinted upon the lips of Sullivan's consort.

"So you committed this sin, did you, Pat?" said the priest. "Did you kiss Mrs. Sullivan more than once?"

"Father," said Pat. "I am here to confess, not to brag!"

A young girl home from college gave a hug and kiss and cried "Oh you dear Jack!" to a perfect stranger, by mistake, in the poorly-lighted terminal. The recipient of the misplaced endearments celebrated the episode in verse as follows:

Many times then have I stood
In that station old and dim,
But only once in a man's whole life
Do such things come to him!

A tight-wad mailed his wife a check for 1,000 kisses in lieu of the \$50 for a new dress, which she wrote him for.

"Thank you so much for the check, my precious," she gurgled when he came home Saturday night. "The milkman cashed it!"

K. K. K.

When the Grand Kleagle of the K. K. K. caught Levi's unmistakable Semitic countenance in the company, he sent the bouncer to investigate.

"Your name, sir?" demanded the investigator.

"Levi Leverhume," answered the intruder.

"What are you doing in this secret session of the Klan?"

"Oi vant to see der man vat buys der vite goods!"

Kenna, Kelley and Kennedy were in the wholesale fishing business. Mulcahey was walking by their dock when he espied a mountain of boxes branded "K. K. K."

"Will ye look at that!" he cried. "If the Ku Kluxers are not buying up all the fish so as to compel us faithful Catholics to eat mate on Friday!"

A member of the Ku Klux Klan displayed upon his store front the legend: "100 Per Cent American."

A competitor across the street emblazoned "200 Per Cent American," in his show window.

"That's an insult!" the Klansman declared.

"Not at all," explained the two hundred percenter. "You hate Catholics, Jews and Negroes, while I hate everybody!"

A fiery cross follower was telling a group of prospects to whom he was commending the shrouded institution that he was glad to say that in the village where he lived there was not a Jew to be found.

"That's the reason it's a village!" suggested a Semitic bystander.

"You condemn the K. K. K.'s," cried a man in the crowd at an anti-klan meeting. "Well, let me say I work where there are hundreds of the K. K. K. and all I can say is I wish there were thousands more.

"Where are you working?" asked the chairman of the meeting.

"In the cemetery!" said the caretaker.

There will be a grand ball given by the Knights of Columbus and the K. K. K. in the Masonic Temple for the joint benefit of the Back-to-Palestine movement and the Bethel Baptist Church (colored).

"Doctah, Ah jes' gotta say sumpin'!" broke in the anxious father, permitted to remain in the maternity ward under promise of absolute silence, while Dinah's moans told of the delayed delivery.

"Well, just a word—what is it?" the doctor admonished.

"Ef you all dun tak' off those K. K. K. duds, dat baby'll be here in no time!"

Knight

A horseman found his way obstructed by a determined Irish sentinel at the castle gate.

"I command you to let me pass, scullion!" roared the man on horseback. "Do you know who I am? I am Sir Roger de Coverley, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Garter, Sir Knight and Lord Knight!"

"D'you know who Oi am?" asked the sentinel. "Oi'm Paddy O'Flynn last night, tonight and tomorrow night!"

Knights of Columbus

Private O'Harrow had to have \$25 while at the front, and his need was so urgent a kind-hearted secretary of the Y. M. C. A. told him if he would pray in all faith for the lift it would be sure to come. O'Harrow got busy forthwith.

The following day the secretary told him his prayer had been answered. "Here's the twenty-five dollars the Lord has sent you," he said, handing him the money.

"Glory, be!" cried O'Harrow. And then his face taking on a frown, he shouted, "Why in the divil didn't he send it through the Knights of Columbus?"

L

Labor

"Poor Old Bill! 'E's so short-sighted 'e's working 'imself to death."

"Wot's 'is short-sight got to do with it?"

"Well, 'e can't see when the boss ain't looking, so 'e 'as to keep on shoveling all the time!"

The preacher came along and wrote upon the signboard:
"I pray for all."

The lawyer wrote underneath: "I plead for all."

The doctor added: "I prescribe for all."

The common laborer took it all in reflectively and set down what he considered the conclusion of the whole matter:

"I pay for all!"

Landlady

A British novelist gives the secret of his success in securing reasonably-priced lodgings when visiting a far country.

"Having picked out rooms to suit, I never come at once to the price of the same. I say, 'My dear madame, what is your outlook on life?"

"If she shows by her reply that she has a broad survey of the universe, I know the space I am renting will be relatively so inconsequential that she will be satisfied with a modest amount for the rental.

"But if her outlook is narrow, provincial, her idea of the rate for a room or two will be out of all proportion to the value of the accommodation! So I look elsewhere."

Landlubber

When a landlubber was taken on by the Captain and advanced over the old tars there was deep resentment. While on duty aloft the new sailor was hurled into the sea by the rolling of the storm-tossed vessel and drowned.

"'Member that landlubber you were takin' such a shine to?" asked Jack of the Captain.

"Yes, what about it?"

"Nawthin', only he's gone off with your bucket!"

Laplander

Harry said to Archibald that he should pull down his curtains; that he saw him holding his wife on his lap the night before.

"The joke is on you, 'Arry," chortled Archibald, "h'I was not 'ome last night."

Large Family

An American father and mother took their sixteen children to see the giraffe.

"Are all these your children," asked the sideshow ticket seller, "or is this a picnic?"

"They're all mine," the mother answered, "and it's no picnic!"

"Well, you stay right where you are," the doorman suggested, "and I'll go fetch out the giraffe to see you!"

Lawyer

"Your honor, I have an idea!" exclaimed counsel for plaintiff.

"I move for a writ of habeas corpus," said counsel for defense, "to take it out of solitary confinement!"

A prominent citizen received a peremptory note from an attorney charging him with alienating the affections of his client's wife. "Unless you come to my office at 10 o'clock next Thursday forenoon, I will begin suit for \$100,000 damages," the communication set forth at the close.

The recipient replied promptly as follows: "Dear Sir—I have received your circular letter and will attend the meeting."

When Tom Reed saw a pompous lawyer whom he never liked, strutting down the avenue, he said to a friend:

"Did you ever notice how narrow Jones makes the streets look?"

"Argument of my voluble brother has been as diffuse as the snowflakes that have been falling while he has been holding forth," said the attorney on the other side.

"But the gentlemen of the jury will observe," added the other, "that it covers the ground."

A man, a lawyer, made a great ado over the breaking of his imported briar pipe. When he saw the fragments of the old friend on the floor, he exclaimed:

"Who could have done this wilful thing?"

His son, six years old, spoke up: "Father, I cannot tell a lie! I did it to see what was inside."

"Alas," cried the now doubly-distressed man, "I did hope to make you a lawyer, my son; but I see it is never to be!"

An aspiring young attorney of Jewish extraction sought the advice of Rufus Choate as to a warrantable fee in his first important case. Would \$500 be too much?

"You should make it \$5,000, young man, in view of the great amount of effort expended and the importance of the issues involved."

"Almost thou persuadeth me to be a Christian!" exclaimed the young barrister fervently.

Mose wanted the lawyer to frame a letter that would make the recipient understand that he meant business.

"How shall I start the communication, Mose?" asked the attorney.

"Well, sah, Ah suggest you begin by addressin' him as an unmitigated scoundrel, liar an' chicken-thief an' work up!"

Lawyer (to rattled witness)—"Did you, or did you not, on the afore-mentioned day, Tuesday, January nineteen, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, feloniously and with malicious afore-thought listen at the keyhole of the third floor rear apartment then occupied as a residence by the defendant in this action on Nineteenth Street near Park Avenue, and did you not also on the Friday following the Tuesday in January before referred to in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six communicate to your wife the information acquired and repeat the conversation overheard on that occasion with the result that the gossip of your wife gave wide and far currency to the overheard conversation before mentioned? Did you or did you not? Answer Yes or No."

Witness—"Huh?"

A fledgling making his first appearance before the august Supreme Court body at Washington and giving much time to the recital of elementary points of law was interrupted by the Chief Justice:

"Counsel will, I trust, give the court credit for knowing the fundamentals of common law."

"Oh, no, your honor, I made that mistake in the lower court!"

A plaintiff bowled to his defendant:

"I'll sue in the lower court!"

"I'll be there!" the threatened party replied.

"I'll sue you in the higher court!"

"I'll be there!"

"I'll sue you to the deepest level of hell!"

"My attorney will be there!"

A graduate of the law school wrote that he was seeking a field where the ends of justice and not self-interest would be his guiding passion.

"Come to Chicago," his friends wired, "you'll have no competition."

"Can I be of service in helping you get damages?" asked an alert lawyer of the driver who thought he could beat the limited to the crossing.

"Damages the devil!" he snorted. "What I need is repairs."

Lecturer

When the thin audience arose and took his hat and passed down the aisle, the lecturer asked:

"One moment, my friend! Are you the janitor?"

"Should say not!" snapped the outgoing attendance. "The janitor sent me over to close up when you're through. Said he had been listening to your yap these twenty-five years!"

A lecturer was detained from keeping his engagement by a train wreck so he telegraphed his manager to give the audience back their money and dismiss them.

He got this reply: "Audience has his fifty cents and has gone home satisfied."

Legislature

"Ay hear Olsen send his Erik to Yale," said a neighbor to Bjornson.

"Vel, Ay tank he will be a better boy ven his time is up. Ve all hav our troubles yet. Ay get letter saying my son in Colorado bane sent to the legislature, but it say nothing about vat for."

Letter

"Did you get that letter, Michael?"

"What letter?" asked Mike.

"Let 'er go, Gallagher," was the answer.

Mike hurried home to find a victim himself. He pounced upon Mrs. Mike.

"Didja git that posthal caird?" says he.

"What postal card?" asked Mrs. Mike.

"Let 'er go, Gallagher," shouted Mike in triumph, all the more delighted because his wife couldn't see the joke.

Levee

The transports stole out of Hoboken at dead of night. When the colored troops came up on deck at reveille, the Atlantic, so gigantic, stretched away on every side.

An excited doughboy from the Delta of the Mississippi took one look and cried:

"De whole levee's busted!"

Liars

A minister requested his congregation to read the first ten verses of Hebrews xiv before harkening to the sermon on "Liars" the following Sunday morning.

"How many have read the verses in Hebrews xiv, as requested last Lord's day?" asked the pastor as he arose for the sermon. "Please raise the hands."

There was quite a showing of hands.

"That will do," said the minister sadly. "It happens there is no fourteenth chapter of Hebrews. I therefore dedicate my remarks on 'Liars' this morning to the brethren and sisters who have just held up their hands!"

A little girl rendered this Biblical definition of a lie: "An abomination in the sight of the Lord—and an ever-present help in time of trouble."

Limburger

Two rascally lads inserted a slice of limburger cheese into the hat of one of the city's most refined citizens.

As the temperature of a midsummer day brought out the best there was in that limburger, the exquisite under the hat suddenly felt himself in the grasp of a powerful opiate, and looking wildly about the street-car, cried:

"Phew! The whole world stinks!"

Lincoln

As commander-in-chief of the army, Lincoln was disposed to treat his absent without leave cases with leniency.

"If the good Lord has given a man a cowardly pair of legs," he reasoned, "it is hard to keep them from running away with him."

Lyon, a minister representing Great Britain, waited upon President Lincoln to proclaim the nuptials of a royal couple in his country. Lyon was a bachelor. Lincoln's response to the impressive message was: "Lyon, go thou and do likewise!"

A foreign diplomat came in upon Lincoln while he was blacking his shoes.

"What, Mr. President, you black your own shoes?"

"Yes," Lincoln answered, "whose do you black?"

When practicing law in Illinois, Lincoln wrote upon a subscription paper passed to him in behalf of the worn-out trouser-seat of his opponent:

"I refuse to subscribe to the end in view."

Lloyd George

The Welsh have one grand passion—worshipful adoration of Lloyd George. They extol his name above every other name, almost.

"You don't mean to say he is greater than Jesus Christ?" an American magazine publisher said.

"Oh well, he's young yet!" the Welshman replied.

Lobster

A diner from the golden West, where the only lobsters he had ever seen came in cans and where he highly resolved that if he ever made his stake he would have his fill of the sea food, found himself embarrassed when he flashed into a fashionable New York restaurant and ordered a dozen of the largest lobsters in captivity.

"You don't mean a full dozen broiled lobsters for yourself only?" queried the head waiter.

"I know what I want and as I am paying for the same with my own kale, cut out the argument and let us have the food."

When a procession of twelve waiters filed in, each bearing a huge silver tray, the cowboy tumbled to the fact that he had committed a faux pas. The titter of the other diners confirmed it.

So he had each waiter uncover a lobster and pass on until

the last one disclosed his specimen. This the diner accepted, saying:

"Experience has taught me that you have to order a dozen of these lobsters to make sure of getting one that is satisfactory."

Lockjaw

A husband got the doctor on the phone and told him his wife's jaws had set. She couldn't make a sound.

"So you consider it serious, do you, Doc?" he asked. "Well, if you happen to be around in this part of town in a month or six weeks, make it a point to look in."

London Cabby

A stranger without his bearings stood deeply pondering in the middle of the street, causing a London cabby to pull up quick to avoid running him down, and to lean forward and inquire earnestly:

"H'I soy, 'ave you any plans?"

London Hawker

Unfortunate Pedestrian (who had been knocked down and was a little dazed)—"Where am I? Where am I?"

Enterprising Hawker—" 'Ere y' are, sir—map o' London, one penny."

Lord Balfour

"I hope you did not feel any umbrage at what I said about you in my book," said Mrs. Asquith to Lord Balfour.

"What book?" inquired the eminent statesman blandly.

A reception committee was pointing out with swelling chests the architectural marvels of New York to Lord Balfour.

"This, your lordship, is the Metropolitan building and tower. It is 800 feet high and can never burn down!"

"What a pity," said Lord Balfour.

Lord Nelson

The sight-seers were on the deck of the "Victory," flagship of the Hero of Trafalgar.

"This is the very spot where Nelson fell!" said the guide.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed grandma. "I don't wonder at it. I stubbed my toe there myself a moment ago!"

"Louder!"

Rev. Myron W. Reed, an eccentric Western gospeler, was interrupted in a prayer he was giving in Denver by a cry of "louder!" from the pews.

He paused and looked at the disturber. "Young man, I was not speaking to you," he explained, "I was addressing the Almighty."

Brought to his feet for a five-minute talk and beginning with depreciation of his own ability to add anything to what has already been said, a speaker surrendered himself so utterly and exhaustingly to the sea of expectant and friendly faces that a man at the rear of the room was compelled to yell, "Louder!"

"Can't you hear me back there?"

"Not a word!"

Half way up in front a long-suffering mortal turned and cried: "Be quiet, you lucky cus!"

Love

"I'm here because I loved a dear girl and she jilted me," said inmate No. 16,211 in the mad-house.

"I'm here because I loved the same girl and she accepted me," said inmate No. 16,212.

Wooed by two ardent swains, a conscientious girl made it a matter of prayer to decide between the poor but honorable admirer and the rich man's son.

After pondering long she decided she loved the poor young man—but she married the other one.

"Oh, you're as full of airs as a music box!" Algernon exclaimed at the height of a lover's quarrel.

"I don't have to go with a crank if I am!" the spirited maiden replied.

A Sunday night steady murmured to his young lady, "Love is blind."

"Yes," she assented, "but the neighbors ain't."

He thought she had been too much in the society of a slacker sheik while he was at the front battling for a world uncursed by despotism, and he said so.

"I think you are very unjust both to Algernon and me," she protested. "Nobody could have been more considerate than Algernon. Why there wasn't a day when he didn't go down to the newspaper office with me to see if your name was on the casualty list!"

A love-smitten swain wrote upon the sand, "Agnes, I love you," and the cruel waves came in and effaced the avowal of his passion.

Then he swore he would go to the northern pinelands and pluck from the frozen heights the tallest monarch of the forest, dip it in the boiling crater of Vesuvius, and indite upon heaven's dome, "Agnes, I Love Thee!"

"And I'd like to see any goldarned wave wash that out!" he cried.

"To be with you, Algernon," she murmured with her wealth of golden tresses upon his shoulder, "I would subsist on bread and water."

"Well, if you can contrive to scare up the bread," he said, nothing daunted, "I'll scurry around and find the water."

A resourceful young couple proved that the railway gate was not always the scene of sorrow or of long separation by making it serve as substitute for the parlor and the front gate, which were too continuously under the watchful eye of mother.

They would approach the "This Way for Trains" sign hurriedly at the noon hour, shake hands, embrace and osculate and retrace their steps by different exits.

They were watching silently the pageantry of the heavens.

"Do you know," the lovelorn swain said after a long interval of meditation, "if I had money I'd travel and travel!"

"Here's a dime, all I can dig up this minute!" she said and went into the house.

Loyalty

Given up for lost from a virulently contagious disease, the hospital authorities told Pat he had better make peace with his Maker.

"Sind for the rabbi," said Pat.

"What, don't you want the priest?"

"An' give him the smallpox?" cried Pat.

Lumberman

A Norseman was taken to task in the early days for falling down in some lumber operations.

"Bet you can't even tell one kind of a lumber from another!" said the boss.

"Blindfold me and I show you tamn quick!" said Lief.

They tried him on oak, ash, maple, tamarack and he called them in turn by sniffing at the sample. Desperate, they thrust a kitten under his nose.

"Come on, quick, now!" they cried tauntingly, "what kind of timber is it?"

"Pussywillow!" said Lief promptly.

From the lexicography of the lumberman we get the definition so often applied to a Board of Directors—something long, narrow and wooden.

Lurid

"Ah, my son, it is a good sign to have you enjoy the sunset, for Dame Nature in all her glorious moods has many lessons for us all!" said the pastor to the urchin perched on a rail fence and gazing at the flaming colors in the sky.

"I'm enjoying the show all right, but it doesn't happen to be the sunset," said the sky-gazer. "It's the school-house burning up!"

Lynch Law

A distinguished son of Britannia was presented to a beautiful Miss Lynch at a White House reception.

"Ah, charmed, I'm sure! Daughter of the Chief Justice, I dare say!" he greeted her.

Lyre

The popular and plump soprano was urged to go to the piano after the guests had adjourned to the parlor. She complied and started to sing with feeling, "I'll strike again My Tuneful Lyre."

A rueful man edged toward the door.

"No you don't," he muttered. "You can do your worst at home, but I draw the line on being thwacked in public!"

M

Magic

A sleight-of-hand wonder was reading a book through a single thickness of a fabric, then another page through two thicknesses, a third page through three foldings of the cloth, etc.

A colored woman arose and waddled down the aisle to the exit. "What's the matter, Mammy, don't you like the performance?" asked the usher.

"Der 'formance 's all right, chile, but dis am no place for a lady in a calico wrappah!"

Maid

An applicant for general housework was just telling the housewife who had advertised for a maid that she did not want any days off, nor the use of the parlor at all, insisted upon doing the laundry, and sleeping in the attic bedroom, and urged as a special favor that she be allowed to eat by herself, when a man in uniform rushed in and cried:

"Oh, there you are!" and took her back to the asylum.

An American maid told her mistress that the priest's morning sermon was on the patient bearing of our crosses.

"I told him about all that I was expected to do in this workhouse," added Mary, "and the good man said that you were my cross, ma'am, and that I should try to bear you patiently."

A chambermaid's comings and goings were so ceaseless that a man asked her if she ever got any sleep.

"Yes, between eleven and twelve!" she replied.

"What a wide bed!" he exclaimed.

Neighbor—"I saw a strange man embracing the maid in your house last evening."

Little Villette—"April fool! It was only papa!"

Marriage

A wretched life-partner borrowed \$2.00 from the friend who introduced him to his wife. "And now," he hissed between clenched teeth, "I never will pay him!"

"You know pa and ma were a long time getting married," Flossie confided to the week-end guests.

"Why was that, Flossie?" they asked.

"Well, you see, ma wouldn't marry pa while he was drunk and pa wouldn't marry ma while he was sober."

"What gave you the idea he was contemplating matrimony?"

"I saw him sporting a maternity pin."

"I see in the paper that a widower with nine children out in Kansas has married a widow with seven children."

"That wasn't a marriage, that was a merger."

"For a young man, not yet," wrote Bacon, "and for an old man, never."

When they asked the busy old gardener in *Les Misérables* why he never married, he said: "I forgot it."

There was a youth who vowed he would never marry the best girl living. A week after he was married he declared that he had kept his vow.

When the Mendelssohn march sounded and the glorious trains swept up the aisle, a father asked:

"How does it strike you, son?"

"Wonderful!" cried the junior.

"Well, if you are ever minded to go and do likewise, I have only one word to say son: Read your contract!"

Masons

When a handsomely-uniformed body passed in excellent marching order behind a splendid band, Pat inquired:

"Phat's thim?"

"They are Shriners," a bystander informed him.

"An' pray what are Shroiners?"

"They're Masons."

"Phat roight have thim fellers to make a demonstration?" he asked with indignation. "They're gittin' sixteen dollars a day roight now!"

Memory

A boarder was not able to remember his landlady's name. It was such a baffling sort of name—Dummick. It refused to stick in memory. An expert came to the boarder's rescue:

"Association will do it, my boy! As you enter the breakfast room in the morning, think of what you are there for—for the stomach's sake. Stomach—Dummick—see!"

Applying this excellent memory system the following day, the well-meaning man saluted the landlady cheerfully with: "Good morning, Mrs. Kelley!"

A man was forced to resort to his memory system in recalling what he was sent to the drug store for.

"Name over the Great Lakes," he said to the clerk. He stopped him at Erie. "Now wasn't there a great naval battle on that lake?" he asked.

"Sure," said the pharmacist.

"Who won that battle?"

"Why, Commodore Perry."

"Ah, now I have it—give me some paregoric."

Mental Decay

"When did you first notice anything amiss with his mind?" asked the alienist of the unfortunate man's secretary.

"I think the first time we became alarmed was when he tried to tell the time by the elevator dial," said the secretary.

Mental Limits

A very worried wife reported to the doctor that she feared her sick husband was wandering in his mind.

"Be of good cheer, my good woman," said the physician, "he can't go very far."

Microbes

"All I know about microbes," Bill Nye used to say, "is that it takes a lot of them to make a mess."

Pat claimed fuller information. "Germicides come from Germany, begorra, parasites from Paris, and microbes from Ireland!"

Middleman

A farmer sent for an undertaker when his wife was taken desperately ill.

"You mean a physician, don't you?" said a neighbor.

"Not on your life," replied the farmer. "I want nothing to do with these middlemen."

Milan Cathedral

The tourists were discussing the lace-like texture of the Milan cathedral, when up spake grandmother:

"Ah, yes, Milan cathedral—that's where I finished my knitting. I shall never forget it."

Milk Shake

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"I cannot marry you, my pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

In other words she gave him the original milk shake.

Millionaire

One of our American multi-millionaires sent his card in to the Bank of England.

"Sorry," was the word the president sent out, "but Europe is not for sale."

Dr. Cadman's reminder for millionaire misers:

"You can't take your money with you when you die. If you could, it would melt."

The colored porter in charge of the Pullman that carried Messrs. Schwab and Frick to Andrew Carnegie's funeral became impatient. One of the steel kings dropped a collar button in their drawing room and according to its custom the thing rolled under a seat. When the pudgy porter came up panting from the pursuit of the button, he was heard to repeat this ultimatum: "No moah mil'naires for me, no sah!"

"What seems to be the matter, George?" inquired Mr. Schwab.

"Ah means jes' what Ah says, 'No moah mil'naires for this

chile.' 'Cause why? 'Cause dey nevah hab more'n one collah button 'tween 'em."

Miner

Ephraim insisted he was a miner.

"What kind of a miner is yuh?" asked Mose.

"Kalsominer," answered Ephraim.

Minister

The young minister said he had taken to the cloth as a result of a vision in which the letters "G. P. C." appeared. He interpreted them to mean: "Go Preach Christ!"

He had not been very long in the parish when there arose speculation as to whether the command might not have been: "Go Plant Corn!"

A minister was called to supply a village church. He took his son along. Prior to the assembling of the faithful on Sunday morning, the two inspected the sanctuary, and in the course of their looking around came upon the collection box. The visiting pastor put in a quarter.

After services, a deacon notified the temporary supply that the morning offering was his in accordance with the time-honored custom.

The minister opened the offering box and found it contained a single quarter.

"You see, father," exclaimed the boy, "the more you puts in, the more you takes out!"

"Had to let our minister go!" one sexton announced to another.

"What's the matter?" asked the other.

"Council decided he wasn't sound."

"How's the new man?"

"Oh, he's all sound!"

A kind-hearted minister gave a lift to a country girl in his machine. As he deposited her at her destination she said:

"I'm so grateful to you for letting me ride to town."

"Don't mention it!" said the minister.

"I won't!" she replied earnestly.

Taken to task for extending his sermon beyond the noon hour, the minister observed:

"You know, brother, we are admonished to declare the milk of the word!"

"Make it condensed milk, then, dominie!" said the parishioner.

The transient guest created a stir the first night by kicking a hole in the plate-glass front of the hotel.

The second night he kept everyone awake with a riotous poker game.

The manager sent word that his room was better than his company and bade him come down and get his bill.

He scrutinized the items carefully and observed:

"'Sall right, I suppose, but are there no concessions to the clergy?"

A minister in a certain town in Alabama took permanent leave of his congregation in the following manner:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Brethren, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. 'Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and where I am

there may ye be, also,' and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."

"Can I assist you?" asked a passer-by to a broken-down motorist.

"How's your vocabulary?" the luckless one asked.

"I'm a minister of the gospel."

"You can't help any; drive on."

A minister's son was interrogated upon his father's call to a new charge at a considerable increase in salary.

"Pa's prayin' over it," he reported, "but ma's packin' up."

An itinerant minister on a wheezy, spavinned horse paused at the fork of the roads to ask a boy the way.

"I'm a follower of the Lord," he explained.

"Well, whichever way you take you'll never overtake him on that nag!" the urchin allowed.

A minister had preached an hour. Then he remarked:

"But, my hearers, the subject before us enters another wide field."

Just then a weary saint ejaculated:

"Please, Lord, put up the bars!"

"How long had I better speak?" asked the visiting clergyman of the resident pastor.

"Use your own good judgment, but in a long shepherding of this flock I have found that the most souls are saved in the first seven minutes."

A Scotch supply minister begged the indulgence of the congregation he was serving in the absence of the regular minister, for his unusually short discourse.

He explained his mortification upon entering his study to find that his pet collie had gotten into the room the night before and chewed up half of his manuscript.

A committee of the church waited upon him after the services to see if he could tell them where they could get a playful pup like that for the minister in residence.

A late comer to church whispered to his seat-mate: "How long has he been preaching?"

"About twenty-seven years," was the answer.

"Well, he ought to be pretty nearly through. Guess I'll stick it out."

An old-fashioned gospeler, serving as summer supply, was intoning the twenty-firstly and twenty-secondly when the manuscript of his sermon snapped together and rolled from the pulpit desk to the floor. A deacon stepped forward and restored the document. The patriarch went on another quarter of an hour and the manuscript made another effort to escape. The deacon came to the rescue once more, but when he returned to his pew he whispered to his wife:

"If the thing rolls off again, I'll not give it back to him!"

At the Sunday dinner table, a dominie's son said to his father: "Dandy sermon this morning, pop! But you missed three good chances to quit."

Modernism and Fundamentalism

A parishioner called up to his pastor from a place not yet padlocked at 2 A. M. and said:

"Shay, dominie, I wantcha to elucidate this modernism an' fundamentalism issue, un'erstand?"

"I will do nothing of the sort at this unearthly hour!" the minister replied. "I will take up any vital matter with my

people in my study during the day; but it is outrageous to get me out of bed at this time! See me at 10 A. M.

"Won't do 'tall," the disturber protested. "Delays are dangerous. Gotta know about this modernism, fundamentalism thing right away!"

"Well, I refuse to discuss the matter any further," the pastor declared. "You have rudely broken my rest after a hard day; besides you are intoxicated!"

"Thash just it!" agreed the nuisance. "When I'm sober I won't give a damn!"

Mollycoddles

A ferocious-looking character excited curiosity in an Arkansas town by rattling in from the South in an old buckboard drawn by a panther and a tiger which he kept in action with a whip made of a live boa constrictor.

Stopping at an ash house he slaked his thirst from a kettle of lye.

"What's your mission in these parts, pardner?" inquired a native.

"Nawthin' 'cept the Ku Klux are drivin' all the mollycoddles out of Texas, an' I'm on my way!"

Monopoly

Pat didn't understand the relation of the big fellow and the little fellow at the end of a crosscut saw. After watching with mounting anger what appeared to be an uneven struggle to jerk the saw away from each other, he sprang forward, sent the giant sprawling with a clip over the ear and cried:

"Now will yez let the little shaver have it, y' big stiff?"

A farmer grabbed the fat drake that made a scoop shovel of his bill along the ground and got all the corn away from

the chickens and pared his broad beak down to a point and said:

"Now get down there and take your chances with the rest of them!"

Montana Idyl

"She walked the untrodden ways
Among the hills of Butte,
A maiden no one cared to love,
And no one dared to shoot."

Moral

When Rastus was about to reach for a choice bird on the roost, he turned to Mose and said, "Mose, ain't dis stealin'?"

"Dat is a great moral question dat we ain't got time to considah," replied Mose. "Jes' han' down that pullet."

Mortar

Someone told Pat the mortar between the bricks was to keep them together. "Egorra Oi t'ought it was to kape thim apart," said Pat.

Mosquitoes

"Sakes alive! How in the world does the colonel ever sleep in that screenless room?" asked the overnight guest of the Southern manor at breakfast, as he showed his punctured hands.

"Very simple, sah," explained Sambo. "Yuh see, de mas-sah's so full de fust ha'f de night he nevah notices de skitoes, and de skitoes so full de las' ha'f de night dey nevah notices de massah."

The landlord was taking down the placard from in front of the apartment which bore the words: "No Mosquitoes."

"Rich joke, that, 'No Mosquitoes,' " sneered a tenant, "why we are literally eaten alive by these blood relations!"

"That's the reason I'm taking the sign down," the landlord explained. "The pests pay no attention to it."

Mother

"Jones, you remember that horse I gave you the first chance of buying and you turned him down as a disgrace to a bone-yard? I believe you said the poor beast had heaves and wasn't worth \$15. Well, you may be interested to know I disposed of him for \$500."

"Five hundred dollars! Whom in heaven's name did you sell that knock-kneed nag to for that price?"

"To mother!"

An American sprang a subtle tribute to maternity and childhood in these words, at an after-dinner occasion:

"My happiest hours have been passed in the arms of another man's wife—my mother!"

The way the delicate wheeze went over impressed an Englishman who was present, and he tried to reproduce it the following night at a public function.

"Aw, there was h'an h'American who 'ad a topping wheeze last night. I'll try to give it to you, h'if you don't mind. 'E said, 'my 'appiest 'ours 'ave been passed h'in the h'arms of h'another man's wife——' (long pause). My word, h'I cawn't remember the lady's name!"

Mother-in-law

"If you were in a sinking boat which had been capsized by striking a snag and could save only one person, which would you rescue—your wife or your mother?"

"That's easy: I'd save my mother. A fellow can have but one mother, but he can get another wife."

"Supposing your wife and your wife's mother were aboard when the boat is swamped by a snag?"

"Also simple: I'd save the snag."

Motherly Pride

"Mrs. Mulcahey, did ye hear about my boy, Michael?" asked Mrs. Flaherty of her neighbor. "Shure he was sint up for tin years, but by good behavior he is out and back home in less than eight years! Isn't that a b'y to be proud of?"

Mourner

The bereaved Chloe ordered black underwear. "When Ah mo'ns, honey," she said to the clerk, "Ah mo'ns all over!"

"What are those bands around the trunks of trees for, daddie?" a tiny girl inquired.

"To keep the insects from getting up into the leaves, my child," answered the patient father.

The next day they passed an actor who was wearing mourning on his sleeve for his uncle whom he had just buried.

"Lookit!" cried the daughter, "he's keeping off the insects, too!"

"What's the idea of a band of mourning on your left leg, Arabella?"

"Me mother has passed away."

"But why on your stocking instead of the sleeve?"

"She was me step-mother."

Two partners, who bought lavishly from Canadian houses, paid with one individual note running thirty days, another individual note running sixty days, and a joint note running ninety days.

They placed their purchases in a casket to escape payment of duties. The suspicious revenue inspectors asked:

"Where's your other baggage?"

"Dear uncle passed away so sudden-like dere vas no opportunity to pack," they explained.

"Where are the mourners, then?" insisted the officials.

"Oh, dey vill pe along in thirty days, unt sixty days, unt ninety days!" replied the bereaved nephews.

Movie

The young reporter was taking his girl to the cinema production of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." He asked to be admitted free upon the score of his connection with the press.

"Free list suspended," said the doorman. "Not even the press is recognized!"

"You send Mr. Bunyan out here!" the reporter persisted. "He'll have decency enough to let me in."

A pair of rah-rah chappies were emerging from the cinema of "If Winter Comes."

"Some picture, eh?"

"Great! But oh, boy, what a novel that would make!"

A movie director made a proposition to Sambo that he appear in a scene with a big lion.

"Jes' count dis chicken out," cried Sambo.

"Why, Sambo, there is absolutely no danger," the director argued, "that lion that looks so fierce was brought up on milk like a pet kitten."

"Dat may all be," said Sambo. "Ah was brought up on milk myself, but Ah dearly loves meat!"

Mule

Someone asked Mose if his mule had ever kicked him.

"No sah," said Mose, "but he's kicked a powerful lot of times whar' I jes' was!"

"Prisoner, are you married?"

"No, sir; that scar is where a mule kicked me!"

First Member of the Cavalry Detachment—"Lookee heah, Joe, how come you-all to teach dat der mule all dem tricks? Ah can't teach mah mule nothing!"

Second Member—"Dat's easy; you-all jes' has to know moh dan de mule."

Music

"That's a difficult number the baritone is struggling with!"

"Difficult? I would to God it were impossible!"

He was testing her knowledge of classical music, which she declared to be her grand passion.

"What do you think of the slumber song from Ostermoor?" he asked.

"Most divine!" she cried.

"And the bubble song from Lux?"

"Just can't go through the day without hearing it at least once!" she exclaimed.

Then he fell to wondering whether she thought Chopin was a cooking utensil.

A soloist said to his friend as they were going home after the concert, "You know that the melody of that last number just haunts me?"

"Should think it would" said the other, "the way you murdered it."

An old man at an evening function bowed his head and wept quietly but copiously while a young woman rendered the plaintive ballad, "My Old Kentucky Home."

The hostess tiptoed up to him and inquired tenderly: "Pardon me, are you a Kentuckian?"

"Nay, madam," the tearful one replied, "I'm a musician."

"Gentlemen, I have been taking great interest in Wagner," said Mark Twain to a dinner party of the Wagner Society. "I have been to orchestral concerts to his works played. I have stayed at home to study his compositions in full score. The conclusion I have arrived at, gentlemen, is that Wagner's music is not half as bad as it sounds."

When John B. Kennedy went from Collier's to the National Broadcasting Company he did some laboratory research on crooning, concerning which there was a divided opinion among listeners-in. He had a crooner go to the zoo and perform right next to the cage of a ferocious royal Bengal tiger.

The report: When the tiger heard the crooner she turned violent, but when she saw him she turned vegetarian.

N

Nag

"Thought your wife's name was Susan."

"So it is."

"Why 'Peggy' all the time, then?"

"Step into the garage a moment. You see Peggy is short for Pegasus; Pegasus was an immortal steed; and an immortal steed is an everlasting nag! Yes, Peggy, coming right in!"

Navy

An admiral and engineer, to show up each other's inefficiency, exchanged posts.

Fifteen minutes after the swap, the admiral was deeply chagrined to have the engine go absolutely dead on him. He couldn't make the craft go forward or back an inch.

He went humbly to the bridge with a nice little apology all prepared for the acting-admiral, when he found that worthy in the depths of despair. He had run the warship ashore.

Pity the hardships of the poor "gob." Week in and week out he is on the rolling sea. And when he is home on a furlough someone must pour water on the house to give his habitation the necessary nautical effect.

The latest recruit in signal reading was being drilled.

"Red and green light on the starboard side. What is it?"

"Drugstore, sir!"

A naval officer, who was a stern disciplinarian, took a too familiar orderly to task for taking too much for granted. "You speak when spoken to," he was told, "and do only what you're told!"

Then he was sent ashore to see if there was any mail. When he returned the following colloquy took place:

"Well, was there any mail?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Where is it?"

"In the post office, sir."

"Why didn't you bring it aboard, numskull?"

"You didn't tell me to, sir. You told me to see if there was any there, sir!"

Needles

"Needles save many lives," wrote Tommy in his composition.

"How do you make that out, Thomas?" asked the teacher.

"By not swallowing 'em!" elucidated Tommy.

Negro

Mose wasn't greatly interested when he was sentenced to be hanged, but as the day set for his execution drew near, he became more disturbed.

He even went so far as to make a remark to his jailer, who suggested that he write to the governor. Mose was no great letter writer, so the jailer offered to write to his dictation.

After about five minutes of what Mose called "thinking," he dictated: "Dear Marse Guv'na: they is fixin' to hang me Friday, and here it am Tuesday."

When General Pershing visited the scene of disembarkations at Bordeaux the commanding officer suggested it would be a fitting thing to recognize in a few words of commendation

what the black boys had been doing so faithfully in getting supplies off the transports without the assistance of labor-saving appliances.

So the General spoke to the faithful troops, assuring them that as a reward for this heavy menial toil in rain and mud they should be among the first to be moved to the front trenches where there would be opportunity for more soldierly service.

There was a meaningful silence at this, broken by the question of a self-appointed spokesman:

"Lemme understan', General. D'yah inten' ter prognosticate that aftah breakin' our backs totin' all dis plunder off de boats and wallowin' in der mire, we're expected ter go ter de front an' fight, ALSO?"

An old negro went to the office of the Commissioner of Registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No sah, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."

The wide-open mouth of a snoring colored parson was too much of a temptation for the brakeman. He put in thirty grains of quinine. A fit of coughing followed the swallowing of the drug, and there were calls for the conductor.

"What is it, parson?" the conductor asked. "Are you sick?"

"Boss, Ah do b'lieve muh gall bladder done busted!"

A colored dominie fell back upon an artful device when persuasion fell down utterly. He would intone solemnly as the plates were about to go around:

"At a late hour las' night Brudder Gardner's chickencoop was invaded an' seberal fine pullets abstracted therefrom. Aw understan' de guilty individual am in dis congregashun. Derefore Ah warns him here an' now not to presume to deposit any of his illgotten gains ubon de plate. De offerings of all whose consciences am clean an' undefiled will be joyfully accepted, as hereinbefo'."

In a Southern district it became necessary for the presiding elder to intervene in behalf of the minister who was reduced to straightened circumstances because the congregation would not come forward with pew-rentals or donations.

"There must be some good and sufficient reason for your strange attitude in this matter," said the presiding elder. "Let me have your side of this unpleasant issue. Why do you not pay your preacher for what he has done for you this year?"

"Aw'll 'splain mattahs ter y'," spake up Deacon Johnson. "We dun paid fer all dem sermons las' year, Elder!"

Before the days of aridity, a barber flattered his customer by telling him that he resembled Daniel Webster.

"In what respect do I recall to your mind the great orator—forehead, eyes, hair?" the customer asked.

"No, sah, none ob dem respects, sah. Jes' de breath, sah, jes' de breath."

Mose, follower of the races, was disconsolate when the ponies moved from New York to Montreal. He had lost everything at crap shooting, and the chances for attending the events in the Dominion were slim. Finally a jocose jockey suggested that he jump into a skiff and take the all-water route to Montreal.

Mose grasped it as the one best bet. He started at Forty-Second Street and pulled lustily at the oars. At dawn, he was passing Fifty-seventh Street.

"Hullo, Mose," yelled someone on the dock.

Mose mopped the perspiration from his brow and scanned the dock with sleepy eyes.

"Who dat knows me way up in Canady?" he called.

The Rev. Mose told the Rev. Ephraim that he drew a salary of \$10 per annum for serving the Huckleberry Patch Baptist church as pastor.

"Helluva salary!" said the Rev. Ephraim.

"Helluva pastor!" said the Rev. Mose, candidly.

"When Ah took my finance t' church las' Sunday de ushah led us down de alley——" the darkey related to his boss.

"Aisle, Mr. Hawkins."

"Yessah, down de aisle, and put us in a stall——"

"Pew, you mean, Mr. Hawkins."

"Yessah, dat's what de Lord's followers said when dey moved along fo' us!"

Ephraim had been much impressed with the ever-recurring discussions of the tariff question.

With shrieking whistle, hiss of steam, roar of wheels a locomotive made its first run over the new railroad in the South.

"Fer de Lawd, Ephraim, wat was dat?" cried Mose.

"Aw dunno, Mose, 'les it was de tarruf!"

Rastus was told by the grocer that ten cents worth was the smallest cut of cheese obtainable.

"You nearly done missed it," he said as the merchant shaved off his purchase.

"Jedge, I'se jes' gotta know what dat paper was you done gib mah man las' week," said the bride of a week. "War' it a marriage license or a licker license?"

New Deal

It was inevitable, according to a member of the opposition party. With President Roosevelt inaugurated to the accompaniment of clanging bank doors, it was like that poker game in the trenches.

One of those bombs marked "Personal" from the German lines took off the head of one of the players. His partner looked at his cards and exclaimed: "It's all right, boys! He wouldn't have won, anyhow!"

So there was nothing to do but to have a new deal.

Newspaper

"John DeLaney climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise home from church Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"While opening a can of sardines our highly-esteemed church leader, Mrs. Johanna Gibson, cut herself severely in the pantry."

The reporter on a country newspaper was writing a story about the demise of the veteran editor of a rival paper when word came that an old building on the outskirts of the city was being burned by order of the board of public works.

When the edition was printed the mix-up of a drunken make-up man produced the following startling effect:

"As the form of the old editor was being lowered into the grave—suddenly the flames shot up. But the people said it was no great loss, as it was an old wreck and had disfigured the community long enough!"

"Man just fallen from the roof of the Near Heaven Hotel," an Associated Press dispatch read. "Further particulars when he gets down."

New York

"What was the funniest thing you saw in New York?"

"People going downstairs to take the elevated and upstairs to take the subway."

It was a midsummer trip from the Battery to Harlem that inspired this description of the Subway: "Longest Turkish bath in the world."

"You observe the workmen who are putting on the last story of the skyscraper on the right have gone down to the 40th floor for lunch," said the Seeing-New-York orator, "while the tenants on the 35th floor are moving out because the building is old-fashioned."

"Things are going to the bow-wows generally in New York," wailed the weeping Jeremiah of business. "The third Brooklyn bridge has gone up, five hundred anchors in the North River have gone down, and all the subways are running in a hole!"

"We always know when it is springtime in New York," the little East Side girl used to say, "'cause we can see the bock-beer signs in the windows 'cross the street."

It was always a perplexity to the late Joe Cannon, the veteran Illinois congressman, when in New York, "to know what to do between midnight and the hour for retiring."

Niagara Falls

A Scotchman was contemplating the glory of Niagara Falls.

"Is there anything in all of God's universe to compare with the sublime sweep of those blue waters over the rocky precipice, leaping into the rainbow-crowned vortex far below?" cried the American conductor.

"Weel," observed Sandy, removing his pipe after due consideration, "what's to hinder?"

Cried the poet: "How awesomely yet fascinatingly the hurrying waters sweep over the rocky precipice to make their terrifying music in the maelstrom far below! What a sight for the gods!"

Said the mechanic: "Gee, what a site for a gristmill!"

"Consider the terrible continuity of the wearing away process at Niagara Falls!" cried the scientific lecturer. "Imperceptibly but inevitably, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, century by century, that mighty torrent is wearing away the brink over which it leaps into the cataract below, and nothing can stop the earth-paring process!"

A little boy in the audience began to cry.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the scientist.

"Oh dear, Mister, I've got a grandmother in Eriel!"

An Italian guide at Vesuvius was gloating to an American citizen, "Old Vesuv, she belcha da fire, smoke and lav! America she no compare!"

"Mebe," rejoined the American, "but we got Niagara Falls that could put the blamed thing out in a jerk of a lamb's tail."

Noise

It was said of a poet who dwelt in an attic that the world would never have heard from him if he had not fallen downstairs.

A countryman blew into a roadhouse and contracted to deliver 1,000 pairs of frog legs the next morning. He showed up with half a dozen.

"Honest Injun," he explained, "when I came by that swamp and heard the chorus of croakers I banked on getting a wagonload of green boys before sunset, but these six were all I could scare up!"

North Pole

Bill Nye's diary of Arctic exploration opened at every page with: "It looks like snow."

Now and then there appeared an inkling of the hardships of the quest in the frozen Northland such as: "We have just consumed the last can of shoe blacking. It looks like snow."

Nut-cracker

A man met a friend with his hand clasped over his belt buckle and bending his head down and back while he emitted dreadful groans.

"What's the matter, my friend?" he asked.

"Oh, dear," wailed the Sunday excursionist, "I feel as if my wife had made that nut cake without cracking the nuts!"

"Well, is that the way you crack 'em?" he inquired.

N. R. A. Defined

Republican: "Nuts, Rasberries and Applesauce."

Democratic: "Never Republican Again."

Professional Leaner: "Never Refuse Another."

O

Obesity

A very fat man having some time to wait at a railway station, decided to weigh himself on the slot machine. As he approached the machine, he noticed two small boys watching him with great interest.

The machine proved to be out of order, and the arrow moved slowly around until it indicated fifty pounds on the dial, where it balked and refused to go further.

"Gee, Bill!" exclaimed one little chap, "he's holler!"

Buxom Aunt Martha had her picture taken at Atlantic City on the Board Walk.

"Where's the ocean?" the children asked when the picture arrived for inspection.

"Oh, you can't see that! Aunt Martha is standing in front of it!" father explained.

A corpulent lady presented two tickets at the theatre entrance with the explanation that she was going to occupy both seats to avoid being crowded:

"I'd like to see yuh," said the heartless usher. "They're on opposite sides of the aisle!"

Octogenarian

"George," said Hilda, looking up from the morning paper, "it says here that another octogenarian is dead. What is an octogenarian?"

"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they are dying."

Official Report

Mrs. Gillycuddie demanded the removal of the telephone from her house. Said the language of the linemen at work on the wires in front of her residence was so loud and blasphemous she wanted no further dealings with a corporation that employed such ruffians.

The company acknowledged receipt of her complaint, but begged the suspension of cancellation until it could make its usual thorough investigation. Mrs. Gillycuddie agreed to wait.

At the end of a week the aggrieved patron received the following report:

"Dear Madam: We have gone into the alleged rowdyism of our employes with great care, and have found the facts to be as follows: William Brown and Jere Jackson were repairing broken wires in front of your home. In receiving a bucket of hot metal which Brown was hauling up to the crosstrees, Jackson (on duty aloft) accidentally tipped the receptable and let a quantity of the molden lead fall on the shoulders and down the back of Brown. Whereupon Brown looked up at Jackson and said: 'Be a little more careful with that stuff hereafter, Jere.' Respectfully submitted."

Operation

A guest at an evening function found himself in a group of hospital habitués. In despair he grabbed his hat and made for the open air.

"I came for bridge," he bellowed, "but it has turned out to be an organ recital."

Optimist

"My constitution may be impaired," said the paralytic, "but I have my by-laws yet."

When a poor man had his leg cut off by the trolley, he murmured: "Never mind, there was rheumatism in it."

Orator

A darkey explained the meaning of oratory to his inquiring friend Ephraim:

"An or'tor Eph, am an in'vidual who doan' say tuh an' tuh am fo'. He say ef y' take de interger tuh an' combine th' same with the numeral tuh, de 'sult of dis justapsishun am—an' Aw say it 'thout fear of successful counterdickshum—am an' always will be, world without end, fo'! Dat's an' or'tor, Eph!"

The speaker would appear to be reaching the end of his peroration, when he would toss off a glass of water and go on fervidly and fluently for another half hour.

After he had repeated this process three or four times, a solemn-looking listener said he would like to ask a question.

"Proceed," said the orator.

"Isn't it contrary to approved mechanics to run a windmill with water?" asked the exhausted one.

A diffuse orator at the conclusion of a two-hour exposition of his subject, said:

"Having now covered the matter as comprehensively as limited time will permit, has anyone in the audience a question?"

A husky voice half-way back inquired: "What time is it?"

An orator was making a patriotic address:

"Mit der vords of der motto on der old flag—E plulilul, E plubilub, E—, vell dere dey are, read dem for yourself! But mit dose vords, I stand on der shores of der ocean of truth, und der vaves of liberty dey roll, und der vaves of liberty dey roll, und der vaves—Oh help! I'm out too far!"

"You should have heard my grandfather hold an audience spellbound with two short words. The interest was so intense you could hear a pin drop as the crowd hung upon every syllable," boasted a young boy in a discussion of great orators.

"What in the world did he have to say?"

"Not guilty."

A Methodist brother on the closing night of the conference fervently prayed:

"Oh Lord, be with the first speaker and give him power to move this people. And be with the second speaker and endue him with Thy spirit. And Lord, Lord, have mercy on the last speaker!"

A speaker said to an editor:

"Sir, I don't understand this interpolation all through my remarks last evening—' (applesauce)'."

"Goshallhemlock!" cried the editor, "that should have been ' (applause)'."

Mike was to make a plea for world peace, and his teacher told him to dwell upon the frightful cost of wholesale slaughter, cite the way civilization had been retarded in Mexico by long continued strife, and wind up with General Sherman's well known saying, "War is hell!"

Mike got along gloriously until the peroration when, car-

ried away by the fervor of his protest against legal killing, he lost the thread of his discourse with the following result:

"And finally, me friends, in the mimorable sintiments of the illustrious General Sherman, look at Mexico! Isn't that a hell of a war?"

The pudgy orator was about to ascend the stairs to the hall where he was scheduled to make an address. An aged lady asked him if he would kindly assist her.

He complied at no small sacrifice, as it was a burden to get his own corpulent figure to the top of the stairs.

As they were both regaining their breath at the entrance to the hall, the woman inquired:

"Do you happen to know who is speaking here tonight?"

"I have that honor!" the Falstaffian escort replied.

"Well, will you do me another favor?" she asked.

"Most assuredly," said the speaker.

"Then kindly help me down the stairs!" requested the dear soul.

Orchestra

An inquisitive paid admission was interviewing the orchestra.

"What wages do you draw?" he asked the violinist.

"I get \$20 a day," the musician replied.

The researcher kept it up until he got to the bass drummer.

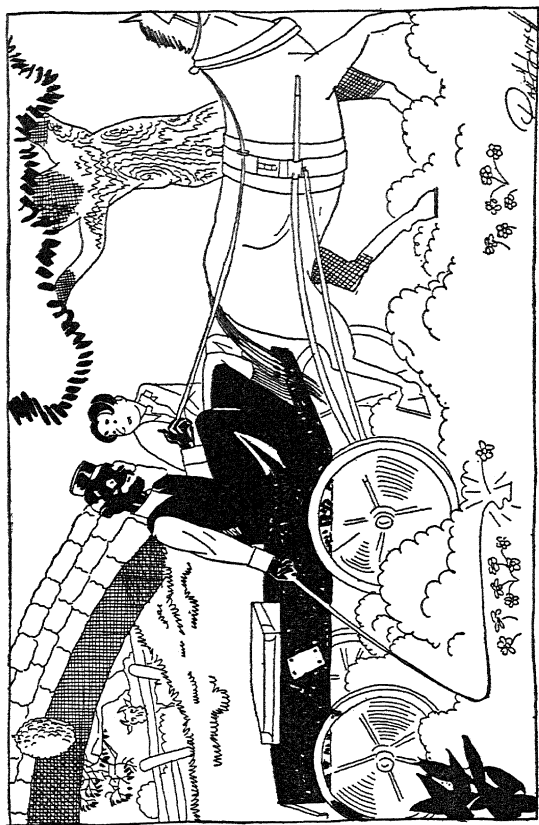
"What do you command for your skill with the drum sticks?" he asked.

"I get \$10 a day," replied the drummer.

"Why don't you put it under your chin and get \$20?" asked the investigator.

Organist

"I was an organist once upon a time," said a listener at a recital as the dispassion died away in soft cadences.



No Suh! Dey Got 'n Organization

"Why did you give it up?" his companion inquired.

"I lost my monkey!" the ex-organist explained.

Organization

The passion for organization reached its highest demonstration when three aëronauts fell from the basket of a balloon when it was a mile in the air.

Before they reached the earth they had organized the "Fallen Balloonists Association" with a complete set of officers.

When Rastus passed under the bridge with his rickety old express wagon, he respected the hornet's nest.

He could flip a horse-fly from the neck of Rarus with his whip-lash and sever a daisy from its stem; but when someone riding home with him asked why he didn't take a crack at the habitation of the hornets, he replied:

"No, sah! Dey got 'n organizashun!"

Original Sin

A mother, pained to find evidences of an altercation between her two girls of very tender years, said to Bertha:

"Poor Beatrice! It was the devil that put it into your head to bruise her legs like that!"

"No, mamma," spoke up Bertha, "the devil may have told me to pull her hair, but kicking her shins was my own idea!"

P

Paged

An over-wrought public official had just entered heaven and was settling down to the rest that remaineth for the faithful and over-paged, when a cherub bellhop winged into view and informed him that he was wanted right away on the ouija board.

Pall Bearer

An Irish tailor received a form letter from his lodge asking him to indicate upon the enclosed return postal the number of funerals he would be willing to attend the ensuing year as active pall bearer.

Dennis looked over his list of delinquents; and not only gave the number, but also the names of those whose obsequies he would be glad to attend.

Palmistry

"According to the lines of the hand," said the palmologist, "up to fifty years you will be broke and after that you will be used to it. Fifty cents, please, for this complete story of your life."

Parade

A Philadelphia judge beheld a fantastic formation in all kinds of uniforms and with every sort of banner passing his hotel in the South.

"What's the occasion of the parade, Ephraim?" he inquired of the porter.

"Ah'm surely s'prised at you, judge," answered Ephraim. "Ain't you all been down heah long enough to re'lize de culled man doan need no 'casion to parade?"

Paradise Lost

Adam was walking past the Garden of Eden with his two sons.

"Boys, there's where your mother ate us out of house and home," he remarked.

Paris

An American was being urged to betake himself to Athens to see the old ruins.

"Nope," he decided definitely, "I'm going to Paris to see the young ruins!"

Parrot

The visitors had all admired Polly's bright coat, her intelligence, etc.

They were particularly impressed with the mistress' precaution in taking the teachable bird downstairs every time her husband's collar button rolled under the bureau.

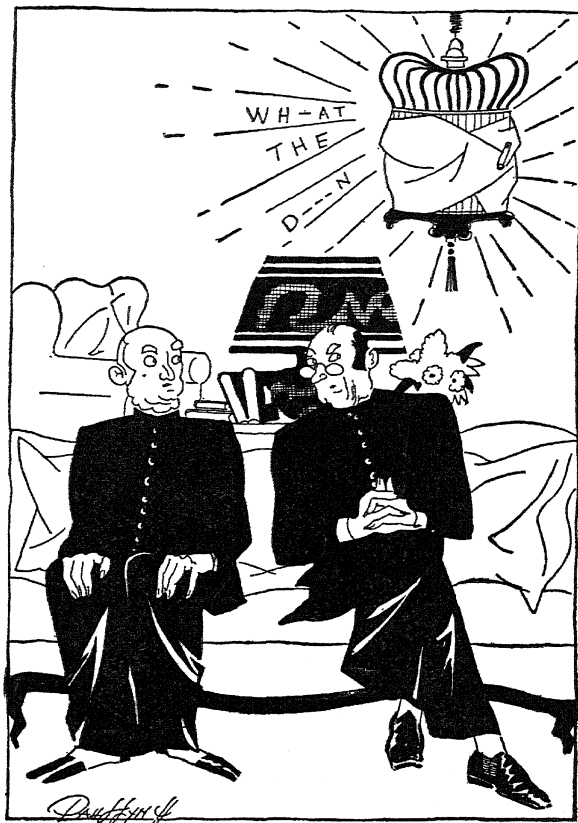
When the guests were departing, it was Polly's turn to deal in compliments.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" she called. "Thank you for not saying a word about that darned cracker!"

An airman, feted for an act of bravery, begged to be excused from making any acknowledgments.

"I am just the opposite," he pleaded, "of the parrot, which doesn't fly, but oh, how she can talk!"

The family parrot had acquired such an unprintable vocabulary that the parsonage felt it the part of wisdom and discretion to blanket the cage on the Lord's day.



Parrot—"It's Been a Damned Short Week!"

One Monday afternoon a brother clergyman called unexpectedly. The maid was ordered to put the muffler back on the bird. In a lull in the parlor conversation, Polly gave vent to her surprise in this shrill observation:

"Strikes me it's been a damned short week!"

Partiality

Traffic Officer Flannigan pounced upon two men in a touring car who collided with the rear of a Jew peddler's Ford.

"Phat th' devil ye mane smashin' into this gintleman whin he was goin' along dacent-like and p'aceably?" he yelled at the man at the wheel. "Phat's your name?"

"My name is McNamara, Mr. Officer."

"McNamara, is it? And phat's yours?" to the other occupant of the touring car.

"Callahan, Mr. Officer."

"Callahan and McNamara, is it?" Then to the Jew: "Phat t'ell ye mane backin' into these two gintlemen. Come wid me."

Partners

Levi took Isadore to task for the use of the personal pronoun "I" in speaking of firm matters.

"Aren't ve partners, Izzy?" he cried. "Vhy den must it pe always I, I, I?"

Out on the road the following week Levi received this rush wire:

"Come at once. Ve have been sued for breach of promise by our stenographer!"

A Hebrew exclaimed to his partner at the club: "Great heavens! I came away and left der safe open."

"Vat does it matter?" said his partner. "Ain't ve both here?"

Pavement

There was a special meeting being held to take up the matter of better roads. The speaker of the evening concluded his fervid appeal with this exhortation:

"Let's all get our heads together for a block pavement!"

Pelican

Oh a wondrous bird is the Pelican
His beak holds more than his belican
He takes in his beak
Food enough for a week
But I'll be darned if I see how the helican!

Pessimist

One who of two evils chooses both.

A blind black man looking for a black derby hat in a dark cellar.

One who wears both belt and suspenders.

Pianist

"Do you sing and play much?" a young man asked the vision in pink carelessly thrumming the keys of the piano.

"Only to kill time."

"You've got a fine weapon."

Piccolo

"Boys, that was a fine selection," said the candidate to the band which had just serenaded him. "Stand right where you are while I pass among you to deposit a \$10 gold piece in every instrument."

And there, cursing his fate, stood the poor fellow with a piccolo.

Pick or Shovel

An Irishman was gazing at a tray full of diamonds in a jeweler's window. A passing friend asked:

"Well, Pat, how would you like to have your pick?"

"Shure, I'd rather have me shovel," replied Pat.

Pilot

An old skipper was made inattentive to his steering by the adulation of the passenger.

"It is wonderful, pilot, how you know where all the reefs and crags are. How do you ever manage to steer just the right course day after day?"

"Wall, friend, it ain't so much as know where they are as where they ain't. (Biff! went the keel against a rock.) There's one there, I reckon. Y' can't fool me about these here waters."

Pinched

Reginald accused Percy of telling his friends that he took \$5 of his money.

"Nothing of the sort, Reggie," said Percy. "H'all I said was that h'I lost \$5, h'an if you 'ad not 'elped me look for h'it, h'I might 'ave found h'it."

The youngest son was sent to the grocery to get a peck of peaches.

"Pinch a few to see if they are ripe," was the parting instruction.

He came back in a little while with the peaches and the money.

"How's this?" asked father.

"Well, I pinched a few as you told me, and found it was so easy I pinched the whole basketful."

Pipe

A stubby, dirty clay pipe was nearly the death of the little son of Erin in the street car.

"If you were my husband," hissed a strong-featured woman as she recovered from a fit of coughing, "I'd poison you!"

"Faith an' if I were your loife partner, Oi'd take that poison an' no quistions asked!" said Pat as he kept on puffing.

Pipe Dream

A Wandering Willie wanted to lay himself down to sleep in the hush of the fading day. A section of water-main seemed to offer shelter and seclusion. He crawled in.

It was a rush job, and during the night workmen rolled the pipe into position. W. W. had not emerged at last reports.

Two nomads began to inflate with a sense of boundless possessions when they consumed the white powdery contents of a phial they found at the roadside.

"When we strikes Chicago, d'yuh twig wot I'se goin' ter do?" asked one. "Dis bird's goin' ter buy up all der railroads, terminals an' steamship lines—dat's wot I am!"

"No ye ain't," said the other. "I won't sell!"

Place-seeker

"I want this man's place!" said an office-seeker sliding up to the side of the governor while the obsequies of a state official were in progress.

"You can have it right now for all I care," the governor answered with a nod of the head in the direction of the casket.

A man went in to see the President the day after that executive went into office.

"I am sorry," the President said, as they shook hands, "but I can't place you."

"That's just what I am here for, Mr. President," the applicant retorted breezily.

Pocketless Shroud

"Hear that Commodore Vanderbilt died last night?"

"No! How much did he leave?"

"He left it all!"

Poet

A poet sent in the title of his poem to the magazine, "He Kissed Her Under the Silent Stars," and when it appeared in the paper it read, "He Kicked Her Under the Cellar Stairs."

A typographical error made a poet's prideful line, "My son, my pigmy counterpart!" appear as: "My son, my pig, my counterpart!"

A well-known and widely-quoted American poet wrote to the warden of a federal prison in the West that some verses appearing in the prison paper as the contribution of a prisoner were not the work of the inmate at all, but his own.

"If that is what the unfortunate man is in for," the author added, "you should release him at once."

"Do you know Jones der poet?"

"Very well."

"Vot do you consider his pest production?"

"His daughter Lizzie."

Poise

Never run after a street-car or a woman; another will be along presently.

Poker

At the baptismal service in midstream the clergyman, in taking his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the water from the face of the convert, pulled out a number of playing cards.

"The Almighty help him!" cried the pastor's wife as the upturned pasteboards floated downstream in plain view of the congregation.

"With a hand like that," said an old-timer, "he doesn't need help from anyone!"

Some stranded mariners, cast ashore on the Cannibal Islands, crawled toward a campfire to see whether the humans there gathered meant succor for them or supper for the islanders.

Getting within 100 yards of the group, the marooned unfortunates caught the sounds of terrible oaths and saw a circle of poker players with a big pile of stakes in the center.

"Thank God!" they cried fervently, "we've fallen among Christians!"

Polar Bear

A Scandinavian got a request from his lodge to act as pall-bearer. "Wot it mane, dis polar bear?" he asked a neighbor.

"That's an animal that sits around on icebergs and subsists on snow and fish," was the answer.

"Ay tank Ay no serve," said Steve.

Polecat

A Dutch sergeant was billeted with the staff in an abandoned shack in Civil War times.

During the night a polecat reconnoitered in that locality. The Dutchman aroused himself at dawn and obtained indisputable evidence of the invasion.

"Mine Gott!" he cried as he surveyed the reposeful staff. "Dey sleeb und I vake, und I must schmell it all!"

Politics

The Ward Boss was in the chair as usual, master of all he surveyed. The meeting got tied into a knot over a point of order, raised by a newcomer into the Ward.

"Mr. Chairman, I move we leave it to Cushing's Manual!" he cried.

The Ward Boss was on his feet ablaze with wrath. "Th' minute Cushings Manual stips into this m'ating," he said, "Timothy Moriarity stips out!"

The chairman of the state central committee was receiving reports from the county committees.

"Things never looked better for a clean sweep for the Republican ticket than they do this fall," reported one county Warwick. "It's dollars to doughnuts that we'll even elect the candidate for judge of probate."

"What makes that so important?" the chairman asked.

"Well, you see the Democrats put up a man who had only one arm several years ago and we've never been able to overcome the appeal of that empty sleeve. But he's our meat this time, boys. We Republicans have nominated a man who is paralyzed from his hips down!"

"I hold in my hand here a bright and shining silver dollar," announced the candidate to a group of young Americans. "That dollar goes to the lad who is level-headed enough to belong to the same party as I do."

Then turning to a bright-eyed urchin at his left, he asked:

"What's your politics, son?"

"What's yours?" piped the young opportunist.

A faithful party man sought out the state chairman to claim the postoffice as promised in the campaign.

"Delighted to do it for you, my boy!" said the party chief-tain. Calling up the congressman he gave the worker the stoutest kind of a recommendation for the office, for which the applicant thanked him warmly and departed with a light heart.

When he was gone, the chairman got the congressman on the phone again. "Jones, you recall that boost I just gave Brown for the postoffice. Well, that don't go. He was right in my office at the time and I had to go through the motions. See? Forget it!"

A countryman was given a lift by a congressman as he was motoring into Washington.

"I'm ruther curious to know what your perfession might be, friend," said Reuben. "You hain't got no pillbox, so I calculate you're no doctor and you hain't told me no lies, so I know you're not a lawyer. What might be your perfession?"

"Me, Oh I'm a politician," said the owner of the car.

"Gee, that ain't no perfession," exclaimed the ruralite, "that's a disorder."

A candidate confided his ambitions to his wife.

"Wife, I'm going into the city council," he announced.

"Honestly?" cried the worthy woman.

"What difference does that make?" he asked.

"That's the home of our representative in the legislature," the host pointed out to the guest as they rode by.

"An ornate pile," the visitor exclaimed. "What is it made of?"

"Can't give you all the materials," the citizen answered, "but it is common report that a great many 'ayes' and 'noes' went into its construction."

A committee went to a philanthropist to ask him to subscribe \$5 to help bury a poor old politician.

"Here's \$50," he cried. "Go out and bury ten politicians!"

A colored voter had tried his best to follow the reasoning of the political spokesmen.

As he came out of the assembly hall, a fellow Texan asked him, "Who war de speaker?"

"Aw didn't jes' git de gemmen's name," was the reply, "but he suhtainly did 'preciate hisself powerful highly."

Polo

"Marjorie, where were you this morning?"

"Oh, out riding with Harry."

"Where didja go?"

"Out by the polo field, 'twas wonderful."

"Don'tcha love it? I think there is nothing more beautiful than a nice field of ripe, waving polo."

Polygamy

"No Mormonism in mine," Bill Nye used to say with emphasis.

"Imagine a different sized corset on every bedpost and a family-record looking like an hotel register!"

Post

There is reason in all things. No one could blame the usually patient citizen who exploded with:

"A joke's a joke, but when they drive up and hitch a horse to me when I'm standing on the corner it's carrying trifling a little too far!"

Postman

There was a rural postman who was delivering a package one day which contained a pet squirrel. The squirrel jumped out, and started to disappear across the horizon.

"Why don't you chase it?" inquired a bystander, excitedly.

"Don't worry about that," replied the letter carrier. "He doesn't know where he's going. I've got the address here."

Post Office

Bill Nye got a lot of fun out of his incumbency of the Laramie, Wyoming, postoffice. When he lost the job through a change of administrations, he left detailed instructions for his successor.

Among other things he set down this:

"If the P. O. stove gets too hot turn the damper in the pipe and close the General Delivery window."

"There was a magazine here for you, but I don't seem to find it now," the postmaster announced to Mrs. Simpkins as he handed out the mail.

"It was so full of good things I loaned it to my wife, and she let the minister's wife take it, and the minister's wife passed it on to the president of the Friday Club. I fergit the name of it."

"It must have been 'Everybody's'," was the comment of the patron.

When the mottled stationery was all the style a rural postmaster received an envelope evidently addressed by some city swain to his heart's desire sojourning temporarily at a summer hotel.

Upon the missive the postmaster stamped this notation:

"Received in this condition."

Power Conservation

The lecturer arrived at Niagara Falls for a Board of Commerce banquet engagement. He was to speak on "Utilization of Power." He asked a newsboy the way to the leading hotel.

"Yer go up this street two blocks and then turn to the right two blocks. An' say, if yer goin' up there yer might as well take this bundle of papers for the newsstand in the hotel. There's no use both of us makin' the trip!"

Prayer

Billy, week-end bedfellow of Arthur, was surprised that Arthur omitted his evening prayer.

"Don't you say your prayers, Art?" he asked.

"Nope," said the youthful investigator, "didn't say 'em last night, ain't goin' ter say 'em tonight, then if nothin' don't get me, ain't goin' to say 'em at all any more!"

A deacon was lifting one of those detailed petitions to the Throne of Grace that the congregation are expected to overhear.

"Lord, send the unfortunate people of this community such sustenance as they sorely need. Send them a wagon-load of bread, and a barrel of salt, Lord, and a barrel of pepper—no, thunder, Lord that's too much pepper!"

A pious female, aroused by an alarm of fire, encountered a newspaper man in the smoke-filled corridor of a hotel.

"Let us pray!" she cried.

"No, let's run!" said the newspaper man, grabbing her hand.

"You sure should have heerd de new pastah pray," said Rastus to a member who skipped church Sunday morning.

"Was he fervent?" asked Ephraim.

"Fervent?" repeated Rastus. "Why, brudder, he done asked de Lawd for things none of us ebber knew He had!"

A little girl had disobeyed her mother and was told to go to the Lord in prayer with her remissness. Being devout, she did so.

"What did the Heavenly Father say to my little erring one?" asked the mother when the child reported she had been forgiven.

"All He said was, 'Law sakes, Samantha, don't you worry about that! There's lots of girls worse'n you ever thought of bein'.'"

Two men of God came to an inn late one bitter cold night.

Very sensibly the venerable prelate was on his knees but a short time. The younger ecclesiast prolonged his devotions notwithstanding the chill. As he got under the covers he remarked to his companion:

"You didn't pray very long, Bishop?"

"No," said the Bishop, "I keep prayed up."

A little girl's prayer: "Oh God, make all bad people good and all good people nice!"

Prayer-meeting

The minister announced:

"The janitor and I will hold the regular mid-week prayer-meeting next Wednesday evening."

One languorous midsummer night—the minister being away on his vacation—one of the deacons was asked to take the prayer-meeting. With precaution gleaned from experience, he took the entire family along in the interest of a quorum.

Sure enough, the sexton was there, besides. Giving out

the opening hymn, "See the Mighty Host Advancing!" the mother of the flock took her place at the organ.

Whereupon the baby, impressed with the executive session aspect of the situation, inquired audibly of the leader:

"Is this weally a prayer-meetin', daddy, or are we just playin'?"

Preparedness

A young man who had called steadily on Arabella was told it was too stormy without to betake himself to his distant home. They offered to put him up overnight.

He assented readily. An hour later they let him in at the front door benumbed by the wet and cold. He had gone home for his pajamas.

Presentation

A mayor was to make a public presentation of a gold ax to the foreman of a fire department in recognition of the fire-fighter's valor.

Presentation and acknowledgment were rehearsed with painful diligence for days, but when the city and fire company heads stepped into the glare of footlights and the gaze of 500 citizens all the mayor could do was to gulp twice and blurt out:

"Well—well—well, there's the ax!"

And the flustered foreman lunged for the implement, shouting:

"Hell! Is that the ax?"

Pressmen

The great Dana was showing some friends through the New York *Sun* office. In the pressroom they came upon two pressmen who had fallen into an altercation and belabored each other with inky hands. They were a sight.

"Advance the wages of those men at once!" the famous editor said to the head pressman. "They're the only hands about the place that look as if they were working!"

Priest

When the priest asked Pat why he did not see him in church the day before, the communicant answered: "Dunno, your riverince, unless it was because I wasn't there."

A priest bumped into Pat at the swinging doors of a bar-room and said: "Sorry to see you coming out of such a place, my man!"

"Ver' well, we'll go right back in, Father. Anyshing t'blige."

Mike's remissness had made it necessary for the priest to discipline him. When he sought absolution the Father said he couldn't grant it.

"Y' mane to say y' can't grant absolution?" cried Mike.

"No, Mike," repeated the priest.

"Well, did y' iver see the loikes of that!" roared Mike. "Y' can't preach, y' can't pray, y' can't sing an' y' can't grant absolution! Phat th' hill can y' do?"

As an instructed member Timothy was depended upon to do something handsome for the new church. He stood out and finally began to absent himself from mass.

The priest sought him out and made it plain he could not in justice to his faith and his own soul continue recreant to his obligations.

"You must return to the church and you must meet your share of this burden," said his spiritual guide.

"I niver will," reiterated Timothy. "I'll become a Prostituteerian and go to hell first!"

A priest took Pat to task for staggering on the street.

"Phoine idea razzin' me when yer tight yerself," growled Pat. "Yer purty bad off, father! Ye got your collar on hind side 'fore!"

There was a scholarly priest of a single speech—the Confessional. Whatever the occasion the holy man elucidated that theme. Finally the parish sought to switch him by putting him down on the St. Patrick's Day program for a few words on "Joseph of Judea."

"Subject assigned me for this auspicious occasion is 'Joseph of Judea'," began the father while the audience smiled inwardly at the success of its strategy. "Now Joseph, as we all recall, was a carpenter, and in that capacity must have built many confessionals. And that brings me to a line of discourse that I will dwell upon for the rest of the time allowed me this evening."

Printer

An old printer, who was also the proprietor, came around from the type case and cried: "Stop using capital 'W's'!"

"What's the great idea?" asked the intellectual giant. "Why, I'm not half way through this profound dissertation on national dangers that confront us?"

"Well, we're cleaned on cap 'W's', that's all," said the compositor tersely. "You'll have to let the republic take its chances until we can afford to get some more."

"How about this paid notice for William W. Witherspoon?" asked the scholarly editor.

"We can handle that," said the disciple of Franklin. "We can call him Colonel and use a small-cap for Witherspoon."

Prison

"I am interested in those dangerous-looking females darning stockings over there," a woman visitor once observed to the warden as he was showing a party through.

"Oh, that is my wife and daughter. They often help with the welfare work of the prison. Come over and I'll introduce you."

"Have you aught to say before you swing?" they asked Rastus.

"Nothin', 'cept this is cert'nly goin' to be a good lesson for me!"

"I understan' you's in heah for life, Lemuel," said a prison visitor.

"Suhta'nly not, mah fren. I's jes' heah from dis on."

Ephraim, a prisoner, said: "I's only heah three or fo' weeks; an' den I gets hanged!"

He asked that they bring him no more continued stories. "It's jes' an aggrivation ter git int'rested in dem under de circumstances," he explained.

The convict caught with his neighbor's cow, taunted the watch thief by asking:

"What time is it?"

"It's milking time!" said the ticker-taker.

When they were assigning the latest batch of long-termers to the various prison contracts in keeping with the trade or profession of the convicts, they came to Mose Umpstein. "What can you do?" the warden inquired.

"If you please," pleaded Mose, "I vas a traveling salesman."

"Well, what kind of exercise do you want?" asked the warden of the condemned murderer.

"I'd like to skip the rope."

Prodigal Son

The parable of the Prodigal Son—how the perverse and foolish young man went into a far country and wasted his substance in riotous living—has been given a new interpretation by a colored preacher. Based upon the assertiveness of the present generation, he said: "Den dis down-and-outer made fuh home as fast as his laigs could carry himself, shoutin' wid all his might as he hit de fron' porch of de pahternal mansion: 'Whar's dat fatted calf?' "

A prodigal chafed under home restraints, ran away to join the Indians. His father got this message: "Meet me on the outskirts of the village at dusk Saturday night. Bring suit of clothes and stockings and shoes. I have a hat."

Profanity

Mike applauded lustily as the Holy Name Society marched by. To an inquirer Mike imparted the prideful information that the long column of marchers were "the b'ys that niver swear at all, at all!"

"I never dreamed there were so many Catholics in this town," said the spectator.

"Ye ought to see the procission of thim that does!" cried Mike.

The parson was told that there was no danger of the boat sinking while the crew below kept up their cursing.

The divine remained with his ear glued to a hole in the deck while the vessel pitched and tossed.

"What about it now?" asked the captain after a while.

"They're swearing yet, thank God!" the parson reported.

When asked to submit 150 words on the theme, "Motoring in the Country," one boy turned in:

"Pa put me and all us children in the ford and started for uncle charlie's cheese factory we hadn't gone more'n half a mile when along came a big truck and forced pa into the ditch braking a fender and runeing a new tire—that's 44 words words and the other 106 is what pa said."

"My poor fellow, where did you learn to use such terrible oaths?" a Bishop asked a Coster.

"Y' cawn't learn h'it, y' reverince—h'it's a bloomin' gift!"

An old boatsman who rowed a skiff for Phillips Brooks when the beloved churchman went in quest of the denizens of the deep, was performing a similar service for another clerical angler who recalled what a noble soul the bishop was.

"Right ye are," the oarsman assented, "'cept his swearing."

"Bishop Brooks swear? Impossible!" the preacher fisherman exclaimed.

"Oh, but he did, leastwise he swore onct. He hooked a beautiful bass and got the wriggling fellow up to the boat, an' just as I went to get him with the hand-net, he flopped clean off the hook. 'I say that's too damned bad, Bishop!' I said. And he said, 'Yes, it is.' But that's the only time I ever heard him use such language."

A clergyman and a drummer came panting up to the station gate just in time to see the train pull out. The commercial traveler did the occasion full justice in sulphurous phraseology, and the sky pilot murmured a fervent, "I thank you, my friend."

Prohibition

At a dinner to American business men at the Savoy in London, the colonial secretary said he was impressed with the

readiness, if not eagerness, with which the guests drank to the health of the King and Queen.

It confirmed, he maintained, the revised version of the nursery rhyme that had recently reached London:

“Four and twenty Yankees
Feeling very dry,
Went over to Canada
To get a case of rye.
When the case was opened,
The Yanks began to sing:
Who’s this Calvin Coolidge?
God save the King!”

A veteran newspaper man sought a new connection.

“Where did you work last?” asked the city editor.

“On the Portland Oregonian,” replied the applicant.

“Why did you give up your position?”

“The managing-editor and I differed upon a question of public policy.”

“Where did you work before that?”

“On the San Francisco Chronicle.”

“Climate disagree with you?”

“No, the management and I could not get together upon a certain national issue.”

“Previous to that, what was your connection?”

“The Salt Lake Tribune.”

“Why did you leave?”

“Lack of accord upon a Constitutional question.”

“Say, what was this issue that has made you such a nomad?”

“Prohibition!”

Prolix

Mark Twain had fully decided to put \$5 into the church collection plate, but reduced it to \$2.50 as the dominie

kept on preaching, then to \$1 after another half hour passed.

He wound up by taking out fifty cents when the box came around.

Promoter

A plausible promoter of unsavory renown once explained the large number of vacant chairs at a dinner given to public officials in the interest of a subway project, as "a tribute to deceased members of the Supreme Court."

"A very tender memorial, don't you think, gentlemen?" he murmured softly as the consomme came in.

Puddenhead Wilson

President Wilson found pleasure in relating how he had his special car sidetracked at Hannibal, Missouri, so that he might make a quiet pilgrimage to the monument erected on the bluffs to Mark Twain. Unknown to the natives, he asked one of them if he remembered Tom Sawyer.

"Never heard tell of him," the Missourian made answer.

"Do you recollect Huckleberry Finn?" asked the President.

"Finn? Finn?" mused the native. "There was a family of Finns down the road a piece but I don't think there was a Huckleberry among 'em."

"Do you happen to recall Puddenhead Wilson?"

"Oh, yes, sur! I voted for him twice, suh!"

Pudding

A landlubber was dining with the captain and the mate. "Do you like ends?" asked the captain as a long savory pudding was turned out of the cooking mould.

"I'm not partial to ends," the guest replied.

"I'm sorry you don't like ends," the captain observed, as he cut the pudding in the middle and helped the mate and himself to equal portions.

Pullman

Two United States senators were on their way to fill speaking engagements about the time the country was being stirred by the oil scandals at Washington.

The junior senator missed his companion upon arising in the morning. He was horrified to learn he was last seen in the women's dressing room.

Rushing back there to spare the senate and the nation further disagreeable disclosures, he was relieved to learn it was a stag sleeping car.

"Look here, porter," cried a cross business man in lower 9, "what's the idea of one low tan shoe and one tall black shoe, and me with only ten minutes to dress before we get to Goshen?"

"Dis car suhtainly am ha'nted, boss," said George, eyes rolling. "Dat's de secon' time dat thing's happened to me dis mawning!"

"Beg y' pardon, Cap'n," a porter said to a Southern snorer, "would y' mind arousin' yerself an' let de other passengers sleep a while?"

Two Pullman porters were selling their roads as they raced each other in the station at Richmond.

"Why man alive!" cried the Southern Railway's exponent, "dis system kills more people dan y' old C. & O. carries!"

Pun

A man by the name of Dunlop once defied a famous punster to perpetrate a pun on his patronym.

"Easy enough!" cried the wit. "Just lop off the last syllable and it's Dun!"

Punctuation

A Sheik was asked what he would do with this sentence: "Fair Phyllis is floating down Flirtation Walk in divided skirts and beige stockings, with a Spanish scarf fluttering from her shoulder."

He said: "I would make a dash after Phyllis."

Punctuation was always baffling to Lucinda, so when she was required to explain the significance of a certain comma in the sentence on the blackboard, she twittered:

"That comma, sir—why that shows an ellipsis is left out!"

Battle Creek, the sanitarium city, has been designated the seat of reformed punctuation, where you go with a colon and come away with a semi-colon.

A slow-learning lad punctuated his composition very poorly. Frequent corrections and chidings were of no avail and the pupil was dismayed, the teacher disgusted. Finally the boy turned in his essay with a great string of dots and dashes at the end of the effusion. "What are those marks for?" the teacher asked.

"Oh, those are the pesky punctuation marks," replied the lad. "Put them in to suit yourself."

This offer in front of a barber-shop seemed reasonable:

"What do you think

We shave you for nothing and give you a drink."

But instead of accepting the customer's "Thank you" in full settlement, the barber said his idea of punctuation was punk. The sign should be read thus:

"What! do you think

We shave you for nothing and give you a drink?"

Q

Quartet

A quartet has been defined as "three men and a tenor."

It is related of a college quartet that they repaired upon a moonlight night to a place under the window of what they thought to be the abode of their fair Evalina, and thus they warbled.

"Oh Evalina, dear Evalina,
Our love for thee will never, never die."

As they concluded the warbling of the first verse, a second-story window was thrown open, and a bearded face appeared with this mocking solo:

"O boys below there, dear boys below there
Your Evalina lives four doors above here!"

Queered

An American flapper had her expressive way of describing a certain person mentally incompetent from birth.

"He was queered at the getaway!" she declared.

Question

I know six honest serving men
(They taught me all I knew)
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.

—*Kipling.*

Quiet

"Is it quiet here?" a city-weary site-seeker asked a farmer.

"Wall, it was until so many people came here to be quiet," he replied.

"Do you know I can take in the dreamy measures of the symphony so much better if I keep my eyes shut?" said one season ticket-holder to another.

"Keeping the mouth shut helps a lot, too!" said the other.

"Do many repair here for quiet reverie and cogitation?" a visitor to Old Trinity asked the new sexton.

"Should say so," he replied. "Caught several couples the first day I was on duty!"

"You can't conceive how tranquil it is at this southern retreat," a guest wrote to a friend in the north. "As I write on the broad verandah in the serenity of this vesper hour all I can hear is the plying of the knitting-needles and the hardening of the arteries."

Elbert Hubbard was fond of describing the simplicity of life on the farm of his boyhood where night-time's quietude was regularly broken by a sound of crunching and grinding. "It was the mortgage," the Fra of East Aurora would say sententiously.

Quirk

A wag's summing up of progress in the redemption of the world:

After 2000 years of mass
We've come to poison gas.

R

Race Prejudice

"We would have had a gorgeous summer at Crawford Notch if there had not been so many of the Irish there," Mrs. Gwendolyn said to her companion in the street-car, upon returning from the White Mountains.

"We found it the same way at Saratoga," assented Mrs. DeSmythe, "the very atmosphere seemed Celtic."

Mrs. O'Flannigan arose at this point of the dialogue and flounced out of the car.

"Yez can both go to hell!" she exclaimed. "Ye'll phoin no Irish there!"

Racial Differences

"Please explain to me," said the Smart Aleck at the supper table, "why the Englishman turns the little grinder in the pepper box like this, why the Frenchman taps the bottom of the pepper box like this, and why the American shakes the pepper box like this."

After deep thought everybody gave it up.

"Why, to get the pepper out!" he announced.

Radio

"Pop," said a colored youth, "Ah'd like you-all to expatiate on de way dat de telegraph wo'ks."

"Huh! Dat's easy 'nuf, Rastus," said the old man. "Hit am dis yere a way: Ef dere was a dawg big 'nuf so his head could be in New Yo'k an' his tail in Bosting, den if you all

tromp his tail in New Yo'k, he bark in Bosting. Is you understand, Rastus?"

"Yessah! Yessah! But how am de wireless telegraph?"

For a moment the old man was stumped. Then he answered easily, "Jes perzactly de same, Rastus, wid de exception dat de dawg am 'maginary."

"Very fair likeness," mused the man who got his wife's picture by radio, "but there appears to be a lot of static in the expression."

Maud Muller, on a summer's day
Took her cooking lessons from WWJ.

The radio operateth long and is kind; it shieldeth the artist
from encores and cabbages.

Here lies the remains of a radio fan,
Not mourned by his many relations;
He went to a powder mill smoking his pipe,
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.

Raffle

Levi had been trying desperately to dispose of a race horse to Mose. Finally the owner got word to ship the steed for the purchase price agreed upon, check enclosed.

The fact that the horse had passed in his checks did not deter Levi from shipping the defunct two-year-old, terms of sale being "as is."

Weeks went by, but the expected protest from the buyer did not materialize. It was inexplicable. Finally Levi fell in with Mose and casually asked him how the horse was getting along.

"Oh, he was det alretty ven he arrived," reported Mose. "But Oi should worry. Oi sold him for a t'ousand dollars at a raffle—vun hundred dollars per ticket."

"But vat did der vinner say ven he found oud der horse was a det vun?"

"Oh, Oi fixed dat all right. Oi gif him back his hundred dollars."

Railroad

The minister was bringing out the quality of unquestioning loyalty as he paid tribute to the deceased railroad employee.

"All his life, day in and day out, he kept on tapping the wheels of trains," he said. "He never knew why he tapped them and he never stopped to ask, but he kept on performing to the end the meaningless task assigned to him! Greater fidelity has no man than this!"

An Irish brakeman was supposed to catch the flying box-cars as the switch engine delivered them and bring them to a standstill on the siding that lay along the river's bank. He was not alert enough in getting to the brake and the first car pushed along to him kept on going and landed in the river.

"Sind me anither wan," shouted Mike to the switch-engineer, "the lasht wan wint in the creek!"

After two days of watchful waiting, with no tidings from the conductor, a Northern Pacific train pulled into Saint Paul, snow-covered and ice-encrusted.

"What happened to you?" the crowd asked the conductor.

"Nawthin', 'cept fifty miles of Montana scenery fell on us!" said the conductor.

An Irishman was picked up on the right of way after the limited had hit him.

"When you saw the train coming why didn't you take to the hills?" they asked him at the hospital.

"Th' hills?" repeated the smashed-up son of Erin. "If I couldn't bate it on the livil, a phoine chance I'd have on the grade!"

"This 'ere is only a junction stop, yer know," said the baggageman to the midnight female arrival at Cherokee Crossing, "an' I don't know where you kin put up fer the night 'less it's with the station agent."

"Sir, I would have you know I'm a lady!" exclaimed the wayfarer.

"So's the station agent!" cooed the baggageman.

One unhappy day Steve got separated from Ole and looked for him along the railroad track.

Presently he came upon Ole's right leg at the side of the track, then an arm and finally his severed head.

"My God, I tank something must have happened to Ole," said Steve.

An Irishman who palmed himself off as a seasoned locomotive engineer was set to work getting the engine into the roundhouse. In trying to stop the iron horse at the end of the track he reversed the lever and the ponderous thing shot out of the roundhouse.

"When you get 'em in there whyinhell don't you hold 'em there?" yelled the boss.

"Whin I get 'em in here whyinhell don't you lock the door?" sang out Mike.

"I pride myself upon being a realist," said the English man of letters to the newspaper interviewer upon embarking for his native land.

"In fact I am able to look upon the Erie as a railroad."

"Aren't we ever going to reach Des Moines; I've been on this train eleven hours and it seems an age," moaned a woman to the conductor on the belated Rock Island accommodation.

"Calm yourself, my good woman, we can't control storms and washouts. It may seem a long trip to you, but I have been on this road forty years!" said the conductor soothingly.

"Forty years," repeated the passenger. "You must have got on at Council Bluffs!"

"Really, this is very trying, don't you know!" Lord Balfour explained to the B. & O. conductor. "I don't seem to be able to locate my ticket."

"Don't concern yourself, your lordship," said the conductor. "I recognize you from your picture running in all the papers in connection with the disarmament conference in Washington. I am very glad to take your word for it."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," Balfour replied. "But you see the name of my station is on the blarsted ticket, and I'm on my way without any idea of where I'm going."

Rancher

All his life had been spent on the horse ranch until his trip to the big city, where he fell victim to his first contact with woman's witchery.

They were wed and went back to the ranch to live happily ever afterward.

Not long after, the ranchman was seen in town alone. Someone asked about the bride.

"Oh, hadn't you heard? Mollie is no more," he reported sadly.

"Was she ill long?"

"Not ill at all. But she fell and broke her leg and I had to shoot her!"

Range

"Ven I go into der kitchen dis morning, a great big rat shumped out of der stove."

"Vhy did you not shoot him?"

"How could I? Vas he not out of my range?"

Rapid

There was a young lady named Bright
Whose speed was swifter than light.
She departed one day in a relative way
And arrived the preceding night!

Rat

When a man accustomed to better things was shown by the hotel clerk to one of those best-we-can-do rooms, he found that there was another guest already in possession, a gray four-footed transient. He reported the rat to the clerk on duty.

"Front!" cried that dignified functionary, "cat at once for No. 23!"

Reactionary

The opponents of change are an ancient tribe.

There was the obstructionist who cried at Creation:

"Stop! You're monkeying with chaos!"

Real Estate

A real estate man held out against church-going until late in life. Then he yielded to his wife's implorings and agreed to go once experimentally.

"Possibly I have been judging a matter without understanding it," he said.

Sunday found the realtor and his happy wife well up at the front of the church when the preacher announced his text: "In My Father's house are many mansions."

"Come on, Marie," said the realtor, rising. "There's too much bragging here to suit me!"

Riding around a subdivision south of Miami, a sojourner from the North espied a sign which read: "This very desirable corner, \$750."

The visitor unwittingly remarked to the owner: "Wonderful climate you have here in Florida."

When he looked at the sign again, it read: "This unsurpassable corner, \$7500."

A disembodied spirit met a realtor on the other shore.

"How beautiful it is here in heaven!" the newcomer exclaimed.

"Yes, but this isn't heaven," the realtor explained.

"Well, if it isn't, I never expected to see hell so attractive!"

"You like it, do you? You ought to have seen it when I first struck the place three years ago."

"What are they doing in real estate in Florida?" asked a friend of a recent arrival from that state.

"Selling land by the acre that ought to be sold by the gallon!" was the reply.

The real estate agent was trying to interest Marjorie in buying a home. But Marjorie was the typical flapper and answered most flippantly: "Buy a home? I should say not—haven't any use for one. You see, I was born in a hospital, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, married in a church; we live out of a paper bag, I spend my mornings playing golf, the afternoons playing bridge, in the evening we

dance or go to a movie, and when I die I am going to be buried from the undertakers. What I need is a garage with a bed-room above!"

Two second-story men picked out a place for an after-midnight job. One stood guard below while his pal went up the eave-trough. He was gone a ticklishly long time. Finally he came down and the pair beat it through an alley.

"Well, does I git half de swag or doesn't I?" muttered the house-breaker who had stood guard.

"Sure Moike," said the other, "you'se kin have four of 'em."

"Four of 'em, whaddya mean?"

"Why, dat place we busted into was a real estate guy's palace, an' before I could fade away he sold me eight suburban lots."

Reception

The reception committee searched in vain for Sir Walter Raleigh, descendant of the distinguished tobacconist, due for a course of lectures at Harvard.

Missing him at the train, the delegation searched the waiting-rooms. They espied an impressive-looking stranger, and the chairman accosted him.

"Pardon me, are you Sir Walter Raleigh?" he asked.

"Thunder, no!" he answered with emphasis. "I'm Christopher Columbus. Sir Walter is in the next room playing cards with Queen Elizabeth!"

Recruiting

"Why are you not at the front?" cried the militant recruitess to the farmer, busy at the evening milking.

"'Cause I get the milk at this end!" shouted the dairyman.

Red Tape

"Gimmie a glass of soda without any flavor."

"Without what flavor?"

"Is it necessary to specify?"

"Certainly, we run this fountain on a system."

"I'll take it without chocolate."

"Sorry, but we are just out of chocolate. What ~~other~~ flavor did you want it without?"

Reforestration

"What did you think of Franklin D. Roosevelt's strong plea for reforestration in his speech of acceptance?"

"Not impressed. You can't get the country out of the woods by planting more trees. And as we shouldn't whistle until we are out of the woods it only puts off the moment of our jubilant pucker."

Refrain

Three shop girls were enjoying a selection by the orchestra.

"Isn't it divine! Wonder what they're playing?" said Madge.

"It's the sextette from 'Lucia'," announced Tillie positively.

"No, it's 'Tales from Hoffman'," persisted Annabelle.

"I think that you are both wrong; but there's a card up there—I'll go and see for myself!" announced Madge, suiting the action to the word. She came back triumphant.

"You're way off, girls! It's the 'Refrain from Spitting'."

Refugee

The Court—"What have you to say, Sambo, to this charge of deserting your true and lawful wife?"

Sambo—"Ah'm no deserter, Judge! Ah'm a refugee, dat's what ah am!"

Relapse

Mose brought a ham back to the market, maintaining that the meat was not fit to eat.

"Mistah Brown, dat ham am bad!" he declared emphatically.

"You certainly are mistaken, Mose," expostulated Brown. "To show you how unreasonable you are, let me tell you that ham was cured only last week."

"Well, ef dat ham was cured las' week, it suhtain'ly did have a relapse!" was the way Mose countered.

Religion

Bishop Brooks was getting through the customs inquisition nicely upon his return from abroad when a parishioner sighted him.

"Hello, Bishop! Bringing over a new religion this time?" he cried.

"Nay," said the Bishop, "I know better than to bring over a new religion with duties attached."

When Bill got religion at the protracted meeting, he said to his partner, in the wool buying business: "You oughter git religion, too, Jim. It gives you an intirely diff'rent feelin' toward life an' death."

"I know it's the thing to do, Bill," said Jim, "but someone has got to weigh the wool!"

Reporter

A cub reporter was warned by his city editor that he was too slow reaching the point.

"Cut it down!" was the admonition.

He showed up the next day with this:

"As our ex-congressman, John Jones, was walking downtown this morning, he felt that he was going to die; so he leaned against a telephone pole and made good."

A youthful reporter for a country paper was sent to get the particulars of the death of an infant. He accounted for a seeming lack of enterprise on the part of the journal by telling the bereaved mother that the baby died a little too late for the last week's paper.

A diligent reporter bent over a wounded passenger in the train wreck.

"I am going fast," the wounded one said feebly.

"Cheer up, my brave fellow," said the scribe, "how do you spell your last name?"

Research

Bessie was asked to turn in 100 words on "Moths" and to go to the library for her facts.

When they sought her in the library, she was deep in an article on "Expectant Mothers."

Restaurant

"Waiter, what kind of meat is this?"

"Spring lamb, sir."

"Is that so; I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour!"

A discouraged restaurant patron called solemnly for pen and ink.

"What are you going to do?" the manager inquired.

"Well, I've given up all hope of ever seeing that lunch I ordered, so I want to make a will leaving it to my heirs and assigns, forever."

"Has the American gentleman made any remarks about his bill yet?" asked the manager in a French café.

"Not yet," replied the waiter, "but he is looking for some in his dictionary!"

Customer—"You may bring me some hash."

Waiter to Kitchen—"Review of Reviews for one."

Second Customer—"You may bring me hash, too."

Waiter to Kitchen—"Another gentleman will take a chance."

Third Customer—"Make mine the same."

Waiter to Kitchen—"Another sport!"

Fourth Customer—"Two poached eggs on toast!"

Waiter to Kitchen—"Adam and Eve on a raft!"

Customer—"Will you kindly change that to scrambled eggs?"

Waiter—"Shipwreck Adam and Eve!"

"Waiter, here's half a crown for you."

"Thank you, sir. Do you wish to reserve a table?"

"No. In a few minutes I shall come in with two ladies, and I want you to tell us that every table is engaged."

To the rotund party who manifested displeasure at the prospect of wading through a long menu, the waiter announced:

"I have calf's brains, fricasseed liver, pickled pig's feet—"

"Never mind about your ailments!" broke in the hungry man, "what is there to eat in this ranch?"

"Hast thou frog legs, girl?"

"No, it's rheumatism that makes me walk that way!"

A sharp-featured female seated herself at a table and inquired:

"Young man, do you serve lobsters here?"

"Sure thing, Mehitabel! What'll you have?"

A restaurant patron whose patience was rewarded at the end of fifty-five minutes said he would like to add to the meal some roquefort cheese and crackers.

"And while you are away," he said to the waitress, "would you mind dropping me a postal card every now and then?"

Revival

The theme for the evening at an evangelistic meeting was "What has the Lord done for you?"

A poor devout victim of harelip testified frankly, when it came his turn:

"All I can say is He almost ruined me."

A converted bass-drummer, formerly much given to profanity, testified: "My friends, when I recall my past unworthiness and realize what the Salvation Army has done to lead me out of darkness into light, I feel so happy that I could pound the stuffing out of this blankety-blank-blank drum!"

River

A British statesman, showing an American visitor the Thames from the House of Parliament terrace, ventured to observe that the United States had no such river as that.

"Huh! it wouldn't make a garble in the mouth of the Mississippi!" exclaimed the American.

"Ah, the Thames is more than a river," rejoined the statesman. "It is liquid history."

Romance

A brave young man had jumped into the rapid current and rescued Mary from a watery grave. A sentimental old lady

told the rescuer she thought it would be romantic if he would marry the girl.

"No," he said, "I think I've done enough for Mary."

Roosevelt

President Roosevelt enlightened a Detroit newspaper reporter concerning a new phrase when the inquirer asked him what he proposed to do about the soldier's bonus.

"I'll answer that off the record only," said the President, willing to entrust the reporter with confidential advice.

"Pardon my directness, Mr. President, but we don't speak in parables out here in the Middle West. What do you mean by 'off the record'?"

"Why, 'off the record' means," replied the Chief Executive blandly, "that the question was not asked!"

Cleared of the charge that he was no "dirt farmer" the Under-Secretary of Agriculture got this tribute from the White House: "Dirtier than charged, Tugwell!"

"Things have been going from bad to Wirt!" was F. D. R.'s reference to the Gary, Ind., educator's blow at the brain trust.

Royal Dividend

The humorist's prattle was going over big at the company's annual banquet. The President whispered to him:

"Now that you have them in such good humor, break the news that there will be no dividend this year."

The funny man got away with it in this wise:

"My friends, I have just been kept dizzy from seeing dividends pass! And there is no relief in sight on this occasion!"

Big business has such a pervading influence upon American life, it is not entirely unbelievable that the congregation in

an exclusive Eastern church has revised a great hymn so that they arise and sing:

"Bring forth the royal dividend,
And crown it king of all!"

Rules

The late Lord Leverhulme, the British soap king, was very kind to his employees, but he had the fault of paternalism.

When Lord Leverhulme bought the Island of Harris he drew up a set of rules that all the old Harris Highlanders were required to sign before their leases could be renewed.

One old Highlander wouldn't sign the new lease.

"I haven't been able to keep the Ten Commandments for the sake of a mansion in heaven," he said, "and I'll be hanged if I'll agree to keep thirty-six for a wee hoose in Harris."

Runaway

As the steed became more and more unmanageable the father turned to the children sitting dos-a-dos in the trap and told them to slide down backward from the high seat, which they did in safety as the animal tore madly down the street.

Then the mother swung about and got out of the swaying vehicle the back way. The father dropped the reins and slid down a second later.

Just then the maddened steed turned his head and noting the ease with which the occupants of the trap had escaped turned about in the thills and climbed over the seat and saved himself from impending disaster!

S

Sabbath

A little boy felt greatly restrained by his family's strict respect for the Lord's day and by the keep-off-the-grass signs.

He said plaintively to his nurse:

"If it were not for God and the policemen, what a great time we could have!"

A man was digging furiously in his garden when the minister on his way to church stopped in front of the lot and intoned solemnly:

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

"Are you aiming that Scriptur' at me, parson?" asked the digger.

"Yes, poor lost soul!"

"Wall, it don't fit, I'm tellin' yuh. I ain't working. I jes' diggin' these worms to go fishin' with."

Safety First

Foreman—"Pat, you had no right to touch that wire. Don't you know you might have been killed by the shock?"

Pat—"Sure, I felt it carefully before I took hold of it."

A driver was dragged to court for crippling a traffic officer.

"How'd you get that way—mowing down a brave public servant like a Gatling gun?" asked the judge.

"Safety first, your honor."



"Some Day You'll Be Coming In Before We're Ready!"
"No Danger—I Allus Peeps Through the Keyhole First"

"Whaddaya mean—safety first?"

"There were so many 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' labels on the windshield I couldn't see a thing in the street."

"See here, my man, you must not burst in here without knocking, don't you know?" said an English bathing beauty to the old fellow whose business it was to gather up wet suits and towels at the beach. "Some of these days you will be coming in here before we are good and ready for you, can't you understand?"

"Nary a bit of danger, lady. I allus peeps in through the keyhole 'fore I makes bold to enter."

Salesman

A young man gave up a fine business to become an oil salesman so he could say "viscosity" every once in a while.

A veteran salesman, enjoying his paper after a hard day, in the warmth of the hotel baseburner, was asked by a young and ambitious salesman.

"Oi say, vat's your line?"

No answer.

"If you blease, me friend, Oi ask you once and Oi ask you twice, vat's your line?"

"Brains, you nuisance, brains!" snapped the irritated veteran.

"Vell, how did Oi know?" asked the companionable one. "Oi didn't see no samples!"

An automobile salesman came into an executive's office and found him with deep worry on his brow.

"I've got to have a Pomeranian before noon, and there is not one available short of \$300!" said the prospect.

"Dismiss that from your mind," said the salesman. "I'll

get you a Pomeranian and it will not cost you a cent over \$15. I'll be back in half an hour."

Then he beat it for a telephone and called up the sales-manager. "I've just sold Jones a Pomeranian," he reported. "Tell me quick: what is a Pomeranian?"

The local staff addressed their reports to the "Sitty Sales Manager" because he never got away from his desk to give them a lift with prospects.

A dapper Detroit salesman—typical show-off man—breezed into the office of an up-state clothier and with visions of an immediate order, announced himself.

"Mr. Dinglebaum, I'm Mr. Fitzmorrie, of Stoop & Fetchem, Detroit," he began grandly.

"Vat does it matter?" inquired Mr. Dinglebaum blandly.

A salesman for a Catholic edition of the Holy Writ came to a town where there was only one Catholic family. He soon effected a sale and delivery of the Bible at the bread-winner's place of business.

Straightway he proceeded to the man's home and got the wife's coin for another copy. When the husband arrived for lunch and found the family had been oversold, he sent the lured man hotfooting to the station to detain the book agent.

The train was tooting as the messenger panted into the station. "I know what he sent you for; he wants one of these elegant hand-illuminated Bibles. Twelve bucks, that's right. No home complete without it! Ta, ta, till I come again!" And the 300 per cent efficiency shark caught the last steps of the departing 12:05.

A salesman sent in his card to the president of a large corporation. After a long wait, the boy returned with the

report that he is only wasting his time, as the great man within has a fixed policy that is fatal to all solicitors.

"Guess you're right," assented the salesman. "I don't want to waste even a card on that crank. Go back, boy, and salvage me pasteboard."

The boy came back. "He tore up your card, but he sent out a nickel for it."

"Here take him in another—they're two for a nickel," replied the salesman.

A new salesman set forth on his first trip for the house with instructions to report from day to day. From his first stop the firm got this message:

"Putting up at swell hotel here. Dandy room with bath and southern exposure. Fine eats."

The house wired him at once:

"So glad; love and kisses; goodbye!"

Two rival salesmen were comparing notes on the week's business. "Oi haf sold \$15,320.48," declared one.

"My orders total shust \$20,000 for de last five days," said the other.

"Vat do you say?" asked the first. "Oi'll come down half if you vill?"

The spirit of rivalry prompted two salesmen of the road to report their day's success with the trade.

"Vot you dink? Oi got vun order for \$5,000!" said Ikestein.

"Dat's nudding—a gustomer gifs me an order for \$10,000!" said Umpstein.

"Oi don't pelieve a vord of it!"

"Shust der same it is true—here's der cancellation!"

"I tell you, young salesmen, determination will cause every obstacle to crumble at your feet. I once found myself confronting the great J. P. Morgan in his office on Wall Street with a life insurance proposition all prepared for his consideration."

"Stop to think of it, young men! I, an unknown salesman, calling upon the King of Financiers to consider the uncertainty of the earthly tenure; pointing out how he could meet the Grim Reaper unflinchingly!

"But he stopped me with, 'How did you get in here, young man!'

" 'Through yon door!' said I.

" 'Get out the same way!' said he."

Saleswoman

The identical jewel Marc Antony gave to Cleopatra was being placed on sale under the personal supervision of the head saleswoman, the proprietor insisted to a faltering purchaser:

"Sure, ma'am, we're selling loads of 'em this season!" came the reassurance of the saleswoman.

Sandwich

"Ain't any meat in this 'ere sandwich!" a customer at a lunch counter complained.

"You haven't come to it."

"Still no meat."

"Ah, you must have bitten over it!"

Santa Claus

"Do you believe there is a Santa Claus?" the Sunday School teacher asked a little boy.

"Sure t'ing, teacher!" he piped up. "Six of 'em; saw 'em hangin' 'round every corner downtown yesterday!"

"My son, you have attended to all your parents' admonitions faithfully up to this time," said a loving mother, "but now the hour has arrived to enlighten you upon a matter that could not be imparted in your immaturity. But I feel it is better to let your father speak frankly to you about this. You will find him in his study."

"It is true, Leonidas, that we feel you have reached the age of fuller revelation to the end that you may meet the future full-armoured and fully informed. But I would have your grandmother discharge this important duty," said the father.

"Dear lad, your father and mother do well to turn you over to me—one who has seen life whole and realizes that knowledge is both power and protection. I shrink not from entire frankness upon a matter heretofore withheld," began Grandmother. "My beloved Leonidas, there is no Santa Claus!"

The commercialized Santa who puts in his appearance a full month before Christmas, destroys the faith of little children.

"Member what I tol' you to bring me last year—automobile and airplane? 'Member what you left—jumping jack and two oranges?" said an aggrieved seven-year-old to one of those street corner St. Nicks. "You do that this Christmas, and you'll git a crack in the jaw!"

A modern little girl announced at the Christmas dinner that she had peeped when Kris Kringle with sleigh and deers came the night before.

"Indeed!" cried one of the guests, "what did you see him do?"

"Oh, he filled all the stockings, an' 'ranged presents on the mantel and chairs, turned down the lights an' went an' got into bed with mother."

Johnny and Jimmy had just made requisition upon the street corner Santa Claus for future delivery. They stood contemplating the good-natured, patient, bountiful, never-failing source of childish rapture.

"Suffering snakes!" growled Old Santa to the traffic cop, "I'm worn to a frazzle. Will it ever come five o'clock."

School

A school teacher whose mother was without eggs for the next meal told her children: "Tomorrow, we will have the story of Columbus and the egg. Every child must bring an egg."

It was visitor's day at school.

"You are standing facing the east," the teacher said to Wilfred. "The south is on your right hand, the north is on your left. What is there behind you?"

"There's a patch (sniff) on my trousers, (sniff) an' I tol' my mudder (sniff) you'd be the fust to see it!" blubbered the disgraced Wilfred.

A teacher was relating to the school board many incidents of her work that revealed the keenness of her charges.

"Just yesterday, for example, I asked the seventh grade class who wrote, 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Up spoke Henry Hawkins: 'I didn't!'"

Following the hearty laughter elicited by this sally, one of the directors commented:

"Bet he did, the little rascal!"

A class in school always read the verses in the Good Book in rotation out loud. One boy always stumbled sadly on the names of the three men who went into the fiery furnace, Meshach, Shadrach and Abednego. When they came to that particular chapter in review, this lad began to whimper.

"What's the matter with you, Arthur?" inquired the teacher.

"Oh dear," blubbered the boy, "I've counted round and those three cusses are coming to me again!"

A teacher asked the children to submit a couplet made to rhyme with Kelley. Little Lillie released this epic:

There was a likely lad named Kelley.

Who waded in the brook up to his knees.

"Where is the rhyme?" asked teacher.

"Water wasn't deep enough!" replied Lillie.

A student asked his rhetorical master to be brutally frank in his estimate of his Washington Birthday address.

"All I can say is," ventured the head of the department, "the quotations are fine."

A teacher was asked by the board whether he thought the earth was square or round.

"I teach either way, as desired!" the accommodating spirit replied.

A teacher sent one of her pupils home with a note suggesting that he be given a liberal application of soap and water. She got this message from the mother by the hand of the unwashed William:

dere teacher willy is no rose lern him dont smell him

his mother.

"Teacher, you know Billy Burch's neck?"

"Yes, what about it?"

"He fell in the creek up to it yesterday."

A thoughtless pupil had a very bad habit of chewing gum and thrusting her foot far out into the aisle.

"Calista!" cried the teacher, "for the last time I tell you to take the gum out of your mouth and put your foot in!"

One day a teacher put an indolent urchin to shame by exclaiming: "Did you know, Theophilus, that when George Washington was your age he was a full-fledged surveyor?"

And that incorrigible laggard made answer: "Did you know, teacher, that when he was your age he was president of the United States?"

In her essay on Longfellow a little girl submitted this interesting bit about the poet's friendships:

"Longfellow had many fast friends, but Anna and Phœbe Cary were the fastest."

Teacher—"Give an example of an isthmus."

Scholar—"Chatham, Canada."

Teacher—"Nay, little one, Chatham is not an isthmus. Chatham is a bluff!"

"Johnny, what is the shape of the world in which we live?" the teacher asked.

"Pa says it's in a helluva shape!"

"What might your name be, young man?" a professor asked.

"Thaddeus of Warsaw," the young man replied.

"Don't be impudent!"

"Well, you asked what it might be."

A teacher concluded her portrayal of the ecstasies of Heaven and the weepings and wailings of eternal punishment by asking the children their choice of a future estate.

"Will you, Lillie, let us know in which abode you would prefer to live forever?"

"If you please, teacher, I'd like to try both."

A psycho-analysis expert was testing the room on visual alertness. "Any pupil give me a number!" he called.

A demure little miss piped out: "Twenty-three!"

The professor wrote it conspicuously on the blackboard, "32." There was no correction from the room.

"Very lame in observation," he observed to the teacher in an aside, and then to the pupils: "Let us have another number."

"Forty-eight!" shouted a boy.

The psycho-analysist turned and put it on the board, "84."

Still no comment from the scholars. "Hopeless in visual keenness," he sighed, "but we will make one more test. This red-headed boy right in front: Give me a number!"

"Seventy-seven—see if you can turn that around, you sardine!" shouted the sorrel-top.

Scotch

"What's all the disagreement about?" asked the blue-coat as he sought to part the man and wife who were "mixing it up" on the public square.

"There's nae disagreement, officer," Sandy explained. "I've a bit of money in my pocket and she said I wouldn't gie her a penny of it, an' I was agreein' wi' her."

You can tell the difference in racial characteristics as people alight from a street car.

The American steps off briskly, looking neither to the right nor left.

The Englishman looks around deliberately before leaving to see if he has left anything.

The Scotchman takes a thorough glance around to see if anyone else has left anything.

Renown for being the meanest Scotchman stood between the one who called to the maid after the invalid wife succumbed in the night: "Mary, ye nae cook but one egg for breakfast!" and the one who, intent upon self-destruction, went over and turned on his neighbor's gas.

A night-clerk berated the boy for blacking a pair of shoes outside the door of one of the rooms.

"Didn't h'I tell you to take all shoes down to the basement for polishing?" thundered the clerk. "You'll ruin the carpet using the 'allway for that kind of work."

"Yer don't understand," the boy protested. "These h'are 'Arry Lauder's leathers, an' h'e's 'olding on to the strings h'on the h'other side of the door, sir!"

Hearing a cry of distress in the stream, Jock hastened to the bank to behold a man struggling with the current. But he withholds help because he has not been formally introduced.

"I'm John Anderson, and I woork up at the foondry, and I'm drooning, help!" cried the unfortunate.

Jock hastened to the foundry and asked the foreman:

"Did ye hae a mon here by the name of John Anderson?"

"Ay, and he was a fine mon," said the foreman.

"Weel, he's drooned and I want his job," declared Jock.

"We canna gie ut to you," said the foreman, "we just gie ut to that mon that pushed him in!"

A Scotchman left word for the night with the nurse in attendance upon his wife: "If anything happens in the night do not forget to put out a' the candles."

Something of filial consideration was in the breast of Malcolm MacDougal when his father made as if to pay the bill for the dinner they had enjoyed together.

"Ye shall do nae such thing!" cried Malcolm. "It has been years since you went away, and it would not be richt for you to stand treat under your ain son's roof. We'll match for ut!"

Sandy, thrown off his guard by the unusual kindness of London kin, said he would show his appreciation of their hospitality by sending them a choice chicken when he reached home.

Weeks passed, but no fowl put in an appearance. Having occasion to go to Dunfermline, a relative reminded Sandy of his promise.

"Ay, it was my intention to remember ye wi' a fine hen," said Sandy, "but when I got hame I found the bird was better!"

Malcolm had returned from a visit to his mother in the Highlands.

"Did ye hae a richt gude veesit?" his wife asked.

"Ay, that I did," said Malcolm, "but I met wi' an accident. I lost me luggage."

"Ye lost your luggage? What a pity! How did it happen?"

"The cork came oot."

Rab McNabb was warned to wear his cap down over his ears lest he freeze them.

"Nae, I've had nae use for the tabs since the accident," said Nab.

"What accident?"

"Wee Willie Thompson asked me would I hae a drink, and I did nae hear him."

Approaching a station, a porter put his head in the car and cried out:

"Anyone in this car for Doun? Change for Doun! Anyone for Doun?"

Several minutes later, when the train had resumed its rapid speed, not to stop again for an hour, Mrs. MacPherson confided to the passenger sitting near her:

"I'm for Doun, but I'd nae tell that mon so!"

Reaching for his tobacco pouch and pipe on the train, a traveler asked Sandy if he would loan him a match.

"I declare!" he exclaimed with disappointment, "I find I'm out of tobacco!"

"Then ye'll nae need the match," said Sandy, reaching for the Lucifer.

A great meeting was convening in New York in the interest of the feed-the-poor fund. Fired by the eloquence of the speakers a philanthropist offered a resolution that America's first city give something for the poor.

Levi said he would like to amend, if in order, that the metropolis give three cheers for the poor.

A Scotchman moved to amend the amendment in the interest of efficiency by reducing it to two cheers.

Everyone rushed from the water at Coney Island when a huge shark appeared, with one exception. That was a Scotchman.

"Why don't you fly for safety?" one of the guards called.

"Dinna ye ken the advertisement they have put on the back of this bathing suit?" asked Sandy. "'America Won the War!' D'ye think any shark would swallow that?"

A visitor from Aberdeen lost a shilling in London. He immediately notified the police. A little later he came up a street all torn up preparatory to the laying of new water mains.

"Mon alive," he cried, "but they're most thorough in this city."

Jock suspected Sandy of taking advantage of the open-a-savings-account day when he emerged from the First National. Sandy shook his head.

"Then he borrit," suggested Jock.

"Nae," replied Sandy again.

"Mon, what did ye do?" asked Jock.

"I fillit my foont'in pen," Sandy explained.

"How much for this cigar, mon?"

"Fifteen cents."

"How much for two?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Here's ten cents; ye may gi'e me the ither one."

Jock and Sandy were storm-tossed. Their light skiff was in danger of foundering. Sandy looked to the Lord in prayer. He promised to go regularly to the kirk on Sundays if the heavenly Father would spare their lives, to pay his debts, to be faithful to his Jean and the bairns, to abstain from drink.

"Gae easy, Sandy," cried Jock from the bow of the boat, "I think I see land."

There was a Scotchman who proposed by telegraph and the young lady waited until evening, and some one said, "I would not marry a girl who would wait until night to answer."

Sandy replied: "I would nae marry a girl who would not wait for the night rates."



Gae Easy with the Promises, Sandy, I Think I See Land

"Didja know where the slowed-down moving pictures came from?"

"No; where?"

"From a Scotchman reaching to get the dinner check."

Harry Lauder was giving one of his sentimental after-dinner chats at the Detoit Athletic club, when an admirer called out: "Give us a song, Harry!"

"Gae buy a ticket, mon, and come to the theatre this nicht," said Harry.

"Now, friends," said the old Scotch clergyman after the offering had been counted, "the kirk is in sair need o' siller an' we have failed to get the money honestly. Now we will see what a bazaar will do for us."

"My, what a lot of Scotch people," said an American to a Scotchman. "What wad Scotland do if you all abided there?"

"Ye mean," said the Scotchman, "what wad the rest o' the word dae', if we a' bided in Scotland?"

It chanced that a fly floated in every one of the three glasses of toddy served to the group in the taproom.

The Englishman blew his fly off the surface of the high ball.

The Irishman flipped his out with a spoon.

The Scotchman picked his up and wrung it thoroughly over the glass before casting it aside.

Just ahead of Abraham Isaacs in the line at the box office was a Scotchman who paid for three box seats at \$6.60 each for the current attraction, "The Miracle."

The Jew dropped out of line. "Lemme out, please," he said to the crowd in front of the door. "I've seen der show."

Jean and Sandy were looking at the bill of fare posted outside a café.

"How about a bonnie dinner, lass?" suggested Sandy.

"Splendid! Where shall we go?" asked Jean.

"To your house?" queried Sandy. "And we can read some more signs on the way!"

Sandy gave sound homely advice to his boy Jock: "When ye hae nothing else to do, Jock, ye can be sticking in a tree. It will be growing, while ye are sleeping."

Scott's Works

A skeptical youth was testing the knowledge of a young maiden concerning the works of Sir Walter Scott.

"Do you like 'The Lady of the Lake?' " he asked.

"Just dote on it!" she gushed.

"And 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel?' "

"Adorable!"

"What do you think of Scott's Emulsion?"

"I think it is the best thing he has ever done!"

Scrambled

"Sorry, suh," said the colored waiter, returning to the dining-car patron. "Cook says ebery time he tries to poach eggs on dis road dey scrambles. Y'll have to hab 'em scrambled, suh!"

Sea Food

A tramp said he always relied entirely upon sea food.

"I see it in the windows," he explained.

Sea-sick

A "good sailor" was strutting the deck. To the doubled-up little Irishman at the rail he inquired condescendingly: "Stomach weak, Pat?"

"Wake?" repeated Pat. "Wake? Oi'd have ye know Oi'm t'rowing as fur as iny of thim!"

A father and mother were lying weak and wan in their steamer chairs while their little boy played recklessly on the slippery deck.

"Husband," said the watchful mother, "hadn't you better speak to Willie?"

Whereupon the prostrate father murmured faintly: "Hello, Willie!"

A mother, upon returning to her steamer chair, was much concerned to find a pale, woe-begone face pillowed upon the shoulder of her daughter.

"Marguerite!" she cried in accents wild, "who is this presuming monster?"

"Search me, mother mine," replied Marguerite wearily. "I never saw him before in my life!"

"H'is there h'anything else, sir?" asked the ship steward as he brought in the breakfast tray to the author of "How to Keep Well at Sea."

"Yes, toss it over the rail for me!" murmured the health authority from his bunk.

"Captain, you know that guy that's been so desperately sick in my stateroom for three days?" twittered one of the four occupants of 214, upon the fourth successive morning of the storm at sea. "Well, I think he's getting better."

"How so?" asked the Captain just in season to complete this merry quip.

"Well, he aroused himself this morning and told me to get off him."

Sea-weary

"Alexander, we're passing a ship!" one colored doughboy shouted to his bunk-mate busy shoveling coal in the boiler-room of the transport.

"You call me when we're passing trees!" yelled back Alexander.

Secretary

Levi's secretary came on deck where the chief was watching the gathered clouds.

"Looks as if ve vere going to have rain!" said the secretary.

"Ve? Ve?" repeated Levi. "An' how long since you became a partner?"

"Am I too fast for you?" asked the employer, giving dictation to the new secretary.

"No, you're too old!" said she.

Seeing Double

Two liquidated neighbors were going home on Saturday night. As they approached their domiciles one said to the other: "I'll go a little ahesh so you can she whesher I'm navigatin' proper."

"Ver' good, perfect in fact," said the observer from the rear, "but whoinhell zhat with you?"

Seeing New York

"Are rentals very high here?" asked a female passenger in the Seeing New York wagon.

"Well, to give you an idea, madam: If you left your umbrella standing in the corner of that building for five minutes it would cost you \$17.50."

"Look at that sky-scraper going up! The workmen who are putting the finishing touches on the upper 20 stories have

gone down to the 50th floor for lunch while the tenants on the first 40 floors are moving out because the building is old-fashioned!"

"See that man nervously running a narrow slip of paper through his fingers on Wall Street? He's trying to decide whether he will buy a Rolls-Royce or go out to the self-serve for lunch!"

Sentinel

A doughboy returning very much belated from his first day's furlough late in the war, was challenged with "Halt, who goes there?"

He replied somewhat thickly: "I'm the end of a perfect day!"

Captain—"If anything moves, shoot!"

Sentry—"Yessah; an' if anything shoots, Ah move."

A West Pointer used to vary the watchman's call of the night as he walked past in a pelting rain: "Number 3! Half past two o'clock and all is wet!"

A dusky sentinel took his first turn at guard duty very seriously.

"Halt, who goes thah?" he challenged.

"Officer in command," was the answer.

"Halt, who goes thah?" he repeated.

"What's the great idea?" thundered the officer emerging from the darkness.

"Nothin', only Ise got ordahs to challenge twice and then shoot!" explained the faithful sentry.

"Halt! who is there?" challenged the sentry, as Colonel Barry, post commandant and his family approached late at night.

"I've forgotten the password, sentinel," said the Colonel, "but we are the Barrys."

"Oi don't care if you're the cat's whiskers!" said the exacting sentry. "Ye can't git by this post!"

War's death rate may seem less appalling than the rate of exchange, in an age when the Jewish sentry on duty cries:

"Advance, frent, und gif der commission!"

Sermon

A minister was preaching on "The Major and Minor Prophets."

"Having considered the major prophets and given them their places in sacred history, and having treated of the minor prophets and assigned them to their deserved stations in the 'old, old, story,' " he said after sermonizing for an hour and a half, "what shall we do with Ezekiel?"

A stranger arose wearily in the rear and moved toward the door. "You can give 'Zeke' my place," he shouted, "I'm going home!"

Setting Hen

A restaurant customer wondered how the fried chicken would set on the boiled eggs he had just consumed.

"All right," murmured the maiden fair. "Set on 'em all last week."

Seven Ages of Man

First Age—Sees the earth.

Second Age—Wants it.

Third Age—Hustles to get it.

Fourth Age—Decides to be satisfied with only about half of it.

Fifth Age—Becomes still more moderate.

Sixth Age—Now content to be satisfied with a six-by-two strip of it.

Seventh Age—Gets the strip.

Sheridan

There was an intense Irish patriot, little Jimmie McKenna, who kept the flag shanty at the East Side crossing in a southern Michigan town.

The village cut-ups liked to bait him about the inconspicuous part played by the Irish in history. Jimmie was on fire in a minute.

"You b'ys all ran away from school today, didn't you?" he would ask.

"Well, supposing we did. What's that got to do with the small potatoes the Irish have been in the great events of the world?"

"Go back an' shtudy y'r hist'ry. Look at Little Phil Sheridan!"

"Ah, but he was twenty miles away."

"Yis," added Jimmie in his squeaky tones, "an' comin' like hell!"

Ship

An old lady was on her first ocean voyage. When she beheld the deck equipped with life-boats and life preservers, she cried: "Why do they carry so many spare tires?"

"Oh, I'm so glad to get my feet on vice versa again," said the nervous lady as the ship landed.

"My dear, you don't mean vice versa, you mean terra cotta," corrected her husband.

A ship is in love foolishly, when it is out with the buoys; wisely, when it is attached to a pier; madly, when it rests upon the bosom of a swell.

Shooting Gallery

"All you have to do in the shooting gallery is to hold the apple on your head!" the manager explained to the trembling darkey, "while the marksmen split it in two at ten paces."

"'Scuse me," said Smoke.

"What's the trouble?"

"Nawthin', only death am so permanent!"

Sight and Vision

"No, Christopher, 'sight' and 'vision' are not synonymous. Take my wife when she emerges from the beauty parlor. She's a sight. But when my secretary, Miss Stillyoung, emerges from the marcelling, you behold a vision!"

"You must pay attention to the fine distinctions in the use of words, Christopher!"

Signals

A panic-stricken captain on the bridge of the ship was signalling stop, full speed, ahead, slow, fast, reverse and goodness knows what else.

"For the love of Pete, let up a minute, will ye?" yelled the perspiring ship engineer down below at the levers, "you're seven signals ahead of me now!"

Signs

"This Store Will Remain Closed Until After the Funeral of Mrs. Goldstein, Following Which All Goods Will Be Sold At One-Quarter Off. Our Loss Is Your Gain."

"To cyclists and photographers: Try our 1-6 luncheon. A dark-room is provided for developments."

"Clothing of woman tailor. Ladies furnished in the upper storey."

"Respectable ladies have fits upstairs."

"Angels are made at railroad crossings."

Abraham came down to his store in the morning to find Levi, on his left, had covered the front of his place with a "Going Out of Business" sign. Mose, on the right, had emblazoned "Alteration Sale—Unprecedented Bargains!"

Abraham had the sign-painter come a-running to outfling over his threshold in the center, "Main Entrance."

Commercialists and evangelists have mixed things on the trans-continental trails:

"We Make the Finest Welsh Rarebits."

"Prepare To Meet Thy God."

"Hash As Is Hash."

"Father, Forgive Them, They Know Not What They Do."

"Pickled Pigs' Feet."

"Footease At All Drugstores."

One day a woman coming out of the subway stumbled over a street-cleaner's tool, and looking up from her prostrate position saw this toothpaste sign:

"Comes Out of the Tube and Lies Flat On the Brush."

Self-service sign: "Eat Where You Like, But This Is a Good Place!"

"Carnation Milk from Contented Cows."

"Try Our Frankfurters, Made from Puppies That Died Happy!"

A roadside innkeeper was not doing well at all but he conceived the idea of putting up a signboard, "The Inn of the Nine Lions," with eight lions in the picture.

So many people came in to tell him his sign was wrong and stayed to dinner that he was out of the woods in six months.

"Gone Out Whitewashing—Done In Here."

Silence

"I have suffered from speech often, but from silence never," wrote a wise man.

Jonah is said to have enunciated the same truth from the belly of the whale.

"This thing would never have happened," he said, "if you had kept your mouth shut!"

A wrathful father said to his noisy and mischievous offspring, "All I want from you, sir, is silence—and a very little of that!"

Silo

Two Iowa boys enlisted in the World War and boarded a ship at New York City. As the ship was leaving the harbor they saw a lighthouse standing in the water. It was the first lighthouse they had ever seen. One of them remarked: "Say, Sam isn't that a heck of a place to put a silo?"

Singer

The soprano was struggling through the high note with indifferent success when the accompanist threw up his hands.

"What's the matter?" asked the singer.

"It's no use!" wailed the accompanist. "I play on the whites and I play on the blacks, while all the time you sing on the cracks!"

Skyscraper

As Mike hurtled past the twentieth floor upon his descent from the roof of a skyscraper, he was heard to ejaculate, "Begorra, Oi'm all right so fur!"

A skyscraper was once negotiated stair by stair by a countryman until he staggered into the office on the top floor, a physical wreck, with only breath enough to cry:

"Is St. Peter in?"

"Why in the world didn't you take the elevator?" inquired the manager of the building.

"Jes' missed it!" said the weary pilgrim of the flights.

Slip of the Tongue

A man took a hard tumble and his companion helped him up, asking him: "How did you happen to fall, Tom?"

Tom answered: "Notwithstanding!"

The other was still laughing as he reached home, and his wife asked him the cause of his merriment.

"That Tom is the funniest guy," he explained. "When he slipped upon the walk coming home I asked him how it happened, and quick as a flash he answered: 'Nevertheless!'"

"You don't see it now," he added, "but you will when you think it over."

Every visitor to Oxford takes a short course in "Spoonerisms," as the slips of the treacherous tongue of the venerable warden spooners have come to be known.

He was preaching on "Our Loving Shepherd" one morning and the theme came out, "Our Shoving Leopard." A toast to

"Our dear old queen" was transposed into "Our queer old dean" and "sons of toil" was rendered "tons of soil."

The most startling incident of absent-mindedness attributed to Dr. Spooner was in connection with a female relative seeing him off at the railway station. It is related that he gave the kinswoman a coin and kissed the porter.

Slippery

"He was a smooth one in politics," said the corner grocery presiding officer, discussing a county chairman who had gone to his eternal reward.

"He could go the length of a keyboard without making a sound. Why, when it came to sound-proof slipperiness, a boa constrictor bathed in olive oil would have been a non-skid proposition by comparison!"

Slow

Two frogs sat on a log, both suffering from colds. They called a turtle and asked him to run and get them a little aspirin.

After six months the frogs began to wonder what could be detaining their messenger. "Such rotten service!" cried one of the invalids. "I tell you that turtle is no good; he's a false alarm, a fake!"

All this time the turtle was behind a stone near by and heard every word. "Just for that," he snapped, "I won't go!"

Smith

There was a fellow who never could understand where so many Smiths came from. He chanced to take a trip to Chicago one day, and the first thing he saw as he alighted from the cars was an immense building and on its side in great white letters were the words, "Smith Manufacturing Co." That explained it.

Smoking

A puffer was creating a pungent smudge in the women's waiting room.

"Can't you see that 'No Smoking' sign up there?" asked the station master severely.

"I saw it," the culprit admitted, "but it doesn't say 'Absolutely!'"

A compartment on the Simplon Express contained an American, a German and an Englishman.

The American, pulling at a long black cigar, filled the compartment with a thick Havana fog.

The German pointed to the sign, "No Smoking," but the offender paid no attention. Puff, puff, puff went the human chimney. The angered Teuton motioned for a guard.

The American saw him coming and before the German had a chance to lodge complaint he ordered him expelled from the first-class space because he was traveling on a second-class ticket. The guard asked the German to show his ticket and promptly expelled him from the compartment and train.

"By Jove, deucedly clevah that!" commented the Britisher. "But how did you manage to spot the chap's ticker?"

"Very simple," replied the American between puffs. "I saw his pasteboard sticking out of his vest pocket, and as it was the same color as my own I knew it was second-class, so out he went!"

Snake

Rastus showed up at the menagerie in answer to an advertisement offering liberal pay for easy hours. He was told it would be his duty to assist in feeding the great python.

Rastus backed away. He did not care for the society of a snake at any time, much less at a forced feeding time.

"Your fears are groundless, Rastus," said the manager. "As there will be ten of us holding the python while he is fed there will not be the slightest danger."

"You're wrong, all wrong, man!" cried Rastus. "There may be nine of you, but there'll not be ten of us!"

Snorer

Lower 4 (to the fat man sleeping with cutout open across the aisle)—"Do you know I paid six dollars to sleep in this Pullman?"

Lower 5 (to complainant in lower 4)—"Do you know I paid six dollars to snore in this Pullman?"

Somnambulism

Bill Nye confessed that as a boy he was a somnambulist. And the peculiarity of his somnambulism was that he always woke up in an adjoining melon-patch.

He said he continued these walkings in his sleep until the owner of the melon-patch got a dog that was also a somnambulist. That's the time he quit. "If the dog wants to somnamb, he can," said Bill, "but I'm through."

He said he formed this resolution one starlit night when, leaning over a large, juicy melon, he experienced a pang of conscience and felt his suspenders snap.

"There is something I should say to you before we become man and wife, Angelique," said a young man one rapturous day in the gloaming. "It is something you should know. It may make a difference in your feeling toward me. Angelique, I am a somnambulist."

"That's all right, Reginald. Don't let it worry you a bit. While my people are staunch Presbyterians and must always remain such, we can go to my church part of the time and to your church part of the time."

Soup

"Is there soup on the menu, waiter?" asked the customer.

"No sah! Dere was, but I wiped it off!"

S. O. S.

One season the hot weather, long overdue, came with such suddenness when it did make up its mind to arrive, that it found one traveler away from home and quite unprepared for it. He sent this S. O. S.: "B. V. D.'s C. O. D., P. D. Q."

Spanish

Some school teachers in Spain, thinking of milk as one article of diet that they could order in the sign language, drew a picture of a cow and put up two fingers

"Si, senorita!" bowed the waiter, and returned directly with two tickets for a bull fight.

Speed Limit

An octogenarian was complimented on his remarkably quick tramp from his country home to the city. "I could have beaten that record," he said, "if it hadn't been for that sign at the city limits—'Slow down to 15 miles an hour.'"

Speedway Classic

"So the automobile race was close, was it?"

"Close was no name for it! The lucky car won by its second coat of paint!"

Spinster

Finally in the pastimes at the church sociable they came to the game of making faces. A prize was up for the one who could cause the most frightful distortion of the countenance.

Of several entries that surpassed in grotesqueness any comic strip ever seen or heard of, the committee decided the award should go to a spinster.

"Why, how ridiculous!" she sputtered. "I wasn't even playing!"

An old maid with bobbed hair and short skirts is like the farmer who locked his barn after the horse was stolen.

An unappropriated blessing dismissed matrimony as non-essential, saying:

"What need have I of a husband? I have a dog that growls about the house, a parrot that talks all the time, and a cat that stays out all night."

A certain school invoked the rule that every tardy pupil must pause a moment at the threshold and repeat a portion of scripture. An old maid once found herself there flurried and breathless, and she quoted for the benefit of the more punctual pupils, "I love those who love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Two maiden ladies halted at the threshold of the church when they saw a famous acrobat showing the priest some of his most dextrous stunts. While shriving himself as a stumbling Catholic he wanted to prove he was a good acrobat.

He was just walking up the aisle on his hands when the faithful sisters entered. They beat a retreat. "If this is the penance today," one said to the other, "we'll put off our confession."

Spook

Patrick had a habit of sleeping off drunken stupors in public places. To give him the scare of his life they carried him in a

disgraceful condition to a lot in the village cemetery. When he awoke in the dead of the night a sheeted form rose before him and a sepulchral voice cried:

"Patrick Monahan, what are you doing in my grave?"

"Faith, an' wot are ye doin' out of it?" came back the incorrigible toper.

A colored parson tried to make himself comfortable with the Scriptures in a spook house. He had just finished the selection beginning "Lo, I am with you always," when he heard a measured tread on the stairs. A black cat came in, went to the fireplace, rubbed ashes on his nose, turned and sat upright with a penetrating gaze fixed upon the Bible reader.

"Nice kittie," said the parson, putting out his hand.

"Wait till Martin comes," meowed the cat.

The preacher turned to "Let not your heart be troubled." Thump, thump, thump, came from the stairway. A cat as big as a Newfoundland dog passed through the silent room, helped himself to live coals from the grate and massaged his nose with them. Then he contemplated the sole occupant of the haunted house.

"N-n-nice big puss," said the parson soothingly, beginning to find the Scriptures insufficient for the progressive uneasiness of the situation.

"Wait till Martin comes," yowled the second arrival.

Dominie slammed the book shut and grabbed his hat. "Not dis chile," he murmured as he made for the door. "When Martin comes jes' tell him de Lord's servant am gone!"

Spooning

A romantic young man was found guilty of violating the no-spooning-in-the-park rule.

In his defense he stated that he was merely trying to make the waist places glad.

To his friends he explained that his arrest was due to an accident on the belt line.

Good night! Good Night! Good Night!
Their eyes with lovelight dawning—
Good night! Good Night! Good Night!
Till the milkman said: "Good Morning!"

Squad Drill

'Raise the right leg and hold it at right angle to the body," commanded the sergeant.

A recruit raised his left leg by mistake, so that it was extended close to the right leg of the file at the left.

"Who's that raising both legs?" called out the sergeant severely.

Stage

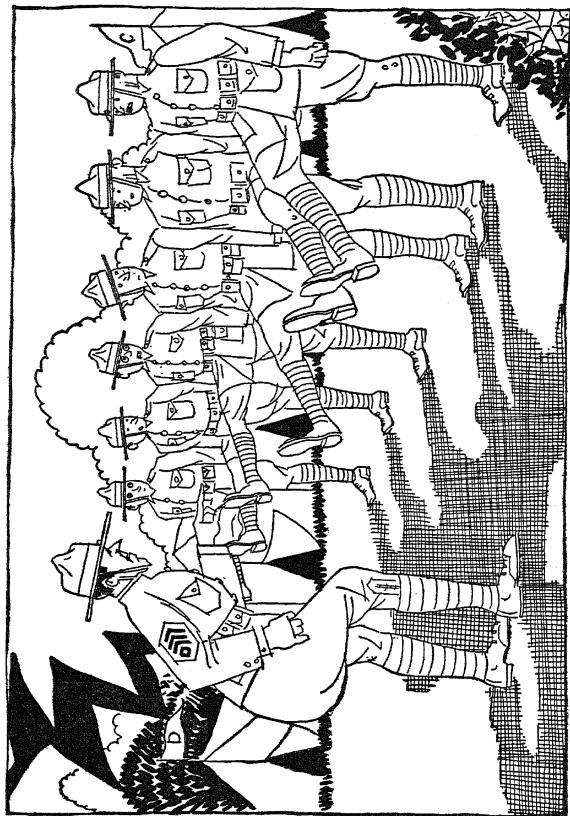
Alexander of the livery stable had to learn to eat with his fork preparatory to going on the road with the minstrel troupe, lured from his job by glittering promises of wealth and luxury.

"Dere's a trade Ah tuk up," he reported mournfully as he got back to the livery stable on foot, "dat Ah nebber worked at."

"Didja see Grace Church?" asked an old-timer of the village lad upon his return from his first trip to New York.

"No, darn it. What company was she in?" asked the cheated youth.

And it was adding insult to injury when along came a letter from a high school friend in Italy reporting enthusiastically that he had seen Florence.



"Who's That Raising Both Legs?"

William T. Hodge was giving his quaint and mirthful play, "The Man from Home," before a small town audience that showed keenest appreciation, but never let go of a single laugh. The mystified actor spoke to the town constable about how excellent the order was, but said he could not understand their silence.

"Yep, we're bound to preserve order in this burg," quoth the constable. "Ef we'd caught anyone laughing out loud we'd arrested 'em quicker'n scat!"

A Chicago youth was entertaining his country cousin at a performance of "Shenandoah" in the World's Fair days. Gen. Sheridan's appearance on the stage on horseback thrilled the young visitor through and through.

"Gee, wasn't it great where Sheridan came dashing on just in the nick of time?" he cried.

"Pshaw," said his know-it-all Chicago host, "that wasn't Sheridan at all! It was just some actor made up to look like him. Sheridan ain't been with the company since they left New York."

"Draw near, gents! The costumes worn by the ladies in this highly moral exhibition came from Paris in an envelope. Draw your own conclusions!" was the midway announcement.

"Faust" was the offering for the evening. The Mephisto of the cast was both satanic and corpulent. In his descent into the infernal regions, he got wedged in the trap-door that represented the portals of the place of lasting punishment.

As he wiggled in the opening, a wag in the gallery cried:

"Thank God! Hell's full!"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin was given at the Grand last night by a two Uncle Tom's, two Eva's, two Markses, two bloodhounds

aggregation," ran the review in the local paper, adding: "The bloodhounds were fine."

"Have you noticed the utter absence of comment upon my last play?" asked the author, of a bosom friend. "It is plain that I am the victim of a conspiracy of silence. What would you do about it?"

"I'd join it if I were you!" the bosom friend replied.

"After tonight I am going to have you killed in Act I instead of Act III," the stage manager said to his leading man.

"Wherefore the change?" asked the heavy villain.

"I don't want to take the chance of having the audience do it!" replied the manager.

"Ladies and zhentlemen," explained the French manager of the Uncle Tom's Cabin production, after a long wait for the curtain to rise. "I beg to announce zat ze blood hund ees seek and ze poodle dog will take hees place!"

The tragedian was in the last tremors of dissolution in Act II.

"Die further back stage! Die further back stage!" the prompter whispered from the wings.

"I'll die where I darn please!" the doomed man growled. "Who's doing this dying, anyway?"

Stammering

A man in the train coach was addressed by a fellow traveler across the aisle with the entirely proper question: "Wha-wha-what t-t-t-time d-d-does th-th-this tr-tr-train g-g-get t-t-t-to P-P-Podunk?"

There was no answer. The inquirer went into another coach disappointed and mystified. "Why did you not give that fellow

the information he sought?" asked a lover of his fellowman one seat behind.

"D-D-D-Do y-y-y-you s-s-s-suppose I w-w-w-ant t-t-to g-g-g-get m-m-m-my bl-bl-bl-block k-k-k-knocked off?" asked the other.

"Wh-wh-what d-d-do y-y-you th-th-think of th-th-the st-st-stammer-mer-mering school in th-th-this town?" asked a prospective pupil of a man at the station.

The stranger, who had just decided that he must go by freight because he couldn't express himself at the ticket window, replied:

"A-a-all r-r-right. It cer-cer-certainly c-c-cured m-m-me!"

"A-rab-b-e-e-l-l-a," cried the stammering suitor, "I l-l-love y-y-you!"

"That will do," the proud beauty replied loftily. "You may get off your knees. I don't care to be courted on the installment plan."

Statistics

If all the boarders in the country were placed end to end they would reach.

Steady

Bridget asked the section foreman to give Pat a place on the gang. He inquired:

"Is your husband steady?"

"Stidy? stidy, is it?" repeated Bridget. "Why, sor, if he were iny stidier he'd be dead!"

Stick-to-it-tiveness

There is a lesson for the laggard in the fable of the two frogs who fell into a bucket of cream.

One frog, faint-hearted, gave up hope of escape forthwith, but the other commenced to leap and kept on leaping.

Next morning the maid came upon a dead frog in the cream bucket and a live frog perched upon a roll of golden butter.

The never-say-die frog had churned a creamy grave into a life-saving station.

Stomach Pump

The ragged tie-counter was relating the close call he had in Jerry's place.

"I was tired of living on see food so I sauntered in and called for a drink. Tossing it off, I told the barkeeper to put the charge for the decoction on ice."

"He flashed something upon me that gave me the shivers for a moment. It was only a revolver, but I mistook it for a stomach-pump!"

Stone

"Uncle Solomon told me to attend to everything," said Levi to Moses. "I vas der executor. He left \$600 for a stone. Dere (pointing to a sparkler on his necktie) ish der stone!"

St. Patrick

The origin of the wearing of a green ribbon or shamrock on St. Patrick's day is interesting.

The Emerald Isle suffered not only from a plague of snakes but from a superabundance of monkeys, and it was determined to exterminate both.

Upon the day set apart for slaying the organ-grinder's assistants, every son of Erin, as a precaution and aid to identification, was requested to wear something green.

Street-car

"What impresses you most about our great nation, your lordship?" an American asked the British visitor.

"Aw think it is the practice you observe in the train of reading a newspaper on the co-operative plan."

"Crowded out to make room for more interesting matter!" observed the weary editor as he gave his seat in the street car to a pretty girl.

"One-two-three-four-five," said a street-car passenger counting out the pennies.

"Aw, I can't take them!" cried the conductor.

"Then give 'em to the company," said the fare.

A Hebrew street-car conductor began to turn in a surprisingly large increase in receipts.

"How do you get \$60, \$70, and \$80 an afternoon for a line that has been averaging \$10, \$11 and \$12?" they asked him.

"Vhell, pishness vas not very goot on Vesey street so I ran her up and down Broadway," he answered.

Streets of Chicago

Samuel Jackson surprised everybody by reappearing in Augusta, Georgia, soon after his departure for good for the North.

"Why Sam," said a native, "I thought you all were going to make Chicago your abode."

"Dat war de calc'lation," Sam replied, "but I doan wan' ter abide in a place whar' dey knows eberything about yer like dat Chicago town!"

"Explain yourself, Sam."

"Well, sah, when Ah war ridin' on der street car de conductor called eberybody by name when it were time to git off. 'Washington!' he would artic'late an' Mistah Washington walked out. 'Adams!' an' Mistah Adams an' his wife got off.

'Madison' an' dere war quite a family ob dem. Den he hollers, 'Jackson!' an' Ah responds although Ah hadn't had mah money's worth."

"As Ah reached de sidewalk dere was a pocket-book lying righ' fore mah eyes. Ah freezed onto it and counts de contents. Dere war one, two, three, four dollahs an' sebenty-two cents. Jes' den a man came along twistin' his head in ebery direction. 'Ah'm lookin' fer 472 Jackson,' says he. 'Dere she am,' Ah said, handin' ober der wallet."

"Might have known y' couldn't keep anything secret in a town where dey knows yer innermos' thoughts."

Sam was as definitely impressed as the little boy who wrote in his composition that all the presidents were named after streets in Chicago.

Style

"Oh, doctor, do you think the scar will show?" asked the fair young appendicitis patient.

"Can't say, miss, I'm not setting the styles this year."

"Gee, Anne, you forgot your earrings! Don't you feel positively naked?"

When a customer was being fitted to a pair of shoes, he protested against having his toes pinched by a fancy last. "You know the styles are different this season," the salesman gurgled.

"Yes, but my feet are just the same as a year ago," the buyer observed.

"Really, my dear, I wish you would not expose yourself so much at the party tonight."

"No, love, I shan't. I am going to wear gloves up to the elbows."

"Your lordship, do you look for women's dresses to be made any shorter?" a reporter asked in an interview with a British visitor.

"Weally, Ah hope not, when a fellah's over heah to recuperate!"

Submarines

Colored porters were discussing the developments of the early stages of the war at the side of their Pullmans in Weehawken.

"Hear 'bout dem German submaroons?" inquired one. "Dey comes along and blows a ship right out de watah."

"Dey does?" said the other. "Wattah we gwine to do about it?"

"Ah knows what I'm gwine to do," the first speaker declared, "Ah'm gwine to be a nootraility."

"No sah, not dis chicken," spoke up No. 2, "Ah'm gwine to be German."

Suffragism

The beautifully-gowned advocate of equal rights had concluded her appeal for the enfranchisement of her oppressed sisters, but said she would remain a few moments for questions.

"There is one thing I would like to ask you," said a young matron faintly.

"Proceed, my dear young woman," said the suffragist encouragingly.

"How do you get that smooth effect about the hips?" asked the non-voter.

The difference between the two types of militants is quite plain.

The suffragist takes tea with Mrs. Belmont and the suffragette sets forth and bites a perfectly good policeman.

Sugar-cured

Hiram—"One of th' pigs is sick, so I give him some sugar."

Zek—"Sugar! What for?"

Hiram—"Medicine, of course. Haven't you heerd of sugar-cured hams?"

Sunday-school

Asked what she had learned at Sunday-School, Clara replied proudly she knew every verse of the "Andy Gump Hymn."

The startled mother asked her how it began, whereupon Clara piped up promptly with:

"And He walked with me, and He talked with me!"

"We will now have a report from the servants to whom the talents were entrusted!" said the Sunday-School superintendent who believed in the objective method of inculcating Biblical truths. "Edgar, where are your talents, committed to your care last Sunday?"

"Here they are, master, and ten talents more!" reported Edgar.

"Well done, good and faithful servant!" said the superintendent glowingly. "And now Arthur, where are your talents?"

"H'aint got any!" whimpered Arthur.

"Thou slothful servant!" cried the superintendent. "You have taken the talents given you and hidden them in a nap-kin?"

"Naw, I didn't!" exclaimed Arthur. "I lost 'em matchin' pennies with Edgar!"

A young man tried to impress his Sunday-School class with the infinite powers of the Creator.

"Did you ever stop to think, children, of the marvelous creative powers of the All Wise Father? The same power that

lifted the everlasting hills fashioned the babbling rill; the same power that creates the cyclone sends the fragrant zephyr; the same power that made me made a daisy!"

A Sunday-School class had been carefully drilled for the coming of the district superintendent. Johnnie was to answer "God" when the question "Who made you?" was propounded. Timmie was to pipe up "Out of the dust of the earth" in answer to the second question.

"Who made you?" asked the district superintendent when the great day of the review arrived. Again the opening question. Still no answer.

"Please, sir," spoke up a freckled-faced youngster, "the little boy God made is home with the measles."

The class were reviewing the wonderful lesson of Jacob when he used a stone for a pillow and had the dream of the angels ascending and descending on the ladder above him. The young lady teacher asked if there were any questions.

"If the lovely angels had wings," asked a twelve-year-old, "whaddey have to climb up and down the old ladder for?"

"Ah-hem!" said the teacher, "are there any more questions?"

A Sunday-School lad tried to convince his mother that the Sunday ball games were quite like the services after church. "In the Bible school, mother, we sing, 'Is there any room in heaven?'" and on the bleachers they shout, "For heaven's sake, make room!"

A Sunday-School visitor asked the children what he should talk about, and got an immediate answer: "Talk about three minutes."

"What more shall I say?" inquired the visiting speaker of the Sunday-School, after an already lengthy address.

"Say 'amen' and sit down," cried a red-headed boy.

Surprise

It occurred to a resident of the rural district to give the home-folks the surprise of their lives. So he invested in a somewhat flashy suit of clothes and stopping at his favorite swimming place on his way home, he cast one garment after another upon the flowing stream, which soon carried the old suit out of sight.

When he went to the car to put on the nifty new suit he found someone had made off with the purchase. He drove home as he was, feeling that he might be able to surprise the folks anyway.

Swedish

"Hello, Ad, how you ban?"

"Not so good, my wife she have nine children."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad, she got vun million dollars."

"Dot's good."

"Not so good, she vont spend it."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad. She got a fine house. I don't pay no rent."

"Dot's good."

"Not so good. The house she burn down yesterday."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad, my wife she ban burnt up in the fire."

"Dot's good."

"Yes, dot's good."

Olga was alert in snapping up Ole's long-delayed tender of his heart. It happened under the mellowing influence of the moon as they drove through the leafy lane.

Ole was painfully silent, if not melancholy, after the girl's answer. So she said to him softly:

"Why you no speak, Ole?"

"Too much bane said already!" muttered the deliberate lover.

Ole liked his job so well that he shook his head emphatically when the sister followed the evangelist's appeal from the platform with the personal invitation: "Don't you want to come and labor in the Lord's Vineyard?"

"Not much," said Ole. "Ay got fine yob with Yan Yanson already!"

"Ay want drink of squirrel whiskey!" said Jan to the bar-keeper.

"No squirrel whiskey," said the barkeeper, "but here's some fine old Crow!"

"No, Jan no care to fly; jus' wanta hop!"

One day a Swede was seen by his farmer employer cleaning a lantern. When asked why he was getting his lamp trimmed and burning, he answered:

"Val, Ay like to have lantern ven Ay go to see my girl."

"When I used to go sparking," said his boss, "the darker it was the better I liked it."

"Yah," said the Swede, "and look vat you got!"

Swimming

A man laid before his companion at the ship table statistics showing that if all the waters of all the seven seas were distributed over the land there would be a mean swimming depth of twenty-feet.

The other replied:

"If you find anyone scattering the seven seas over the land, shoot 'em on the spot, I can't swim!"

A teacher came upon her urchins getting into their clothes on the bank of a stream.

"Go ahead, boys, I won't look," she shouted reassuringly. But the boys all plunged back in the brook, saying:

"We don't dast risk it, teacher!"

A boy boasted that his cousin, a champion swimmer, had won every bet he ever made.

"The last wager he laid was that he could dive from Liverpool to New York," declared his kinsman press agent.

"I suppose he won that, too!" roared the crowd jeeringly.

"No, I'll be square with you fellows," said the cousin. "My relative's renown is too well established to require false representations. The boy miscalculated and came up in Denver, Colorado."

They were discussing the message from the pulpit on their homeward way. "I tell you," said a pewholder enthusiastically, "that sky-pilot can certainly dive deeper into the truth than any minister I ever heard."

"Yes," said another, "and he can stay under longer."

"And come up drier!" commented a third.

Mother, may I go out to swim?

Yes, my darling daughter—

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb

And don't go any nearer the water than the rotogravure supplements.

Contemptuous Boardwalker—"Do you call those gaudy beach togs art?"

Camera Man—"Yes, comic strips!"

T

Tact

There were three speeches at the evening session of the general conference, and the last speaker had just concluded his remarks.

As he stepped down from the platform an enthusiastic female delegate came forward, and, taking his hand, exclaimed:

"Weren't the other two fine?"

The little church in the summer resort town was in a panic. The minister from a neighboring church who was to have filled the pulpit failed to appear.

Learning that an eminent divine was at one of the hotels, a committee laid the situation before him and he graciously came to the rescue.

After services a brother assured the distinguished cleric of their appreciation, adding:

"Of course we would have been satisfied with a much poorer preacher!"

Ebenezer went to Theophilus to get him to explain the difference between politeness and tact.

"De diff'rence am dis way," ventured Theophilus. "Ah goes up room 1010 in de hotel whar' Ah is employed to delivah de baggage. Dere were a female in dere takin' a bath. Ah says, 'Excuse me, sah!' an' withdraws. De 'Excuse me' war politeness and de 'sah' war tact."

Mrs. Simpson showed her tactfulness when bidding good-night to her week-end guest, she said:

"In that very bed where you are sleeping my dear husband was found dead just a fortnight ago. (Sniff.) He was a physician, you know, and I have left his skeleton right where he always kept it in the closet yonder. A restful night to you, and sweet dreams!"

Tainted Money

"What do you think of the church accepting 'tainted money'?" they asked the recent convert.

"'Tain't mine or 'tain't yours, what's the objections to 'tainted money'?" he answered.

Taxes

Appealed to by a prosperous pew-holder as to what his bounden duty was in the matter of disclosure of all taxable wealth, in the light of the fact that others were not making honest reports on possessions that the assessors had not spotted, the communicant's spiritual advisor said:

"Is it not written that we must keep ourselves unspotted from the world?"

Taxi

A taxicab driver charged with using violent language protested that the complainant, a woman, was "no lidy."

"Indeed," said the magistrate, "wonder if you know a lady when you see one."

"Of course I do," answered the driver indignantly. "Why, only the other day I saw one, she gave me a pound note for a shillin' fare and walked away. 'Eere, mum,' I says, 'what about yer change?' 'Don't be a blinkin' old fool,' says she; 'keep it an' get drunk enough to kiss yer mother-in-law.' Now," he ended triumphantly, "that's what I calls a real lady."

George Washington (colored) being informed of the death of his friend Pickles Smith from locomotor ataxia, exclaimed: "Dey oughta keep dem damned things off'n de streets altogether!"

"Some men seems to forget," the lecturer on "Old Age Deferred" went on to say, "that there is a faithful though unseen servitor that keeps ceaselessly at its task, come what may, never skipping a beat—"

"Aw, I know!" interrupted a victim, "that's a taxi meter!"

After dashing down an alley, swinging around an open space at breath-stopping speed and shooting a mile or more along the boulevard, the taxi-driver opened the door and shouted to his passenger: "Here ye are, sir!"

"This isn't where I wanted to go at all!" protested the fare.

"I know, sir," twittered Taxi, "but think of the speed at which you came! Wot bloomin' difference does the destination make?"

Sunk without trace of consciousness in a corner of the cushioned rear seat, the passenger came to when the taxi hit a safety zone marker.

"Wash th' meter shay now, driver?" he inquired.

"Eleven dollars and eighty-five cents," reported the operator.

"Reverse 'er, run 'er back quick! All I've got ish shixty-five shents!" confessed the occupant.

Tea

The English soldiers tried to expose one of our doughboys to the tea habit.

They were so insistent the wrathful Sammy broke out at last with:

"Look here, you four o'clock tea hounds, we had a little

mixup on the tea question under King George, and if you don't stop forcing the stuff on me in the middle of the afternoon there'll be another Oolong Party that you'll not relish!"

Teacher

The Keeper of the Celestial Gate asked from within who the first applicant might be.

"It's me!" a voice made reply, and St. Peter bade him come in.

Another knock. Another question. "Who's there?" Another answer, "It's me!"

"Come in!" said the guarding angel.

Then another sharp rap. "Who's there?" asked St. Peter.

"It is I!" a voice replied.

"Another one of those darn school teachers!" grumbled St. Peter.

Teeth

"I have but two teeth left," murmured a dear old lady, "but praise and glory be, they hit!"

Telegram

The telegraph operator, in delivering the telegram at the home of the foremost citizen, congratulated him upon the good news it contained.

"You're not the first to shake hands with me!" said the recipient. "Please tell me how everybody in town seems to know what is in my telegram before I do?"

"Can't understand it," said the operator. "Never told anyone but my wife!"

Thereby confirming the statement that there are three means of communication, to-wit: "Telegraph, telephone, tell a woman!"

A New Yorker at a hotel in the Carolina mountains was aroused from sound slumber by a knock at the door.

"What is it?" he shouted.

"Telegram fo' you boss," replied the darky. "Will you open the door?"

The New Yorker was vexed.

"Can't you slip it under the door?" he asked.

"No, boss," was the response; "it's on a tray."

Telephone

This is Professor Brown talking. No—not Bond—Brown. B as in Brontosaurus, R as in Rhizophoracæ, O as in Ophisthotelæ, W as in Willingbalya and N as in Nucifraga—Brown. Do you comprehend?

The methodical man, checking up the contents of his suitcase sent to his office by his wife, grabbed the telephone and called for his house number.

"Where are my B. V. D.'s!" he demanded.

Central—"I'm wringing them!"

"Are you there?"

"Yes, who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What's your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yep, what's your name?"

"My name is John Watt."

"John what?"

"Yes."

"I'll call on you this afternoon."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name then?"

"Will Knot."

"Why not?"

"My name is Knott."

"Not what?"

Ten Commandments

President Wilson upon traversing the golden streets of New Jerusalem, encountered no less a person than Moses.

"You are Mr. Wilson, are you not?" Moses asked.

"I am."

"I am very sorry for you."

"Why so?"

"Weren't you Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States?"

"I was."

"And didn't you issue the Fourteen points for the settlement of the Great War?"

"I did."

"Well, I am sorry for you, because they have done such dreadful things to your Fourteen Points."

"For the matter of that, I should advise you to go back to the earth and see what they have done to your Ten Commandments."

Tenor

A railway brakeman was chided for calling the names of stations so that not a soul could understand him.

"Every stopping place should be enunciated in a clear, resonant tenor voice," the director insisted.

"Where, I ask you," broke in the brakeman, "are you going to get a clear, resonant tenor voice for \$40 a month?"

Testament

"Did your father leave a last will and testament?" the black sheep of the family was asked.

"Sure."

"What did he leave you?"

"I got the testament."

Testimonial

A patent medicine purchaser poured out his gratitude into a testimonial:

"Gents—When I began taking your wonderful elixir I was so weak I could not arise unassisted from my bed. Yesterday, after finishing the third bottle, I kicked my mother-in-law down two flights of stairs. Send me three more bottles at once."

Texas

"Come into the barn quick!" cried a Texas farmer as the raindrops began to pelt the parched earth.

"Oh, I don't mind the rain a bit!" the new farm hand yelled back.

"Who said anything about what you mind or don't mind," said the farmer. "You get in here quick. We want that rain to fall on Texas!"

Thanksgiving

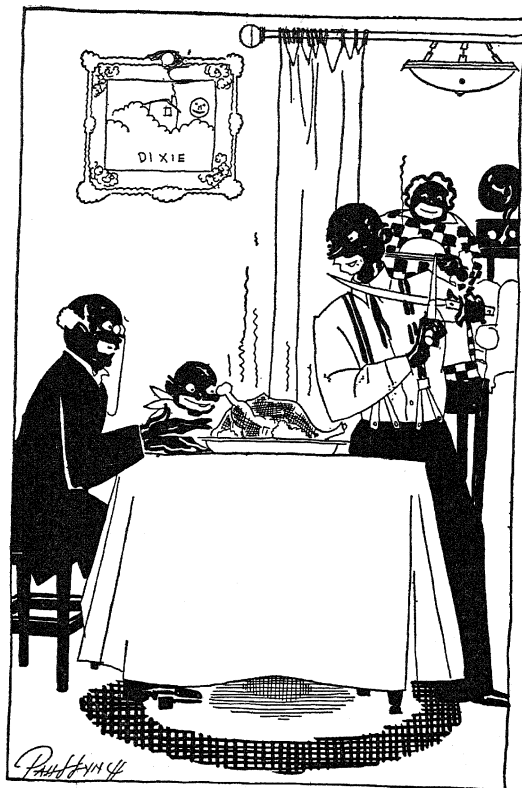
"How much did a fine bird like this cost you, brother?" asked a parson of his host.

"Dat bird, dominie—dat turk he cos' me one night's sleep!"

A colored brother had the minister in for Thanksgiving cheer.

"Might I inquire where you procured so excellent a bird?" quoth the dominie.

"Now, parson," expostulated Ephraim, "w'en you has a particularly fine sermon I nebber asks y' whar' you got the same. I 'spect y' ter show me the same considerashun."



Dat Bird, Pahson, Cos' Me One Night's Sleep

Theatre

A countryman and his wife on their visit to the city were attending the theatre. As the lights came on after the first act, they read in the program: "Six months elapse between Act I and II."

"Come on, Maria," said Rollo, reaching for his hat, "we kain't 'ford ter hang around here at the hotel rates we're puttin' up. Besides, y' know I'm the town constable and I got to be home in time to 'rest Joe Mulligan for bein' drunk and disorderly Saturday night!"

A lad applied for a Shakespearean part in a New York theatre.

"Any experience?" asked the manager.

"Well, I made my début in the legitimate in Detroit."

"Was it a success?"

"There was great excitement."

"I mean did you make a hit? Did they call you back?"

"Not exactly, but they dared me to come back."

A melodrama villain put his lips to the heroine's ear and shrieked:

"Hst! Are we alone?"

And a man in the gallery yelled:

"Yuh ain't tonight, but yuh will be tomorrow night!"

Thrift

While partaking of the hospitality of his cousin, keeper of a New England general store, a visitor from the West remembered his promise to let the folks at home hear from him.

He asked the host for a sheet of paper and envelope, which were forthcoming.

"How much do I owe you?" he inquired for politeness sake.

"Oh, about three cents!" said the practical host, ringing up the pennies with his wonted dignity.

In one of the war drives, the chairman announced the doors would be locked and no one was to leave until he had subscribed at least \$100.

A Jew fainted and two Scotchmen carried him out.

Ticket Agent

Levi asked for a ticket for Springfield.

"Which Springfield?" asked the agent impatiently. "Springfield, Massachusetts; Springfield, Ohio; Springfield, Illinois; Springfield, ——"

"Vich ish der cheapest?" broke in the passenger.

The impatient parson had been at the ticket window many times with inquiries about the belated train. At last he showed up with the solemn interrogation:

"Are there any tidings from the overdue accommodation?"

"Not a damned tiding!" the ticket agent replied.

Just as the smoke was lifting from the explosion of an ammunition plant in New Jersey, a colored citizen shoved \$7.45 through the ticket window of the Pennsylvania road and demanded transportation for as far as that would take him.

"How come?" inquired the agent.

Nicodemus pointed to the remains of a box that had fallen on the walk just outside the station. "See dat TNT," cried the ticket-purchaser. "W'at dat say to dis chile is 'Travel, Nicodemus, travell!' Gimme ticket from here to anywhar'."

"Gimme a ticket to Boston for this!" cried the smart alec, throwing down a handful of coins.

The ticket agent counted the cash and pushed it back.

"You know you can't go to Boston for \$3.85," he said sharply.

"Well, where can I go?" asked smarty.

Then a long line of people anxious to catch the next train told him where he could go.

Tide

Ikey stole out to get a bucket of salt water the first night of his arrival at Atlantic City—having been advised by his physician to take salt baths.

A confidence man stepped up and said, "Fifty cents, please!"

"Vat, do you own der ocean?" asked Ikey.

"I have a concession for all the salt water on the beach," said the shark.

Ikey paid. He stole out in the early morning to escape the assessment, and found the tide had gone out.

"Suffering Isaac, vat a pizness!" he cried.

Tight-wad

A man on returning to his old home town was told the village skin-flint had passed to his reward.

"What complaint?" he inquired.

"No complaint," the neighbor allowed, "everybody satisfied."

"Just to show you how stingy that husband of mine is," continued the disappointed wife, "let me tell you that I asked him to buy me some gum on the way to the movie last night, and what do you suppose he said?"

"I can't imagine."

"He said, 'Hadn't we better wait until we get to the theatre and feel under the seat?' "

The testy head of the establishment conferred a Christmas remembrance upon the oldest employee.

"You have been with us 25 years, Ezekiel," said the boss, "and it is meet and proper that we should take note of your faithfulness. I believe you have never been late or lost a day in all this time. Am I right?"

"Quite right, sir."

"Then here's a copy of my latest photograph!"

Ezekiel looked at the gift long and searchingly, and then murmured: "It's quite like you, sir!"

The statesman of the upper house was noted for his niggardliness. He was always questioning the correctness of his café checks. There was a violent dispute one day over a matter of fifteen cents, which the patron paid under protest and went stamping and fuming out of the hotel.

As the door slammed a tire burst in the street.

"My God!" cried the cashier, "the senator has shot himself!"

Tip

A liberal tipper found himself up against it suddenly after enjoying the best possible attention for the first week. Seeing his waiter standing idly on the other side of the room, he beckoned to him.

"What's the meaning of this inattention, Rastus? Haven't I taken care of you right along?"

"Dat you have, Col'nel! But I done los' you to anudder waitah in a crap-game las' night. He'll be along pres'n'tly, sah!"

"Don't I get a tip, sah?" said the waiter as he handed Tight-wad his tile.

"Sure—save your money!" said Tight-wad.

Uneasy Passenger—"I say, steward, doesn't the ship tip frightfully?"

Dignified Steward—"The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

George, the porter, alluded to a tight-wad as an American eagle in flight.

"I fail to get you," the non-tipper exclaimed.

"Jes' a long distance 'tween tips, that's all, Colonel!" murmured George.

Toastmaster

A toastmaster who had been altogether too imaginative in his introductions was credited with an effort to restore the ancient Oriental practice of lying at meals.

"He makes me think," continued the slandered toast-giver of the conscienceless Ananias of whom an acquaintance said: "I don't believe a word you say, Sylvester, but I love to hear you tell it!"

A man, concerning the intermittent effervescence of a certain toastmaster, prayed: "Oh, Lord, from all traducers and all introducers, deliver us!"

"Who was the speaker of the evening?" asked one who was not there.

"The toastmaster, of course," a survivor replied.

Tourist

A man touring Europe in his car was forced to have the battery re-charged. When calling for it he asked:

"What is the charge for this battery?"

The garageman answered in perfect English:

"One and one-half volts."

"Well, how much is that in American money?" asked the traveler.

A traveled and heavy laden spirit wrote in her diary:

"Venice—had planned to continue our trip to Vienna, but were forced to turn back here by a terrible flood."

On a sultry day, a weary voice called from the back seat of the coach:

"Can this be Rome, daughter?"

"Search me, mother mine," the maiden made reply from up in front.

"Well, what day can it be?"

"Wednesday if I'm not mistaken."

"Then it must be Rome. They say it was not built in a day, but we must do it in two!"

Train

An effeminate youth who stopped the Twentieth Century Limited was confronted by an amazed and wrathful conductor.

"Whaddaya mean, flagging the fastest train in the world and we are already twenty-seven minutes late?"

"That's just it, Mister Conductor! What in the world detained you?"

A corpulent outgoing brother made a mad rush through the gate for the rear platform of a departing limited. As he came back perspiring and frowning, the gateman said:

"Just missed her, eh?"

"Oh, no!" the exhausted one replied. "I was only chasing her out of the station!"

"Mamma wants to know when the accommodations leave for Tarrytown?" a little girl asked the train announcer.

"Two to 2:00 and 2:02," answered the announcer.

"Are you the whistle?" asked the child innocently.

In recognition of services rendered Senator Chauncey M. Depew in the campaign resulting in his elevation to the senate, Isadore Cohen applied for position of train dispatcher for the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

"What do you mean by train dispatcher, Mr. Cohen?" asked the Senator-elect.

"Der vellow in der uniform vat walks up und down der depot telling der customers der train ish pulling out right away."

"Oh, in that case I think we can take care of you," said Senator Depew. And he gave orders to have Isadore set to work dispatching trains.

This is the way he started in:

"All apoard—trains going in der West. Poughkeepsie, Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Indianapolis and St. Louis! Who ish going in der West? Who vants to go in der West?"

A man came up and inquired: "Old man, can you tell me when I get the last train for Buffalo?"

"Der last train for Buffalo?" repeated Isadore. "Huh, you should live so long!"

Meeting his old friend Mike in the station, at Detroit, Pat invited him into his seat for a few libations before the train started. The reunion was celebrated until after the train started.

"Egorra an' it's a great counthry," Mike exclaimed. "Here ye are goin't to Chicago an' I'm bound for Buffalo, an' both makin' it on the same train!"

Tramp

As a housewife brought the food she had promised a tramp, she asked: "Did you saw the wood?"

"Madam, your grammar is excruciating. What you should have asked me is: 'Did you see the wood?'"

The tattered Derelict in "The Old Homestead" boasted that he had had his own way all his life, and Mr. Well-To-Do rejoined:

"Well, by thunder, you look it!"

A good woman came home and beheld a tramp chewing ravenously at the grass in the front yard.

"You poor famished fellow!" she cried. "Come with me into the back yard this minute. The grass is twice as tall there."

Two tramps once occupied the engine brake-beams when the train came to one of the long water-troughs provided for limited trains.

"Wot lake woz dat we went through?" asked Larry of Louis as they regained their breath.

"Dat's no lake," replied Louis. "We're jes' takin' water."

"Tank de Lord we're not takin' coal!" said Larry.

An Englishman observed to an American abroad, "Deucedly pushing country, your h'America; but h'it's too bad weally that you 'ave no titled leisurely class, don't you know—a class quite removed from trade, don't you know."

"We have 'em all right, all right," said the American. "We call them tramps!"

"I sees a damsel standing on a cow washing the front windows," said the tramp. "She looked like an Hungarian bare-back rider, so I goes up and talks hungry to her. Jus' then her ma puts her head out the door and calls:

"Colista, who is that horrid-looking man you're talkin to?"

"I dunno, ma," the window-washer replies, "I never saw him before in my life!"

"Well, you come in the house at once, and bring the cow with you!" commanded the voice.

Tramp Printer

In dismissing the faithless tramp printer, the country editor said:

"You are not only fired, but I intend to show you up in the next issue of my paper!"

"Show me up and be blamed!" said the departing jour, "I can walk outside your circulation in fifteen minutes."

Trouble

An ill-starred fellow was relating his misadventures: "First my daughter ran away with the hired man, taking the Ford runabout with her; then my wife eloped with the milkman; then they took away all the installment furniture, and I was in the hospital for six weeks with appendicitis. When I came out I went to see a psychic phenomenon who reads the future. He told me I had seen trouble, but the worst was yet to come. So I shot him!"

Twins

The whole neighborhood honored the young couple who were blessed with twin boys. After a superb dinner, they called the proud father out and bestowed a beautiful loving cup upon him.

Swept clean off his pegs for a moment his thoughts went back to the days of his athletic prowess at college.

"Lovely," he murmured and added: "Is it really mine, friends, or must I win it three times?"

Rachel, sixty-year-old spouse of Ikey Ipstein, complained so constantly of feeling miserable, her husband insisted that she should consult a specialist.

She came back from the consultation with the announcement that the evening of their married life was to be blessed with twin girls.

"Vat you talking about, Rachel?" cried Ikey. "Der thing ish impossible at your age!"

"Vell, you can see der doctor yourself if you don't pelief me," said Rachel.

Ikey grabbed his hat and made for the specialist's office. "Vat's dish you haf been telling my vife about vat ails her?" he asked.

"Oh," said the eminent diagnostician, "I explained to her that her condition was due to gastritis, which comes from too little juice in the stomach."

Two's Company

A captain of marines made the mistake of producing a hip flask and asking General Butler to join him.

"Officer of the guard!" called out that stern disciplinarian.

"Steady, General," said the hospitable captain. "There's only enough for two."

Typist

"Take a letter to John Jones, Boston, Massachusetts," said a man to the hotel stenographer.

"Dear John—I will meet you on the 5th at Narragansett Pier," he said.

She confessed she did not know how to spell Narragansett Pier, so the dictator said: "Well, make it 'I will meet you on the 5th at Newport'."

A wrathful man dictated this letter: "Sir, my typist being a lady cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot write it. You, being neither, can guess it all!"

Typographical Error

A retired printer went into the self-serve establishment business. "This is an outrage—there's a needle in this soup!" cried one of his customers.

"Merely a typographical error, sir," said the aforetime typographer. "Should have been noodle."

The society editor wrote that the prize-winner of the costume competition at the masque ball "appeared with her feet encased in dainty, fairy boots."

The compositor set it up "ferry boats."

The New York Herald which ran mortuary and marine matters on the same page, got the headings transposed and came out with all the death notices under the caption:

"PASSED THROUGH HELL GATE."

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Mr. Blank, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local paper's report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped reading, his justifiable pride turning to anger. Snatching up his stick, he rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the newspaper to ascertain the reason of her spouse's fury.

She read: "As Mr. Blank mounted the platform, all eyes were fixed on the large red 'nose' he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance."

Discussing a case in which a wayward boy had come to grief through giving false testimony in court, an editor wrote:

"Give us a lad right into whose eyes we may look and feel sure he is speaking the truth."

The stem of the "y" in "eyes" broke off in printing the edition, and the editor, who happened to live next door to the implicated youth, got this slam over the telephone:

"Big business you're in, snooping into your neighbor's eyes!"

U

Uninformed

On a certain day, all the foxes agreed to a truce and the fowls in the barnyard were urged to go forth without fear of molestation.

But one old hen stuck to the coop. She was told of the compact solemnly made.

"I know," said the cautious biped, "but there's bound to be some old fool of a fox that hasn't heard of it!"

Unparliamentary

A comely modern feminist was holding forth on woman's duty to seek and hold absolute independence. Ironically she railed against the clinging-vine business.

"Will you marry me?" cried a prosperous-looking man in the audience.

"Don't interrupt!" she commanded.

"I have a city and country home and three automobiles," he persisted.

"You are out of order," she declared sternly. "If you have any business with me, I will see you after the meeting."

U. S. Senate

You can always depend upon the United States Senate to hit the nail on the thumb.

V

Valentine

Carelessness in mailing has been known to upset the mating program, as when a laundress got a fluffy lace-like folder, adorned with a flock of Cupids, and bearing this sentiment:

"She is mine own, and I as rich in such a jewel as if all the sea were mine, the waters nectar and the rock pure gold!"

At the same hour his heart's desire got this most unusual Valentine's day greeting:

"Madam—It's no use your pestering me about that account due. When I can pay it I'll pay it and all the dunning letters you can write from now till Doomsday won't get you nothing. So you'd better save the money you're putting into postage, old girl. Besides, my dress shirt looks as if it had been run through a sausage mill."

Vaudeville

In a vaudeville stunt where the sharpshooter emulated the cocksureness of the Swiss celebrity, William Tell, the beautiful young lady who was to hold the apple on her head was taken ill at the last moment. They asked a colored man in the audience to substitute for the girl.

"All you have to do is to stand perfectly still while the marksman shoots the apple off your head. Very simple and perfectly safe," the manager explained.

"W'as that?" asked the terrified understudy. "Shoot what off'n whose head?"

Vesuvius

"Makes one think of hell, doesn't it now?" exclaimed a Chicago man as he saw the smoke lift from the red crater of Vesuvius.

"My word!" exclaimed an Englishman. "These h'Americans 'ave been everywhere!"

Victrola

The passengers were panic-stricken when a frightful storm arose at sea.

"Play something on the Victrola!" ordered the officer in charge, hoping to reassure the people.

The first selection that came forth was entitled, "A Grave in the Deep."

Vaudeville

Al Jolson sometimes breaks into a dialogue with "plants" in the balconies by exclaiming: "Now let us hear from some of the paid admissions."

One of his best yarns deals with the plight of three convivial guests who show up after the elevators have stopped for the night. The obliging clerk gives them the choice of sleeping on the billiard tables or walking up to their rooms on the sixtieth floor.

"Dash all right," said the only intelligible voice of the trio. "We'll shing our way up the first twenty floors, then tell funny stories the next twenty floors and sad stories the last twenty floors. Common' fellers!"

They arrived all but prostrated at the fortieth floor.

"Now for the sad shtories!" said the leader huskily.

"I got one!" said one of the climbers.

"Less have it!" said the leader.

"We left all the keys on the first floor!"

W

Wake

The expiring Patrick was asked by Bridget if there was any last wish he had to make.

"If you'll be so kind, darlint, I'd like wan bite of that ham you're cookin'. The smell of it is something phoine."

"Indade not," said Bridget emphatically. "That mate is for the wake!"

War

General Pershing was conducted by a French officer to the fighting front soon after the cadenced tread of the Sammies resounded through the streets of Paris.

"Zis ees ze third line of trenches!" announced the ally, in a whisper.

"Is it?" replied Black Jack.

"Zee zecoond line of trenches," said the guide a few hundred feet further along. Then huskily: "Now for zee fairst line of trenches."

"I follow," said the American commander in a whisper.

"Ze verra fairst line of trenches," hissed the conductor impressively.

"How far away is the enemy?" asked General Pershing.

"Possiblee twenty-five, thirty kilometers."

"Then why all this whispering?" asked the personally-conducted inspector.

"I have bronchitis, verra bad!" said the guide.

A colored hero's war record was condensed as follows: "He went forth to battle and came back first!"

In other words, he went in echoing the ancient cry of triumph, "Veni! vidi! vici!" and struck for home murmuring softly, "vice versa!"

The greatest minstrel of his time, Bert Williams, was down-cast as he was leaving the Detroit Athletic Club after entertaining General Pershing at a midnight frolic of the "Follies."

"Why so blue, Bert?" asked a club member.

"As usual, I forgot to tell the General my best story. It was the one about the officer's question to Private Ephraim—'What would happen, Eph, if there were 10,000 colored soldiers in the first line and 10,000 white soldiers in the second line and the German shock troops should suddenly appear?' And Eph, without a moment's reflection, answered: 'Nawthin', 'cept 10,000 white troops would be trampled t' death, that's all!'"

A grizzled veteran loved to tell his guest of his part in the Civil War. He was giving an especially vivid recital of his exploits, when his grandson interrupted him with:

"Say, grandpop, did anyone help you put down the rebellion?"

"What are you running away for, Rastus?" cried the Civil War captain as the guns between to bellow.

"'Coz Ah cain't fly!" cried Rastus, as he continued to get over the ground.

A private in the Confederate Army asked Colonel Johnson what seemed to be going on.

"We're going to fight a battle in about thirty minutes, sir," replied the Colonel.

"Goodness, gracious, this is no place for a battle! There isn't a tree in sight."

The lecturer was holding forth to the Liberty Loan meeting. He began:

"Gentleman, did you ever have any war experience—outside of your immediate families?"

At the height of the Great War, Michael Mulcahey was invalided home to County Clare with a leg and arm gone, an eye missing, a shoulder in a sling.

"It's a turrible war-r," his friend Hennissey cried when he looked upon the shattered hero.

"Yis, but it's betther thin no war at all," said Mulcahey.

Washington

"I suppose you were with G. Washington when he crossed the Delaware?" an aged darkey was asked.

"Aw sure was; in fact, Aw rowed de skiff that tuk him over."

"And very likely you were standing by when he took the hack at the cherry tree?"

"Standin' by? Why, man alive, Aw drove dat hack!"

Washington Pie

A patriot called for Washington pie. The waiter brought him pumpkin pie.

"Gadzooks, what's this?" the customer roared.

"Washington pie, sir!" the waited insisted.

"If that's Washington pie I'm a dromedary!" the patron exclaimed.

"That's what it is, sir—Booker Washington pie!" the menial exclaimed.

Watch

There were two dusky illiterates, one of whom asked the other the hour.

"Well, dere she is!" said the owner of the Ingersoll, showing the face.

"So, she am," said the other indecisively.

A small boy begged so hard for a wrist-watch that his devout father bade him stop teasing and study his Sunday-School lesson.

In good time the parent asked him to give the golden text. The lad replied promptly: "What I say to one I say to all—watch."

Water

Modificationist was trying to support reasonable indulgence from the Scripture. He cited the miracle of turning water into wine and the injunction to take a little wine for the stomach's sake.

"But how about the rich man in torment?" came back the bone dry. "When he cried for something to appease his thirst in the hot place, it was not beer or wine or whisky or gin, but water, pure water! What does that prove?"

"Proves that all teetotallers will be in hades" said the modificationist.

West Point

When an alumnus came back to West Point to present the diplomas to the graduating cadets, he visited his old room in the barracks.

"Same old beds, same old rifle-racks, same old wash bowl, same old bucket," mused the general as he went about while the cadet occupants of the room stood at attention.

Then he opened a closet where stood a guilty-looking cadet

girl in glorious summer gown. "Meet my sister, General," said one of the room-mates. "Same old lies," muttered the general, bowing himself out.

Wet

They sought to cure the family sot by taking his picture when he came home in a beastly state of intoxication. They thought one good look at the maudlin image would cure him for all time.

He looked at it thoughtfully for a moment and then exclaimed: "Doesn't 'zactly do me justice. Better try again!"

A thirsty stranger asked guidance of a native to a source of forbidden inward exhilaration. The resident took him by devious ways, sinister and forsaken, until they stood in front of a church.

"You don't mean to say they sell the contraband budge there?" cried the wayfaring man.

"Naw, that's the only place in this burg whar yuh cain't git ut!" replied the pilot.

A man asked a fellow-citizen how he got along since the country went dry.

"I dunno—I live in the city."

Whistler

Whistler was in a men's store making a purchase when a customer, mistaking him for a salesman, bristled up and exclaimed:

"This hat does not fit!"

"Neither does your coat!" observed Whistler.

A prig, meeting the eccentric Whistler at dinner, said: "Aw, y' know, Whistler, I pawsed your house last evening, sir!"

"Thanks," said Whistler.

An effusive female burst into Mr. Whistler's studio with:

"My dear Mr. Whistler, when I came through the flaming autumn forests and beheld all nature in magnificent array, I said to myself it is just like looking upon Mr. Whistler's canvasses!"

"Yes," said Whistler, "nature's creeping up!"

Widow

"Remember, Mrs. Jones, that though it may be hard to be made a widow there is always a comforter for you."

"Could you give me his address?"

A young man who did not know whether to marry a rich widow or a poor but worthy girl whom he dearly loved, consulted a captain of industry.

"In such matters," said his advisor, "you should let your heart be your guide. Marry the poor but virtuous girl, by all means. And by the way, what is the address of the widow?"

"Und vere is your husband spending the heated term," was asked of the comic opera widow.

"My dear husband has been dead seven long years."

"Don't answer then!"

Wife

The eternal contention has to do with woman's monotony at home compared with the excitements of man's contacts down town.

"Here I've been roasting over a hot stove," cried Bridget to Mike upon his return from work, "while you've been passing the day in that nice cool sewer!"

A man went home from his office and said to the maid:

"Beatrice, is my wife going out this evening?"

"She is, sir," answered Beatrice.

"Do you happen to know, Beatrice, whether I'm going out with her?"

The presents to the newlyweds included a bottle of holy water from the river Jordan, presented by the officiating clergyman. He bade them preserve its purity in keeping with the legend that any act of faithlessness would be followed by the discoloration of the water.

Upon the wife's return from a winter in California, a friend of the family thought it would be a rare joke to empty a bottle of ink in the container.

He let the husband in on the imposition. When they brought out the telltale evidence to enjoy a hearty laugh at the spouse's expense they discovered she had refilled the bottle with fresh water.

"Did you ever catch the promptings of a still small voice, coming as it were from out of space, yet possessing power to guide your every act?" inquired the evangelist of the convert.

"Cinch!" cried the penitent. "That's my wife on the telephone."

"Have you a runabout?" someone asked a man at the office.

"Yes, verily, I believe she's down town at the bargain sales right now!"

"Where did you go when you sneaked out last night?" demanded the lion-tamer's wife, the morning following a spirited word duel.

"Well, it wasn't very congenial at home, so I went down and stayed in the lions' den," the husband explained.

"You mean to say you deserted me to pass the night with those miserable wild beasts? You coward, you!" cried the neglected spouse.

A neighbor ran to a man with the news that a wildcat had broken into the house where he had parted from his wife but a few moments before.

"Did the wildcat enter my home of her own volition?" asked the head of the house.

"Yes, she leaped through the front window," the neighbor reported.

"Then, she must take her chances," the husband decided. "It is not for me to intervene in her behalf."

An American ventured the information that his wife was a perfect angel.

"Indeed?" his companion said.

"Yes, she is always up in the air, is too good for this world and never has an earthly thing to put on."

"Anything happened since I went away?" the returned farmer asked the hired man as he got into the Tin Lizzie at the station.

"No, nuthin' but the dog died."

"The dog died? How did that happen?"

"Got poisoned by eatin' burned horse meat."

"Horse meat? Where'd he get burned horse meat?"

"The horse was burned up when the barn took fire."

"The barn took fire?"

"Yep, from the house."

"From the house?"

"Yep, the house caught fire when the wind blew the winder curtains into the lighted candles by the casket."

"Casket?"

"Yep, your wife's casket. They had candles all 'round it. A good woman, that!"

News had reached the village of Forksville that a motorbus plying between the two neighboring towns of Bumpton and Gush Hollow had gone over the side of a cliff with all on board. It was also known in Forksville that the wife of the much henpecked Bud Blodgett was en route to Gush Hollow via the bus line. An interested villager immediately called on Bud.

"Ain't ye worried 'bout yer wife, Bud?" he asked.

"Well," replied Bud, "I was fer a while, but her cousin in Bumpton jest called up an' said she saw Sal git on the bus with her own eyes."

"Darlint, Oi'm laving yez th' house and lot so that yez'll be shure of a roof over your head in your declinin' days," Pat whispered from his dying bed.

"Moind clear as a bell to th' lasht!" soliloquized Bridget.

"But Oi want the hins and pigs and the cash in the bank to go to my dear brother Moike," Pat continued.

"Crazy as a bed-bug," moaned Bridget.

An office boy was instructed to turn everybody away from the president's door.

"Supposing they say it's by appointment or it's most important?" he asked.

"Tell them that's what they all say!" said the president.

While the conference was on the president's wife appeared.

She was told that an interview was impossible. "But I am his wife!" she told the resolute lad at the door.

"Oh, that's what they all say!" put in the boy.

Voice on the phone—"Don't you recognize me, Mrs. Van Allen? Why this is your husband, John Van Allen. Yes, yes—your husband."

Mrs. Van Allen—"Well, I'm glad to hear your voice. The minute you called I knew it was someone I had met before."

Mr. Van Allen—"How are the children?"

Mrs. Van Allen—"Who?"

Mr. Van Allen—"The children, OUR children."

Mrs. Van Allen—"Why, of course—the children. Let me go and find out. . . . Why, the nurse tells me they are in Europe. Do call up again when you have the time. Good-bye."

"How could you stand idly by and offer no help while that traffic officer was abusing your wife?"

"I didn't think he needed help!"

A man declared that he had the most perfect wife that ever lived.

"Isn't it monotonous to go through life with such a paragon?" his companion asked.

"Well, I may have put it a little strong—absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know!" said the home-going husband. "If she has any little fault at all, it's a tendency to profanity when intoxicated!"

Wireless

The discovery of telegraph keys, wires, etc., in an ancient ruin pointed conclusively to the existence of telegraphy thousands of years ago.

At another point of excavation the fact that none of these things was brought to light was cited to show that the wireless also obtained at the dawn of history.

When a desperado escaped from a county jail, the sheriff wirelessly five different prints of the bad man's mug from the rogues' gallery, with offer of reward for capture.

Within twenty-four hours, he got this wire from a constable in an adjoining county:

"Have four of the fugitives in custody, and the other one entirely surrounded in a swamp."

Woman

An eloquent American begged to be excused from making a speech.

"It isn't because I can't talk," he added. "My father was an Irishman and my mother was a woman. Both talked."

A good shepherd whose vision was failing once startled the congregation by turning over too many of the thin leaves in his reading of the account of Creation and getting into the description of the ark.

"And God made woman," he read solemnly, "and He made her of gopher wood, three hundred cubits in length, fifty cubits in breadth, thirty cubits in height, and pitched her within and without with pitch!"

Observing a stir in the congregation the aged gospeler looked over his specs at the faithful and observed:

"All of which, beloved, shows that we are fearfully and wonderfully made!"

A passer-by saw a man leap from a seven-story building.

"What's the great idea?" he inquired when the lofty tumbler came to.

"A woman lied to me," he replied.

"Why should that take you down so?"

"Well, she said her husband was in Denver."

A woman once took Dr. Johnson to task for putting improper words in his dictionary.

"Madam," said the distinguished lexicographer, "you have been looking for them."

"There you are as tender as a woman's heart," said the butcher as he gave the sirloin a pat with the cleaver.

"I think I'll take liver instead," said the customer.

"I hope you are not mated with one of these opinionated women, Bill!"

"Opinionated? Why that woman's mind was made up before she was born. She has sore heels all the time from taking a stand on questions."

"The time will come," shrieked the lecturer on woman's rights, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said the weak little man in the back seat, "next Saturday night."

Worms

A temperance lecturer was illustrating the paralyzing effect of alcohol by exhibiting the dead angleworms in a bottle of the accursed stuff.

A disconcerting voice from the gallery called, "Kindly tell me whar I kin git a swig of that licker, stranger. I got worms."

Worry

The young man who answered the classified advertisement, "Opportunity of a Lifetime," found himself in the presence of a nervous individual.

"What I am looking for is somebody to do all my worrying," he explained. "Your job will be to shoulder all my cares."

"That's some job, how much do I get?" asked the applicant.

"You get \$20,000 to make every worry of mine your own," replied the overwrought individual.

"Where is the \$20,000 coming from?"

"Ah, that's your first worry!"

"I'm an old man and have known many troubles," ran a sign over a Wise Man's desk, "the most of which never happened."

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

"I worry so over the possibility of losing my wife Melinda," said the doleful-spirited man, "that sometimes I wish it were all over."

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key to the lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy

Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are found?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use when shingling the roof of his

House, the nails on the ends of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbows be sent to jail?

If so, what did he do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder blades

I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?

Or beat the drum of his ear?

Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?

If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

Y

Yale

Rose—"Who is that fellow with the long hair?"

Clara—"He's the sophomore from Yale."

Rose—"Oh, I've often heard of those Yale locks."

"Who is that distinguished-looking man up the aisle?" was the query put the conductor by a pious soul.

"Why, that's President Hadley of Yale University."

"I'm amazed the way he treated me when I asked him a timely question," the injured passenger said.

"There must be some mistake. Let me introduce you to the President!" They proceeded to where he was sitting. Exchange of greetings followed, and the evangelist explained his chagrin over the way his solicitude for the eternal welfare of the stranger was received—being told to "go to hell!"

"What was it you asked me?" broke in the President."

"I merely inquired if you were a Christian!"

"I humbly apologize," said President Hadley. "I thought you asked me if I were from Princeton."

Yosemite

They call a certain cliff in the Yosemite Valley "Poison Point," because one drop is enough.

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